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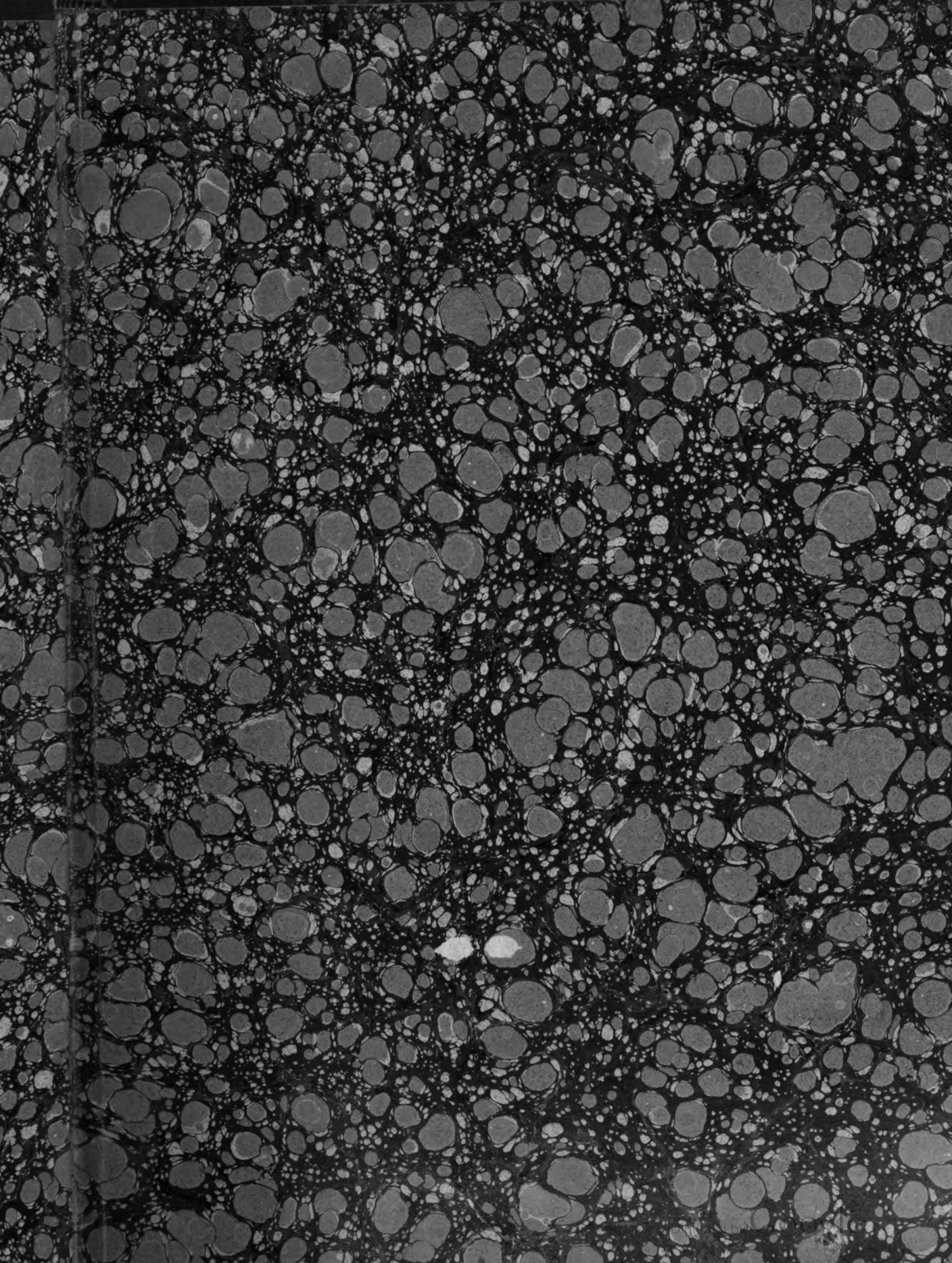
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THE  
ADVOCATE.

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OCT. 8, 1867.]

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR."

[VOL. IV.—No. I.]

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NIGHT.

I.

THE golden sun has sunk to rest,  
And from his chamber in the west  
The faint and flickering light  
Has faded from our sight.

II.

Across the lofty vaulted arch  
The starry host took up its march,  
And, slowly passing by,  
Lit up the darkened sky;

III.

Till, yielding to the queen of night,  
All but the brightest took to flight,  
When first the lovely queen  
Appeared upon the scene.

IV.

Upon the greensward bright as day  
The fitting shadows lightly play,  
As now and then a breeze  
Is wafted through the trees.

V.

Now silence reigns o'er all, and sleep,  
As the lengthening shadows eastward creep;  
And every thing around  
Is in oblivion bound.

VI.

At such a time, the longing soul  
Will burst away from all control,  
And rise to contemplate  
Its wonderful estate.

VII.

And as we feel the mighty Power  
Which leads and guards us hour by hour,  
And guides with sleepless eye  
The countless worlds on high,—

VIII.

We wonder at the glorious plan  
The Infinite conceived, that man,  
Of all his works the best,  
Might, if he would, be blest.

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EDITORIAL.

THE bronzed legion has again assembled. Faces bleached by the snows of winter have passed through their summer tanning, and returned, bearing the reflection of the heated sands on their cheeks.

All along the sea-coast, at innumerable Cape Mays and Mt. Deserts, away among the mountains, on many a dusty road, in many a quiet Conway retreat, even across the waters of the Atlantic, has this bronzing of the sons of Harvard been going on. They have returned, bringing with them a smack of the free life of the summer, a whiff from the pines and the ocean, and stories of travel and adventure soon crowded out of mind by the stern duties of Cambridge life; to be reproduced, however, with all the colors of imagination, on many a cosey evening in winter, before a glowing fire. The wonderful assimilating power of Cambridge has been at work on these summer rangers; it has already changed them all into the usual pattern of students, from the man who camped in semi-barbarity on the shores of Umbagog, to him who hobnobbed at the Tuileries, and lightened his purse in the Palais Royal. They have all fallen into their natural places.

The College walks are again trod. Smoke again curls from luxurious window-seats. The enlivening click of the bat is heard again from the Delta. Ponderous boating-men drag their slow lengths along to their daily tug at the



weights, or discuss in mysterious whispers the prospect of next year's Six at Lake Quinsigamond.

Stately Seniors again group on Holworthy steps; complacent Juniors saunter in aimless leisure; sprightly Sophomores swing their canes with fresh importance; bucolic Freshmen walk in meekness and awe.

Harvard is itself again. Jones again rings us to duty, while a far different imaginary Jones rings us to the many pleasures of college life. Still another Jones, of mingled gravity and humor, urged on by countless "printers' imps," rings us to the labors of the "Advocate," now entering on the third year of its existence.

Starting with a full knowledge of the wreck of so many similar college enterprises, the first editors of the "Collegian" might well have been fearful of their success. The "Harvard Magazine" had hardly settled in its grave, when the "Collegian" was born. But, from the career of the former, the editors of the latter thought to draw a moral; and that was, that a college paper, to succeed, should be made, not for a display of literary genius and as a "standard of the literary excellence of the College," as the "Williams Quarterly" proposes to itself, but rather a receptacle of college news, an exponent of college sentiments, and for the treatment of such subjects as properly fall outside of the province of themes. By this latter statement, we do not mean to imply that any articles, however grave or metaphysical, will not receive an impartial reading and judgment, but that the paper does not propose to support itself on such articles, nor begin the present volume by calling for contributions of essays on "Originality," "Shakespeare and the Bible," "Law the Condition of Harmony," titles of articles in the last numbers of the "Hamilton Literary" and "Williams Quarterly." Even granting that articles on the above subjects by undergraduates should avoid a display of crudity and immaturity, which is doubtful, we feel confident that a college paper is not the place for them; and, therefore, beg our contributors to reserve their spare ideas on "Law the Condition of Harmony" for some future theme.

It is needless to say, that questions of reform and college government, and others of a near importance to us all, will be granted a ready place in our columns, provided only they keep within the just bounds of moderation and good sense; outside of which, they can become only matters of discord.

One of the first principles of the present board of editors is, that the paper shall be the organ of no clique, and wielded in the interest of no narrow policy, but that it shall be a true exponent of college sentiment, and open equally to all classes.

But a board of editors, with the best of intentions, could hardly avoid giving a partisan coloring to the paper, if left to rely upon themselves, and their immediate friends, to fill its columns. The paper should not only be open to all classes: its contributions should come from all classes, that a generous, catholic spirit may fill it, a tyrannizing or selfish policy be forestalled, and the editors become, not autocrats, but co-laborers with the rest of the undergraduates.

We therefore, with this object in view, appeal here to the men of all classes for literary support, guaranteeing to all an impartial reception, in accordance with the views expressed above. Contributions may be made through the mail to the "Advocate," anonymously, if desired, or may be handed to any of the editors.

With this dim outline of its character, we launch the fourth volume of the "Advocate" on the fluctuating sea of college favor, trusting for a continuance of that literary and material support which has attended it in the past.

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### "THEY NEVER DO SO NOW."

I BELIEVE I should prefer to have been born some sixty years ago, and to have gone to college in our grandfathers' days. They had much jollier times in those days, and I guess they appreciated their advantages quite as fully as we do. Talk about the moral degeneracy of the times! why, we are a perfect set of blue-noses, compared to our predecessors, — the college boys of "fifty years ago." By contrast, we are saints, verily, or appear to be, which, perhaps, is not quite the

same thing. There were no *constabs* in the times I write of. Had there been any, I am afraid they would have been on a continual drunk from the mere sight of the liquor in "circulation." Everybody drank — old men and young, farmers and professionals — in moderation; and, strange to say, students, also in moderation. Under these classic shades, the favorite beverage was switchel; a compound of rum, molasses, and ginger, the receipt for which was imported from the rural districts.

On days when the fire company paraded, the undergraduates ran with the machine at that epoch. A huge tub of switchel furnished at once the reward and incentive for much hard work at the brakes.

On days when the "Blues" went off for a day's march, — the students had a militia organization in those primitive years, — switchel all around! was the starting war-cry, and throughout the day switchel *was* around a good deal. This fact, with the aid of divers good things furnished by hospitable entertainers in the neighboring towns, rendered close ranks a necessary marching order on the homeward route.

After the toils of war, some, not yet content with their modicum of Dutch courage, used to summon from bedroom window the attendance of the little negroes who acted as scouts in those years. These, intrusted with coin of the realm, would be despatched for a further supply of good stinging *valor*.

In those days I wot of, fights at commons, grand rebellions, and unlawful groupings, were more frequent than in these sober times; and, perhaps, 'tis better as it is.

But I am trespassing on space and patience. I must cease my garrulous reminiscences, and console myself with the latter-day song, —

"We are all progressing."  
(*Air*, — "We're a band of — brothers.")

IGSO.

## COLLEGE HONOR.

IT is a strange code, strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians, holding all the members of our college community, no matter how diverse their characters, to a fixed line of conduct within its scope of application. The violation of it in a single instance is college death; for it entails upon the offender, not the mere penalty of a law imposed by one in authority, but the condemnation of every individual, of all who have united unconsciously in their action to form the code. It is curious to watch its workings, in and out of college, among collegians. In college, one would think a stricter observance of the code would be natural, because the framers of it (and the framers are its executors) are here on the ground to watch its workings, each man being in respect to it a spy upon his fellow-man; but the observance of the law is just as strict away from college as it is in college. If any one doubts this, let him try to obtain from a student any information with regard to another student, relating to some "scrape" or fault of such student.

He will invariably be met by an evasive answer or a denial of any knowledge in the matter whatever. This will be the case even if the student who is the subject of inquiry is no friend of the student questioned; and a person trying the process, vulgarly known as "pumping," upon a college student, with the object of finding out something about the character of a fellow-student, will find he has undertaken a fruitless task.

The principle upon which the law is founded seems to be this: What is another man's business is not mine; or, more briefly, Mind your own business. "Why," thinks A, who is interrogated with regard to B's having taken too much champagne at the last party they attended, "it is none of my business if B did; and this fellow here will find he is pumping a dry well this time."

Again, some law of the college has been transgressed; and the Faculty, in ignorance of the transgressors, summon before them one who knows the offenders, but is not one of them. Most artfully he evades artful questions; and sometimes a question more direct than the rest

WE acknowledge receipt of "The Dartmouth," "The Hamilton Campus," "The Miami Student," "The Philadelphia City Item," the "Hamilton Literary Monthly," "The College Mercury," "The Vidette," and "The College Courant."

forces him to deny his knowledge. 'All this because what others did is "none of his business." He will even take a severe penalty for not compromising his *college honor*. If he told the Faculty what he knew, the edict of the guardians of college honor would go forth, and his decapitation would be speedy. College life would be life no longer; and should he be one of the guilty, and the penalty of the Faculty necessitate his going away from college altogether, the curse of violated college honor would follow him. It is not proposed here to say whether good or evil would be the result of a different state of things: it is merely to suggest some thoughts, perhaps, upon this subject, in the minds of those who are sticklers for the code, as to the curious workings of it. It can hardly be questioned, however, but that at the root of the principle on which the code is founded — the "none-of-my-business principle" — lies, as the true basis of so-called college honor, a lack of moral principle, strong enough to bear the sneers of the multitude. *A.*

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#### A SURPLICE.

Ho, thou favored mortal on whom has been bestowed by the Olympian deities the inexpressible honor of a part at the coming Junior Exhibition! Hast thou procured a surplice? For all must know that he who would appear upon the stage at a Junior exhibition must be enveloped in that pall, — a surplice. *Must*, I say, for custom has so ordained; and custom is as hard to dodge as law. Almost as well appear upon the stage in the unique garb of the South-Sea-Islander or Mother Eve, as without a surplice. The origin of this custom seems to be unknown to such as walk the earth at present. The utility, of course, is manifest. For is there any custom in Harvard University *not* eminently useful?

But let us, for once, dare to act the part of sceptic; dare to examine this custom of the surplice. We must, however, remove our shoes, banish all trivial thoughts from our minds, and assume a solemn bearing, ere we approach the mysteries. No doubt we shall be as much

abashed and confounded as if we were admitted to the presence of the Great Lama of the Tartars.

With such solemnity, I approached this ancient custom. But, after entering the Old Chapel, the ridiculous and the sad were all I saw. I saw brought out upon the stage the galvanized corpse of murdered Greek Composition, arrayed in a surplice. Surely, the Faculty of Harvard College were not giving a farce. It must have been a mourning garb, which certainly would have been very appropriate. But no. The surplice would have been replaced by the "customary suit of *solemn* black," with a bow of crape on the coat-sleeve. Somebody suggested it might be for dignity. Dignity in a galvanized corpse! I racked my brain for some good reason. Perhaps the poor fellow is deformed, and this is to conceal it. But certainly there can be no greater distortion in any part than is displayed upon every feature of that pale face with glaring eyeballs which has never been upon the stage before. Perhaps — and now I have it — this surplice is employed for the same reason that a good general throws up breastworks about waist high before his new levies, — that, their vital parts being protected, they may fight right valiantly.

Satisfied with this plausible explanation, I gave up the investigation. This is undoubtedly the reason why this custom was instituted, and why it is not abolished. If you ask me why the Faculty compel every kind-hearted old minister, within a circuit of thirty miles or more, to lend his surplice to the first scapegrace who asks for it, instead of furnishing some old ones themselves, I give it up. Go ask the sunbeam or the passing breeze.

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#### SHALL WE HAVE REGULARLY APPOINTED STUDY HOURS?

I AM cosily seated in my room, hard at work on Logic, or deep in the perusal of some favorite author. I have just congratulated myself on having a quiet evening before me, when a knock dissipates my dreams of pleasure, and our mutual friend, Mr. Bore, enters. Hardly waiting for my

hesitating invitation, he drops into a chair, or leisurely stretches himself on the lounge. My heart fails me. From long and sad experience, my powers of observation have become preternaturally acute; and I have learned to tell at first sight, with unerring accuracy, the intentions of the aforesaid Bore. No wonder, then, I am alarmed, when I see him make such decided preparations for a visit, or rather visitation. I lay aside my books from habit, as if the arrival of my visitor gave me real pleasure. The positive demands of politeness are, however, soon satisfied; and I find myself furtively glancing at the volume before me, contenting myself with short replies to B.'s more extended remarks. Becoming more and more interested in what I am reading, the thread of my friend's discourse is entirely lost sight of, and I instinctively say, "Yes," or "No," as the question seems to demand. At last, an unfortunate "Yes" escapes my lips, which causes Mr. Bore to wax eloquent, and brings me suddenly back to consciousness, to find that I have been upholding the Turks in their assault on Crete. I apologize, define my position more clearly, and the torture goes on. At times, driven to desperation by the pertinacity of my enemy, I consider myself no longer responsible for my opinions, and advance the most atrocious doctrines, in the vain hope of disgusting Mr. Bore, and forcing him to retire. The possible result of my friend's visit is, that I go into Logic next morning unprepared. Of course, Mr. Bore is not to blame for this; for didn't he tell me, on his entrance, to keep on studying, and never mind him?

In view of such inflictions, I am tempted to demand direct college legislation on the matter of study hours. On examining, however, the College rules and regulations (which, by the way, I am obliged to borrow of a Freshman), I find that regular study hours have actually been established. Why not, I say, enforce those rules, even if they do necessitate the taking of all exercise between the hours of six and nine, P.M.? I like to see my friends as well as any one; but I should like to have a little to say about the time of receiving their visits.

## MOCK PARTS.

ONE of the customs at Harvard, least understood by the outside world, is that of "Mock Parts." It is of little use to try to explain their nature here: any one who has tried to do so to a friend outside of college can readily see how difficult a task it would be to make mock parts understood on paper.

The custom was observed this year, as usual; the attendance was large, the day fine, and every thing passed off well. The "mock procession" was full of happy allusions, which, as usual, could be better appreciated by Juniors than by others. It contained, perhaps, too many allusions to peculiarities of individuals. A procession, we think, should be general rather than particular in its allusions.

The mock parts were well chosen, and the manner with which they were received attested their excellence. The only defect here noticeable — if it may be called a defect — was perhaps a too frequent reference to peculiarities of person in individuals; the only mock parts of some being upon their eccentricities of form. Not that it is not allowable to make allusions to such eccentricities; but it should not, we think, be made so many times in the case of any one person as was done Saturday, Sept. 28. Opinions differ, however, upon these points; and we do not pretend to be an oracle in the matter.

The Freshmen, as usual, vainly endeavored to assimilate some abortive howls to cheers. The thin ranks of '68 presented a marked contrast to the crowds of '69 and '70, and once '68 broke down lamentably in a cheer; rallying at the close of the cheering, however, '68 spoke loudly and sharply, if few in numbers.

We notice that a Boston paper, making allusion to "Mock Parts," says, "The day is associated with much that is jolly and lively." This would seem to give an impression that the day of "Mock Parts" is a holiday with us. Such is not, however, the case. Saturday is the day always chosen; and the exercises take place after the regular college exercises in the morning, which last until ten o'clock, and their duration is seldom more than one hour.



"Jolly and lively" that hour may be, according to circumstances: some do and some do not take it so; but the rest of the day is like any Saturday, — stupid enough to all who do not go to their homes to spend Sunday following.

### A PROTEST.

MR. EDITOR, — There never was a man brought to truthfulness by being told he was a liar. It is at least questionable whether any man is improved by being publicly, without provocation, and often without justice, ridiculed.

As the institution of "mock parts" of which I write now stands, no class considers itself successfully conducting it without a little blasphemy, a little insult, and a little indecency. These additions are not time-honored, and, every one knows, ought never to become so. Yet every one knows, too, how little any class does without, or independent of, the precedent of that next above them. The committee of this year followed precisely in the path of the last, and expect to be imitated in turn.

Now such a state of things is, to say the least, of no use. If the custom can only exist in its present form, it ought to cease to exist; and its end would do no harm, and be no loss to any one.

It is absurd to call the custom *wrong*, however. It is not necessarily malicious; but it gives a way for petty malice to vent itself, and, as it exists, is simply very silly.

Yet it comes very near being funny; so near that but a little change would bring it to what it was once, and what it ought to be. An easy change, too; merely the distinguishing a *joke* from an *insult*.

It was easy to see how pleased the whole College was with compliments so gracefully paid to past and present members of the Junior Class last Saturday. Why is it impossible for that tone to spread farther? Lecture the ball-men; congratulate the rowers; get off a capital joke on a high voice; but avoid personal affronts, reflections on the characters and peculiarities of individuals.

What satisfaction is got, or what is there funny, in pointing at one man, saying, "You are dirty;" at another, "You are conceited;" at another, "You are altogether disagreeable"? If you want the man to know it, tell him yourself, and don't get some one else to do it.

No man here ought to have any right, opportunity, or encouragement to say publicly of a class-mate, behind his back, what he would be afraid or ashamed to say to his face.

### "WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."

LITTLE did the (to us) unknown clergyman, who instructed those of us that attend the Chapel from these words last Sunday morning, think how vivid an example of the truth of his text had been presented to the eyes of many of his hearers the day previous, or he would have waxed eloquent upon it. That example of "retribution" was afforded us by the signal defeat of the "Lowells" by the "Trimountains," — a defeat that must have been as galling to them, as it was pleasing to lovers of justice. Taking the silver ball as they did from the "Harvards," the presumption, of course, was, that they could hold it; but, on the contrary, they are nearly doubled on their score by a club that, until this fall, no one considered, by any means, their match. Recalling now their conduct up to this time, the meanness they have all along displayed, we cannot but regard this defeat as a just retribution upon the "Lowells."

The ungentlemanly manner in which they have treated the "Harvards" this last season is perfectly unpardonable; and they have dealt with the "Trimountains" no more generously, notwithstanding they have been so confident of victory, — for confident they doubtless were until all hope was gone. The fact that the "Lowell" faction did not raise its customary howls and cheers last Saturday was simply because they had nothing to howl or cheer for. The "Trimountains" took the lead in the first inning, and kept it all through the game.

How humiliating the position in which the "Lowells" are placed! Receiving the ball with

out a struggle, they have been beaten and deprived of it after holding it a few weeks; and, instead of being on friendly terms with the other leading New-England clubs, they have alienated themselves from their sympathy by their past conduct. How differently they might have been situated had they chosen to pursue a manly and straightforward course!

Were we prone to moralize more on our text, we might attempt to prove that the weak play of the "Lowells," on Saturday, was owing to their being nervous and conscience-stricken because of their misdemeanors. It is not at all probable, however, that they were troubled in that way; and, had they played their very best, they could not have won, for, in their palmiest days, they never "struck" as the "Trimountains" do now. Indeed, our own "fair Harvards" had better look to their laurels next spring, whether they play for the silver ball or not. Should the rumored "friendly game" between them and the "Trimountains" take place this fall, we cannot expect, though we may hope for, victory; for our men are greatly in need of practice. It only remains for us to congratulate the "Trimountains" on their success, and to trust that *they* will never sully *their* name as champions by any unworthy act. \*

### THE RANK-LIST.

THE timely appearance of the rank-list for the past year renders a full republication of it unnecessary, at least so far as students are concerned, while a few general statistics will, no doubt, satisfy the rest of our subscribers.

The Senior Class—Sixty-seven, numbering ninety-four in all—had thirty-six men who attained sixty-three per cent on the entire course of four years, and forty-six who attained sixty-seven per cent on the Senior year alone. Seventy-five per cent on the four years being required as one condition of a part at Commencement, sixteen received such parts, while six attained eighty-three per cent, the condition of a part gained by Senior work alone. One of the latter, Mr. Clement K. Fay, deserves especial mention, having risen *eighty-six* places, from ninety-one to five, in

one year. This is the most remarkable case on record, and Mr. Fay certainly deserved his part. The Class graduated without an oration *summa cum laude*, the first scholars having ninety-three per cent. There were two orations, two dissertations, ten disquisitions, and eight essays.

The Junior Class—Sixty-eight, numbering seventy-five—had twenty-two men who attained sixty-seven per cent on the year's work, the per cent of the first scholar being ninety-four. As the list for Sixty-eight, in Sophomore year, numbered twenty-three, it would seem that the easy work of Junior studies was demoralizing.

The Sophomore Class—Sixty-nine, with one hundred and fifteen men—has thirty-four men on the list. The per cent of ninety-seven gained by the first scholar is unusually high for Sophomore year.

The Freshman Class—Seventy—had sixty-four men who attained sixty-seven per cent on the year's work. The per cent of the first scholar, ninety-two, seemed rather low for Freshman year, but is probably due to rigorous marking in mathematics.

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### CLASS OF SEVENTY.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Harvard College, held at the Institute Room, on Monday, Sept. 23, to take action on the death of their classmates, JOSEPH BARRETT and CHRISTOPHER A. THOMPSON, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Whereas it has pleased the Almighty to remove from among us, our friends and classmates, JOSEPH BARRETT and CHRISTOPHER ALBERT THOMPSON,—

"Resolved, That in them we have lost those who, by their generous disposition and upright character, have gained our friendship and esteem.

"Resolved, That we desire to express to the families of our deceased classmates our sincere sympathy with them in their great affliction.

"Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the families of the deceased, and that they be published in the Boston 'Advertiser,' the Norwich 'Bulletin,' and the Harvard 'Advocate.'"

S. V. R. THAYER, *Chairman*.

THOMAS B. TICKNOR, *Secretary*.

## THE ADVOCATE.

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## THE GYMNASIUM.

"SAY, Tom, let's go down to the gymnasium, and take a thousand at the rowing weights." You never had the invitation, reader? No? What would you say, if you were obliged to do as much as that in the gymnasium daily? All are required to do it at Dartmouth, and one other college, — we think it is Amherst. How would such an order of events be greeted at Harvard? We fancy some veteran of the oar exclaims, "Shoo! I do twice one thousand pulls at the rowing weights daily; and I don't exactly see the need of being required to do what I now do voluntarily." That's the point. Rowing men, and a few ball men, do attend the gymnasium regularly; but was the gymnasium made simply to develop the physical strength of a few, comparatively, who wield the oar and bat? Assuredly such was not the intention of those benevolent gentlemen who gave us the excellent gymnasium we have at Harvard. It was intended to be a resort for all the undergraduates; and the fact that dressing-rooms have been established for the schools of the University shows that the founders thought a limitation of the privileges of the gymnasium to undergraduates would be doing an injustice to members of the different schools. What a comment upon the generosity of its founders is daily presented to the eye of one who looks in upon the gymnasium paraphernalia! The parallel bars stand silent and deserted, or mayhap some Freshman is

cloyly regarding them, endeavoring to form some idea of their use; the dumb-bells are as silent as their name implies; the Indian clubs are undisturbed, and standing in the long, symmetrical rows as arranged by the gymnasium curator; and, not to go through the whole list of implements of physical culture, a general apathy, a "masterly inactivity," is prevalent throughout the pleasant, light, well-ventilated, and clean gymnasium.

How can the gymnasium be made to serve the ends for which it was intended, more effectively? We hesitate to propose interference of the Faculty, and consequent compulsory attendance; for then, Mr. Editor, the "Advocate" would scarcely hold the articles on gymnasium reform that you would get.

The idea of compulsion is hateful to a student, even when he feels such compulsion is necessary. The man who does his duty without compulsion may not feel the need of the existence of any compulsion whatever; but how many there are in college who attend lectures and recitations, especially lectures, — and, we may add, prayers, — under the idea of compulsion, and who think of such compulsion oftener than of the exercises they are attending! And yet, when such think how few lectures and prayers would be attended in a college course without compulsion, we venture to say they think "it all right that it should be so."

And so they would think of an attendance upon the gymnasium made compulsory. There would not be the objection that some urge against compulsory attendance upon lectures, in the case of the gymnasium, — we mean, the plea that they "get no benefit from the lectures, don't like them, &c., and ought to be free to go or not:" for they would be benefited unquestionably — *vide* muscles of rowing men — in going to the gymnasium; and they would like it too, if the testimony may be believed of those who go.

BICEPS, &c.

THE Freshman Class at Amherst numbers 73; at Princeton, 96; and at Dartmouth, 120, in round numbers, being the largest Freshman Class that ever entered that College.

## A ROSE-BUD.

THIS little bud, so soft and slight,  
Torn from a bush of roses white,  
Is far more precious in my eyes  
Than any gem the world supplies.

I care not for the showers of gold  
So oft in Eastern fables told;  
Aladdin's lamp's a mere, mere toy,  
And Cræsus' wealth a mockery.

Why should this little, fragile flower  
Grow dearer to me every hour?  
Why should I dread the speedy day  
When it shall droop and die away?

It is not that a bud so fair  
Was ne'er entwined in maiden's hair,  
Nor with a rarer, richer grace  
Scattered its scent from costly vase:

It is the gentle little hand,  
The wrist enclosed by golden band,  
The arm so plump and round and wee,  
Which plucked this fragile bud for me;

It is the voice, whose tones, so low,  
From memory can never go,  
Which bade me this frail blossom take,  
And keep it for a maiden's sake.

The bud will fade; its leaves will die;  
And all its beauty soon will fly.  
The maid shall ever hold my heart,  
Till we, too, fade, and life depart.

## LEGENDS OF HARVARD.

ABOUT every spot and building which the hand of ancient Time has touched cluster numerous memories of their past history. Every striking natural scene has connected with it a host of fanciful legends. The massive boulder and pine-covered hill speak in voiceless tones of a strange career. What they witnessed in the primeval world would form, if written, a geological text of greater authority than Hugh Miller or Sir Charles Lyell. Besides, our imagination has peopled them with a race of giants who passed

away ere our red-skinned aborigines had uttered their first war-whoop. There is the footprint of *paterfamilias gigantum* impressed in the rock, as it dropped plastic from a nebulous chaos. The imagination forms the monster from his track as easily as Agassiz builds up the extinct gorilla from a remnant of the beast's toe-nail.

But buildings of a quaint structure and dilapidated appearance excite in me the deepest curiosity. Men like myself have erected them, inhabited them, and seen their decay. Within their walls strange people have dwelt, and performed their part in life, and from the windows gazed upon scenes which it will never be my lot to behold.

The Old Mill at Newport has its unwritten tales of how great value to the antiquarian and the historian, could they be disclosed. I wander with the tourist through the ruined abbeys of Europe, and sigh that nothing but my own fancy can tell me of the religious pomp and religious crime which happened once upon a time within their walls.

But, without a guide-book or wallet and staff, I find about me a fertile field for legendary lore. The old buildings in the College yard must have been for years, as now, the scene of mirth and jollity, labor and poverty. Each room could tell of the youthful days of men who have exerted their influence in the progress of their country, and been gathered to their fathers.

The history of the College as an institution has been ably written; but the parietal life of the student passes, and is lost to all, save the actor and a few immediate friends. I should like to have an account of the progress of the various elements of college society. When did the "Swell set" commence its career, and who was its bold founder? Was there ever a class free from "digs," or were they all "digs," in our grandfathers' days?

Say, ye four walls, hung with trophies from the river and the field! saw ye ever *such* glory before? Were the College days of the venerable men who lead the Commencement procession passed in running or rowing? What odd people there were in those old classes! They studied all night by the light of a tallow dip,



perhaps. *Latine dicebant*, and cracked their jokes in Greek.

No papers could be more interesting than the legends of Harvard. Through the entries of Hollis and Stoughton and time-honored Massachusetts have stalked real heroes. Here, under these massive beams, Clio, Euterpe, and Thalia have nursed their infant progeny, and taught them their first songs. Here the student, just returned from vacation, has thought of the red-cheeked lass whom he left in her country home, and has poured out his fervent heart in doggerel. Before the practical benefactions of our good Boston merchant were known, the humble student probably prepared here his scanty meal, and perhaps built, in his mind, the greatness which he afterwards attained.

I shall say no more, but simply suggest that some lover of the *mos majorum* endeavor, for my benefit, to trace out the history and chronicles of past life in the College rooms. From the Freshman's den to the Senior's abode, every one is pregnant with matter of real history, or of possible myth, which can be decorated with every romantic embellishment of fancy. The subject is a fertile one; and, in the next issue, I hope to see No. 1 of "The Legends of Harvard."

ANTIQUITAS.

#### BOYLSTON PRIZE SPEAKING.

THE speaking for Boylston Prizes came off, as advertised, on July 18, the day succeeding Commencement. There were, in all, twenty competitors, — three from '67, twelve from '68, and the remaining five from '69. Owing to a petition that was presented shortly before the day for speaking, the use of gowns was dispensed with, and the aspirants for declamatory fame appeared *à la citoyen*. As long as we do not wear gowns as the regular college dress, there seems no sufficient reason for insisting on them at such ceremonies as prize speaking *et id omne genus*. There are some reasons why the cap and gown system of England is convenient and desirable. But assuredly it is a useless ceremonial to require them on public occasions, unless we adopt the whole system; and we hope the next

step will be to abolish them at Junior Exhibitions. As will be seen, all the five prizes put up were carried away; this fact testifying to the excellence of the performances. The prizes were awarded as follows: —

##### First Prizes.

ROBERT ALDER McLEOD, '69.

WILLIAM COWPER SIMMONS, '68.

##### Second Prizes.

JAMES BARR AMES, '68.

JAMES JEFFERSON MYERS, '69.

JOHN AMORY PUTNAM, '68.

#### BASE BALL.

THE first game of the Harvard Nine, with their new organization, was played with the Wabans, of Newton Centre, on the grounds of the latter, Saturday, Sept. 21. The game was begun at 3, P.M., with the Harvards at the bat, and closed at 5:15, with the score 34 to 20 in favor of the Harvards. The fielding of the Harvards was hardly up to their standard, while their batting was noticeably weak. The Wabans made a very good show at the bat, and exhibited a marked improvement in their fielding over the last game with the Harvards; their left field holding well several hard balls, and their short stop taking a fine one over his shoulder, while running towards left field.

The Harvards' fielding was marked by a difficult foul fly, taken in Medford style by Shaw, and a fine double play by Ames and Shaw; also by a play which we do not remember ever seeing before. A Waban is on second, trying to get to third; Hunnewell pitches, and Bush, seeing the man playing off too far, drives the ball like lightning to second, where Ames holds it well, and puts the man out. Hunnewell's pitching was swifter than ever, and served considerably to keep down the Wabans' striking, for which they are noted. Willard was disabled with a sore hand, and his place was supplied at short stop by Flagg, our popular ex-catcher. Willard acted as umpire, and gave general satisfaction.

On the whole, notwithstanding a little unsteadiness in some parts of the field, we think

the Nine may congratulate themselves on their first match, and more especially on the material which they have for their future work: we predict that the Nine of next spring will be the strongest ever brought into the field.

As will be seen from the annexed summary, the game was quite close; for the first four innings the score standing Harvard 18, Waban 13. On the 5th innings, the Harvards drew ahead by a run of 11, keeping the lead thus gained, and allowing the Wabans to make but 6 in the last four innings.

Harvard.	O. R.	Waban.	O. R.
Sprague . . . .	M. 2 6	E. A. Ellis . . . .	S. 8 2
Smith . . . . .	L. 3 3	Clark (Eaton) . . .	2. 4 2
Hunnewell . . . .	P. 7 1	Rice . . . . .	P. 3 3
Bowditch . . . . .	R. 2 4	Bradbury . . . . .	1. 3 4
Bush . . . . .	C. 4 2	Coffin . . . . .	R. 3 1
Ames . . . . .	2. 2 5	Crafts . . . . .	M. 0 5
Shaw . . . . .	1. 3 4	Dexter . . . . .	L. 5 1
Flagg . . . . .	S. 2 5	G. H. Ellis . . . .	C. 4 1
Mealey . . . . .	3. 2 4	Young . . . . .	3. 2 1
	27 34		27 20

## SUMMARY OF INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Waban,	0	3	8	2	1	0	4	0	2—20
Harvard,	4	1	7	6	2	11	0	0	3—34

Home-run: Bush, 1.

Fly-balls caught: Harvard, 5; Waban, 11.

Foul-balls caught: Harvard, 4; Waban, 4.

Umpire, G. G. Willard, Harvard.

Scorers: Harvard, R. W. Merrill; Waban, A. F. Warren.

In justice to the Wabans, it should be said that they played half of the game with a "short Nine," with second-nine players among them even, and did not have their regular first Nine at any time during the game.

The two Nines and their friends enjoyed a substantial "spread" in the Club Rooms of the Wabans, at the end of the game; and the Harvard Nine returned to Cambridge well pleased with their afternoon's sport and entertainment.

Below is the score of a match game of baseball played on Saturday, Sept. 28, at Southboro', between the Freshman Nine and the Nine of the St. Mark's School, of that place. As will be seen from the score, the Freshmen won a handsome victory, on which we congratulate them. The Freshmen seem to be demonstrating that they *can* "play ball," which it was said they

assumed to do in the "Infant Terrible" of the last "Advocate."

Freshman First Nine.	O. R.	St. Mark's.	O. R.
Amory . . . . .	3. 1 7	Eames . . . . .	1. 2 8
Minot . . . . .	L. 4 5	Hodges . . . . .	C. 2 3
Wells . . . . .	P. 5 4	I. Morrison . . . .	R. 3 0
Dabney . . . . .	S. 1 8	Abercrombie . . . .	2. 3 1
Bush . . . . .	2. 2 8	Burrage . . . . .	3. 4 1
McCobb . . . . .	1. 3 5	Badger . . . . .	M. 2 2
Austin . . . . .	C. 5 5	Lincoln . . . . .	P. 4 1
Reynolds . . . . .	M. 3 7	G. Morrison . . . .	S. 3 1
Eustis . . . . .	R. 3 7	Johnson . . . . .	L. 4 0
Total . . . . .	27 56	Total . . . . .	27 13

Flies caught: Freshmen, 8; St. Mark's, 11.

Flies missed: Freshmen, 4; St. Mark's, 5.

Passed balls: Austin, 8; Hodges, 5.

Home-runs: Bush, 3.

Umpire, R. G. Shaw, Harvard Club.

Scorers: A. Munroe for the Freshmen; H. Abbott for St. Mark's.

Time of game, 2 hours 30 minutes.

## BOATING.

A MEETING of the boating interest was held in the Gymnasium, on Monday evening, Sept. 30.

Ex-President Clarke, '67, called the meeting to order, and explained its object, which was the election of a President of the Harvard Boat Club.

S. V. R. Thayer, '70, was elected unanimously to that position.

The organization of the Boat Club is now as follows:—

President . . . .	S. V. R. THAYER, '70.
Captain . . . .	G. W. HOLDREGE, '69.

## CRICKET.

THE popularity of this game has been rapidly increasing during the last two years.

Eight years ago, it had attained its greatest celebrity; and there were almost as many cricket clubs in America then, as there are base ball clubs now.

The war, together with the rage for base ball, seemed, for a time, to have attracted all attention from cricket; but there were a few clubs that still kept up an interest in the game.

The Young Americas of Philadelphia, the St. Georges of New York, and the Bostons at home, showed, by their frequent matches, that there was still a vital interest in it. The year

of 1866 saw many new clubs; and the season of 1867 has been quite a brilliant one for cricket.

Our Club at Harvard has become quite strengthened, and will soon turn out a good Eleven.

A match was played, on last Saturday, with the Suffolk Eleven of the Boston Club, when our Eleven was victorious, with nine wickets to spare.

The following is the score:—

#### SUFFOLK.

<i>First Inning.</i>		<i>Second Inning.</i>	
Thomas, c. Godon, b. Farley . . . . .	1	c. Curtis, b. Stearns . . . . .	2
E. Mercer, b. Stearns . . . . .	0	Run out . . . . .	0
Crockett, b. Farley . . . . .	2	b. Stearns . . . . .	0
Swett, run out . . . . .	0	b. Stearns . . . . .	6
Bate, b. Farley . . . . .	1	c. Farley, b. Stearns . . . . .	4
Tyler, l.b.w., b. Farley . . . . .	0	b. Stearns . . . . .	0
Doherty, b. Stearns . . . . .	12	b. Farley . . . . .	1
Collamore, b. Farley . . . . .	0	c. Armstrong, b. Farley . . . . .	8
A. Mercer, b. Farley . . . . .	7	Run out . . . . .	4
Kilner, not out . . . . .	7	c. and b. Stearns . . . . .	7
Mason, b. Stearns . . . . .	0	Not out . . . . .	8
Byes, 10; Leg Bye, 1; . . . . .		Byes, 18; Leg Byes, 2; . . . . .	
Wides, 10 . . . . .	21	Wides, 5 . . . . .	20
Total . . . . .	51	Total . . . . .	55

#### HARVARD.

<i>First Inning.</i>		<i>Second Inning.</i>	
Stearns, l.b.w., b. Swett . . . . .	40		
Hodges, hit wicket, b. Crockett . . . . .			
ett . . . . .	9	Not out . . . . .	8
Farley, stpd., Bate, b. Tyler . . . . .	1	Not out . . . . .	12
Durham, run out . . . . .	2	b. Swett . . . . .	0
L. Curtis, run out . . . . .	2		
E. Curtis, l.b.w., b. Swett . . . . .	7		
Godon, b. Crockett . . . . .	4		
Davis, c. Kilner, b. Crockett . . . . .	8		
Farrington, b. Crockett . . . . .	4		
Harrison, b. Swett . . . . .	5		
Armstrong, not out . . . . .	2		
Byes, 2; Wides, 6 . . . . .	8		
Total . . . . .	87		20

#### SOCIETIES.

THE societies are organized as follows for the coming term:—

##### LITERARY.

###### HASTY-PUDDING CLUB.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	Edward E. Sprague.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	Dexter Tiffany.

##### O. K.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	C. D. Palmer.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	W. L. Boalt.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	C. F. Hinckle..
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	Charles G. Falls.

##### II. H.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	F. Brooks.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	J. Grier.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	A. H. Ammidown.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	C. S. Hunt.

##### INSTITUTE OF 1770.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	S. V. R. Thayer.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	A. L. Huntington.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	J. W. Sanger.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	A. A. Lawrence.

##### MUSICAL.

###### PIERIAN SODALITY.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	Dawes E. Furness.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	W. F. Packer.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	Warren A. Locke.
<i>Director</i> . . . . .	Dawes E. Furness.

##### HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

Not yet organized.

##### RELIGIOUS.

###### ST. PAUL'S.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	L. S. Tuckerman.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	H. I. Dehon.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	Warren A. Locke.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	F. Rawle.
<i>Librarian</i> . . . . .	J. B. Wyatt.

##### CHRISTIAN BRETHERN.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	J. S. White.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	William Gallagher.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	C. E. Pope.

##### HISTORICAL.

###### NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	Moses Williams.
<i>Vice-Pres. and Treas.</i> . . . .	R. A. McLeod.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	G. G. Willard.
<i>Curator</i> . . . . .	J. J. Myers.

##### BASE-BALL AND CRICKET.

###### HARVARD BASE BALL CLUB.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	J. B. Ames.
<i>Sec'y and Treas.</i> . . . .	M. S. Severance.

###### HARVARD CRICKET CLUB.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	J. P. Farley.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	C. McKim.
<i>Sec'y. and Treas.</i> . . . .	T. M. Rotch.

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY NINE.

<i>Captain</i>	J. B. Ames.
<i>Pitcher</i>	A. Hunnewell, '68.
<i>Catcher</i>	A. M. Bush, '71.
<i>1st Base</i>	R. G. Shaw, '69.
<i>2d Base</i>	J. B. Ames, '68.
<i>3d Base</i>	N. S. Smith, '69.
<i>S. Stop</i>	G. G. Willard, '69.
<i>L. Field</i>	E. Bowditch, '69.
<i>C. Field</i>	E. E. Sprague, '68.
<i>R. Field</i>	E. W. Mealey.

## BOATING.

## HARVARD BOAT CLUB.

<i>President</i>	S. V. R. Thayer.
<i>Captain</i>	G. W. Holdrege.

## COMMONS.

## THAYER CLUB.

<i>President</i>	C. F. Dole.
<i>Vice-President</i>	S. Smith.
<i>Steward</i>	G. Hill.
<i>Directors</i>	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle; line-height: 1;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> J. Grier, Senior.  J. J. Myers, Junior.  T. B. Ticknor, Sophomore.  Nat. Thayer, Freshman. </div> </div>

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	ROOM.
Aiken, W. H.	Newton Centre,	H. 18.
Amory, F. I.	Boston,	Mr. A. Morgan's.
Austin, Amory,	Boston,	Mrs. C. C. Baker's.
Austin, W. P.	West Roxbury,	S. 8.
Backus, H. C.	New York, N.Y.	Mrs. M. J. Rice's.
Bacon, F. W.	New York, N.Y.	H'y 9.
Barnes, A. M.	North Leominster,	Harvard Block.
Barrett,		
Bartlett, N. S.	Boston,	S. 2.
Bass, George,	Chicago, Ill.	C. 3.
Bassett, Francis,	Boston,	S. 20.
Berry, C. H.	North Andover,	Rev. K. Atkinson's.
Bigelow, W. S.	Boston,	Mrs. S. Saunders's.
Boardman, E. C.	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	Mr. S. T. Farwell's.
Booth, E. C.	Somerville,	H. 3.
Bowen, C. S.	Cambridge,	Prof. Bowen's.
Boyd, W. W.	Boston,	Mr. L. H. Bryant's.
Bradlee, D. H.	Medford,	Mrs. C. C. Baker's.
Brearley, Samuel,	Canton, Ill.	G. 9.
Brooks, J. C.	Boston,	M. 8.
Brown, Jesse,	Washington, D.C.	G. 13.
Buell, B. W.	Rochester, N.Y.	Rev. K. Atkinson's.
Bullock, R. A.	Worcester,	S. 19.
Burgess, Edward,	Boston,	Mrs. L. Willard's.
Burnett, Edward,	Southboro',	S. 3.
Bush, A. M.	Albany, N.Y.	H. 19.
Bush, S. D.	Longwood,	Mrs. M. A. Bullard's.
Byerly, W. E.	Orange, N.Y.	H. 8.
Canavan, M. J.	Somerville,	Mrs. M. F. Canavan's.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	ROOM.
Chadwick, F. B.	Boston,	Mr. Geo. Jones's.
Chapin, H. A.	Somerville,	Dr. H. Chapin's.
Chapin, H. D.	Brookline,	Mrs. S. Saunders's.
Chase, H. A.	Cambridge,	Dr. H. L. Chase's.
Chenery, C.	West Roxbury,	D. 12.
Clifford, Walter,	New Bedford,	H'y 18.
Connor, V. R.	Fairfield, Me.	C. 80.
Cutler, A. T.	Brookline,	Rev. K. Atkinson's.
Dabney, A. S.	Boston,	C. 38.
Dana, C. P.	San Francisco, Cal.	Mrs. M. W. Cleveland's.
Dana, I. P.	St. Johnsbury, Vt.	C. 16.
Daniels, F. B.	Grafton, Vt.	C. 16.
Deming, H. E.	Palmyra, N.Y.	S. 14.
Donaldson, J. J.	Baltimore, Md.	C. 18.
Eayrs, N. W.	Boston,	C. 20.
Ela, Walter,	Washington, D.C.	C. 22.
Emerson, H. H.	Lynnfield,	
Emerton, E.	Salem,	C. 28.
Ernst, G. A. O.	Jamaica Plain,	G. 3.
Eustis, W. E. C.	Milton,	Mrs. M. J. Gardner's.
Faxon, Walter,	Jamaica Plain,	C. 42.
Fox, Jabez,	Cambridge,	Mr. H. H. Fox's.
French, W. C.	Watertown,	
Fuller, A. N.	Harvard,	Mr. J. Sweetman's.
Gerrish, J. B.	New Bedford,	Mr. H. Clapp's.
Gleason, T. C.	Westboro',	H. 18.
Godey, Harry,	Philadelphia, Pa.	C. 8.
Goodnow, C. A.	Boston,	Mr. C. H. Hunnewell's.
Gray, F. I.	Barnstable,	H. 2.
Greenough, H.	Cambridge,	Mr. H. Greenough's.
Hagar, E. B.	Boston,	Mrs. C. C. Baker's.
Hastings, Leslie,	Berlin,	H. 1.
Hinckley, S. P.	Boston,	Mrs. L. Leverett's.
Hodges, E. F.	Lincoln,	H. 2.
Hodges, Osgood,	Salem,	Mr. B. D. Whitney's.
Hooper, W. R.	Worcester,	Mr. C. H. Hunnewell's.
Howe, Samuel,	Cambridge,	Dr. Estes Howe's.
Hunking, C. D.	Haverhill,	S. 1.
Jackson, Frank,	Boston,	Mr. C. Stratton's.
James, H. C.	Haverhill,	S. 1.
Jay, Augustus,	Washington, D.C.	Mr. J. Buckland's.
Jenks, C. W.	Boston,	H. 17.
Jennings,		
Johnson, Treby,	Augusta, Me.	Mrs. S. W. Brooks's.
Jones, G. I.	Templeton,	H. 4.
Jones, R. G.	Cambridge,	Mr. L. S. Jones's.
King, J. L.	Springfield,	S. 17.
King, W. N.	Columbus, O.	H'y 1.
Klapp, W. H.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mr. L. H. Bryant's.
Lamb, H. A.	Boston,	M. 24.
Larned, W. C.	Chicago, Ill.	Mr. C. C. Baker's.
Lawrence, Wm.	Brookline,	Mr. A. Morgan's.
Lewis, E. H.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	G. 19.
Lincoln, F. N.	Lancaster,	C. 20.
Lodge, H. C.	Boston,	Mrs. S. Humphrey's.
Lovering, P. A.	Jamaica Plain,	D. 12.
Lyman, Charles,	Boston,	. Taylor's.
Lyman, F. O.	Hilo, Sandw. Islands, H.	H. 4.
McCobb, J. S.	Portland, Me.	H'y 1.
McIntosh, K.	Salineville, C.	Rev. K. Atkinson's.
McManus, James,	Natick,	C. 32.



cessfully petitioned to be allowed to appear without the gown, and greet our eyes in the suit of solemn black, which, as a writer in the "Advocate" has truly said, is much fitter for such a funereal occasion.

Still there seems to be something to say for this much-abused garment. It covers a multitude of defects; it certainly adds to the grace of the speaker, as it is said to add to his fluency; it being reported, by some who have tried, to be much easier to speak in a gown than without; and not every speaker can afford to dispense with any aid, however slight, which may make him feel more at his ease. Beside this, the gown is one of the few old customs left us, which, innocent in themselves, are interesting as relics, and which it is surely a pity to abolish, for no particular reasons. The same cannot be said of the whole institution of "Exhibitions," which certainly give more trouble than pleasure to any one. If we could but have the speaking abolished, the gown might go with it "unwept, unhonored;" but as the speaking remains, let us by all means have the gowns, which rather help than hinder its effect. Psi.

"Who in the world is that man who is stalking through the College yard as if he owned it, and had allowed the few temporary shanties it contains to be erected there?" asks Freshman of Senior, as they both come out of recitation.

"That," replies Senior, "is a graduate, who labors under a sad delusion, that Harvard College and her societies cannot well survive without his interference and watchful care. Perhaps, when you are an upper-class man, you may see something of the gentlemanly ease and grace with which he attempts to have his say, where his business is to hold his tongue, and the absurd figure he makes of himself in so doing."

"One would think he might perceive the impropriety of his conduct; even a Freshman would know enough to see where the bounds of good manners lie."

"He does not: he sees nothing; for he is surrounded by an imaginary haze of his own importance."

EXCHANGES ACKNOWLEDGED. — "Courant," "Yale Lit." "Yale Pot Pourri," "Radical," "Journal of Health," and "University Chronicle." The latter seems to be smarting under a remark of ours on the inferiority as a general rule of all college papers, and breaks out in a most violent way. Its powers of invective are, however, limited, and it has yet done nothing to alter our opinion.

## Advertisements.

FOR SALE.

A Shell Wherry; just put in perfect order.

Apply at Stoughton, 12.

"*Whate'er he done was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please.*"

THEN GO TO

MORGAN'S, BRATTLE SQUARE,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

Picture and Looking-glass Frames, and Passepartouts,  
Brackets, Book-holders, &c., &c.

OLD FRAMES REGILT, PAINTINGS CLEANED AND  
VARNISHED.

A good assortment of Pictures and Frames constantly on hand; also, imported Picture and Looking-glass Plates.

A discount made to Students.

iii-10-10

"SISTE, VIATOR,

Submitte collum tonsori,

Et abi alter Adonis."

J. L. HADDOW,

BARBER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

Will give your hair the most fashionable cut, shave you in the most easy manner, and give you a most delightful shampoo. The past ten years' experience with the graduates of Harvard in the *tonorial art* will be sufficient recommendation for those gentlemen who may honor him with their patronage.

J. L. HADDOW,

Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Brighton Street, five doors from Harvard Square.

HARVARD BOOKSTORE,

Harvard Square,

Corner of Dunster Street.

B. H. RICHARDSON,

AGENT FOR THE "ADVOCATE,"

Would respectfully inform the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY

That he is prepared to sell on credit at low rates. Accounts to be settled at the beginning of each term.

HE WILL KEEP IN STOCK

Text Books,

Books of Reference in use,

Blank Books, Theme Paper,

Stationery of all Descriptions,

Magazines, Reviews,

Weekly and Daily Papers.

Particular attention paid to Freshmen.

NEW TAILORING GOODS.

*Our Fall and Winter Importation of Goods  
now open.*

Also, our London and Paris made Sample Garments  
on exhibition.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,

TAILORS AND IMPORTERS,

CHAMBERS, 158, WASHINGTON ST.,

iii-10-10

BOSTON.

*Just Received, per "China,"*

A LARGE LOT OF GAMBIER BOWLS.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT

Offers to the students (*at the store next Haddow's, third  
door from Sever & Francis*) a most complete assortment  
of the choicest brands of Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes,  
Cigarettes, and every thing else that he who loves the  
weed can long for.

Especially he recommends his Figaros, Las Angel-  
itas, Los Cohibas, Jenny Linds, and other fine brands  
of Cigars, with the 3 Belles, Green Seal, Golden Turkish,  
Virginia, Olive, Lone Jack, cut Perique, Natural Leaf,  
Cavendish, and Navy, for smokers. Also, Fruits and  
Flowers. Gambier Cigarette Papers. Meerschm  
Pipes repaired.

G. H. ELLIOT,

*Brighton Street, four doors from Harvard Square*

CALL & TUTTLE.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Invite the attention of their former patrons, and the  
Students of Harvard College generally, to their fine  
assortment of fashionable cloths, and the well-known  
superiority of their work.

182, WASHINGTON STREET,

Corner Franklin,

BOSTON.

MOLYNEAUX!

THE OLD CAMBRIDGE

Clothing and Variety Store,

ON BRATTLE STREET,

On hand a large stock of Gymnastic Apparatus, Base  
Balls, Cricket Balls, Bats, and other suitable Parapher-  
nalia for the modern athlete.

Particular attention paid to Dyeing and Cleaning  
clothes for students. Work taken to and from the  
College rooms at request. Please leave your orders  
at post-office, box No. 684.

N.B. — Highest price paid for cast-off Clothing.

FINE SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

HEWINS & HOLLIS,

Importers and retailers of

*Men's Hosiery and Furnishing  
Goods,*

209, WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF BROMFIELD STREET,

BOSTON.

*Novelties received monthly from our Agent in Paris.*

iii-7-10t

HEARD & RICKARD,

*Gents' Furnishing Warehouse,*

263, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Call the special attention of the *Students of Harvard*,  
and the public generally, to their superb stock of new  
goods, comprising every thing coming under the above  
head. Having a *resident* partner in *Europe*, we are  
constantly receiving the latest and choicest goods as  
they appear in the London and Paris markets; and,  
keeping only the finer qualities of goods, we feel con-  
fident that we can offer a superior stock and better in-  
ducements than any other establishment.

HEARD & RICKARD,

iii-7-10t

263, Washington Street, Boston.

JOHN A. WHIPPLE, PHOTOGRAPHER TO  
CLASS OF '67,

No. 297, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

He executes Photographs and Porcelains in every  
variety of style; the card photograph, medium-sized  
photographs finished in India ink, colored in water-  
color or oil-colors; life-sizes, like paintings, or finished  
as crayons.

Copies made from old daguerrotypes, ambrotypes,  
card pictures, and tintypes, enlarged to any size that  
may be desired. No one need despair of obtaining a  
fine large finished or colored photograph of the  
absent or deceased friends, if they only have a daguer-  
rotype, ambrotype, or even a small tintype of them.

Mr. WHIPPLE employs the finest artists, and rarely  
ever fails to give entire satisfaction to his patrons.

JAMES H. THOMAS,

TAILOR TO THE COLLEGE.

Mr. THOMAS, lately of London, England, respectfully  
invites the attention of Harvard Students to his super-  
ior facilities for suiting them, and hopes that they  
will examine his goods at least before purchasing else-  
where.

268, WASHINGTON STREET,

*Opposite Temple Place,*

BOSTON.

iii-6-10

J. H. HUBBARD (successor to A. S. Wiley & Co.)  
HIS COLUMN.

A history of Cambridge with variations. — No. IV.

A colored artist perched upon a tall ladder, was once engaged in painting the side of a house. Becoming conscious of a shakiness in his support and an oscillation in his pail of color, he looked down, and, perceiving a large hog rubbing against the ladder, exclaimed, — "Go way dar: you making mischief!" Does some reader ask what this has to do with the history of Cambridge? My friend, it has this to do with it. It is whether the name of the subscriber shall, in future records of this town, appear as an honored citizen, or be ignored entirely, except as it is found on the books of his creditors endorsed *P. & L.* (which he is not a *P. L. L.*) The tale of the pig is a parable (parabola) wherein my friend (yes, *you* and *you*), who has not paid his bill, is represented by the pig imperilling my frail support: "You making mischief." It is said that a parable should not go on all fours. The hog being a quadruped is an objectionable *feature*. I *beg* you *suspend* your judgment while I "point a moral and adorn" and *so(w)* forth. But *revenons a nos cochons*. I am *short* of money on account of those bills which have been standing so *long*. As I have to pay cash *down* for goods, don't you see that in all reason I must be hard *up*? Now will you pay that little bill? — or must I disturb your *roominations*? The story of the house is *dun*.

The vrow of Mr. Frey of N. Y. once imported some Gambier clay bowls. Some Harvard men happening to buy some of these which colored well, I was immediately importuned for some of the same sort; but scarce a Gambier could I scare up, although I scoured far and wide. So this Frey made quite a *fracus* among French clay customers. No one denied that Gisclons and Fioletts colored; but I couldn't stop fellows' mouths with them. They called out the more Gambier! Gambier! Gambier! Then I threw myself on J. Gambier, and wrote, "Send me ten gross of the most hideous pipes that it ever entered into your heart to conceive of, and let them be of the kind which hurl color." And he did so; and after the *customary* delays, here they are, heads — Jacobs — shoes — &c. If you are at a distance, send a dollar and I will make selections and forward at once.

A prejudice against Cambridge retailers exists because of alleged high prices. The subscriber believes that in many cases this is unfounded. He is confident that those who favor him with their patronage will not have cause to complain of a thin stock, or of thick prices. His selection of fancy goods is large and elegant, embracing every thing usually kept in a first-class apothecary store. Rich Christmas goods, handkerchief and glove boxes, Scotchwood articles, excellent English razors, knives, and scissors, cosmetiques, pomades and perfumes, luxuriant French soaps, and other toilet articles. Mighty good Yankee cigars, and imported ones which need no adjective. Some new carved cigar tubes, which are peculiar — magnificent pipes of every description, — tongue protectors — real weitchel stems, with and without meerscham balls. Perfect heaps of Flower of Virginia, good cut cavendish for a dollar a pound. Top bowls, meer. buttons, wire-cleaners. Sole agency in Cambridge for Ryan's Green Seal.

Wiley's Glycerine Lotion for chapped hands. "There are more things in a medicine shop, than have entered into your metaphysics."

JOHN H. HUBBARD,  
Harvard Square.

HATTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON, THE HATTER,

Has issued the Fall Style of Silk Hat of all the leading makers; viz, —

*Amidon, Dunlap, and Christy's  
English Silk,*

Together with Hats of his own manufacture; also, the

FRENCH OPERA HAT.

The *College Cap* made to order. *Cloth Hats, English Oxford.* Soft Hats of every description.

*Fine Silk Umbrellas, Canes, Castor-Gloves, Driving-Gloves, and Gentlemen's Furs.*

JACKSON,

THE HATTER,

Albion Building, 59, Tremont Street, Boston.

JAMES TOLMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

111, WASHINGTON STREET,

Between Court and School Streets,

BOSTON.

LEVY, LEVY, LEVY,

*Terque Levy,*

would respectfully announce to the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY,

that he will, *after some little conversation*, gladly pay for old clothes twice what they are worth to the seller, and half what they are worth to himself; that, for a small pecuniary consideration, he will renovate and repair garments which are worse for wear.

Orders may be left at Mr. Richardson's.

CLOTHES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

MADAME PLAGGE,

a German lady, now residing in Cambridge, will be happy to give instruction in the German and French languages, in Music, and in Singing. Inquire at Richardson's.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

# THE ADVOCATE.

JAN. 7, 1868.]

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR." [VOL. IV.—No. VIII.]

"WEIL' AUF MIR, DU DUNKLES AUGEN."

MAIDEN, why art thou so frightened?

Do not turn thy face away :

Why wilt thou not deign to hear me,  
And put faith in what I say?

True it is I love thee fondly,  
And have loved thee many years, —  
Ever wearied by the battle  
Raging 'tween my hopes and fears.

Turn thy hazel eyes upon me;  
Let me read from them thy heart :  
Eyes that are so soft and gentle  
Cannot say that we must part.

Do not try to hide their brightness  
'Neath the lid's soft, dark-fringed veil :  
Dost thou think thou canst prevent them  
Thus from telling me their tale?

Tears, ye cannot hope to dim them,  
Or to quench their flashing light;  
Though you've filled them to o'erflowing,  
You but make their flame more bright.

Maiden, speak, and tell me truly,  
Have thine eyes been false to thee?  
They have said that thou dost love me :  
Tell me truly, Can it be?

## THE INSTITUTE OF 1770.

THE Institute of 1770 has been long a greatly respected establishment; and that too with good reason. The only society of Sophomore year, so limited in its numbers, taking only the brightest and best in a class; and severe, with its black-balls, to condemn the idle, the dull, and the disagreeable,—who did not aspire to its honors? The first College Society for Freshmen to enter, (for, like *A*, we may, for the moment, make believe that no secret Greek-letter fraternities are

here to tempt men into mischief, and ride them on goats),—who did not look forward, with a trifle of hope for himself, to the time when the first ten were elected,—those eminent ten, the best of scholars and gentlemen?

And then, above all, its antiquity! It possessed age,—that quality so revered by this enlightened generation of youth. In tradition, if not perhaps in records, it looks back, almost a century, to "the good old colony times when men lived under the king." It is, indeed, a sort of eldest daughter to the college, and, rejuvenated, as it recently has been, with a fresh application of paint, is commonly believed to bear no traces of time, to be gayer than ever as years go by. We shall, perhaps, see in a moment whether this good aunt of ours is quite so vigorous in mind; and, if not too disrespectful, whether she may not be in her second childhood just now. I confess I scarcely see how I brought myself to write this last sentence. It pains me to hint at the old lady's dotage; but, if danger exists, so also may remedy, and of all unsatisfactory things, an examination *post mortem* is least to be chosen.

Now there has been queer conduct, of late years, to awaken suspicion. To speak plainly, there is some little curiosity to know what the matter may be with this ancient and famous Institute. A very few dare to call it a humbug. Not a bit of it! With its good old customs, and high aims, and excellent library so convenient of access, we resent such a title for it. Whatever its members may ever be, the Institute itself is no humbug. Its work has surely been good; its power for usefulness is large; and, just so far as its constitution and rules are obeyed, time spent in its room is well spent. Some, on the other hand, still call the Institute glorious. They wish themselves in the little knot of its leaders, or



look back on the circuitous course of its politics with something of pleasure. Well! there are always some to cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" provided only they themselves are Ephesians. But it seems to me that the society is more properly to be called a monopoly, and the same danger threatens it that threatens all monopolies, — of incurring odium, or becoming despised.

Now, from the time, when, on my initiation evening, with "Honor Conferred" as a subject, I vainly tried, amidst un hoped-for applause, to ring the changes on a dozen words for three hundred painful seconds, I have always been a lover of the Institute, and enjoyed its privileges, and read its books, and am too ready to exalt its worth to be quite satisfied with the condition in which my class found it, or in which we left it, or in which it appears to be now. I may be wrong to judge of the present condition. It is possible that the thirty of the Sophomore class who now control its affairs have good reasons for refusing admittance to more of their classmates. Perhaps there are only that select number of good society men in the class; of men who can write an occasional essay, take part in debate, or practise their poetical Pegasus for later "Advocate" use, or even amiably laugh at a joke, — only these thirty! 'Tis a pity if true. I thought better of the class when they were Freshmen. But really I am accustomed to hear the breaking up of the meetings, and the standard song of "Maid of Athens," at too early an hour to be quite able to believe that these thirty are very deeply interested in lecture, paper, or debate; and I cannot entirely explain their rapidity of operation by the well-known activity of mind of the men themselves. However, there may be good reasons for all this, of which I do not know. But, in general, it seems to me that half of an ordinary Harvard class ought to be suitable men to enjoy the advantages of the Institute and to do it honor. It ought not to be a close monopoly, as too many of our societies are. And I would object also very decidedly to the idea, much too prevalent, that style in dress and the ability to furnish a good supper are the necessary qualifications for the first ten elected from the Freshmen. It is

bad for the society to run the risk of having half its membership *in rure* at once; and, after all, does not tend in the long run to increase the respect that it commands. Every one that knows any thing about it, every one that has seen the constitution suspended by a singular process, such as the Institute alone understands, and two men of opposite factions elected at one ballot, knows very well that it is no special honor to be elected, nor in the least disgraceful to be left outside. Such a state of things should never be. True worth, and not secret society membership, should be the standard to try men by; and then there would be real honor in the elections, and honor too to whom honor is due. With the class of '70, and more particularly with the government of the *ἐπίσκοποι* who now preside, is the question whether the time-honored and well-beloved Institute of 1770 shall live, or, a feeble dotard, go into obscurity. I trust it is safe in their hands.

X.

#### AN EVENING WITH DICKENS.

HAVE you seen Dickens? You have? Splendid: wasn't it? You haven't? Then you had better go the next opportunity; and, as we have had nothing in the "Advocate" about him, — except a satirical description of an unfortunate's experience in the sale of tickets, and a ferocious growl from "Atom" about the swindles perpetrated on purchasers, — I will attempt to show you what you have lost.

Having, by the kindness of a friend, become the happy possessor of a ticket, in accordance with the reasonable request expressed on it, I try to reach my seat at ten minutes before eight, and find myself at that time squeezed in between two charming young ladies, who show their appreciation of the great principle of Woman's Rights by crowding me into the smallest space I am capable of occupying; for which trifling inconvenience, however, I am amply repaid by the amusing contrast in their behavior. One of them, evidently very impressible, falls into convulsions of laughter at the funny places, and is becomingly sober and tearful at the pathetic parts; the other, like her mother who accompa-

nies her, shows no more emotion than if she were of wax; and even the two or three smiles which she does permit to appear in the course of the evening seem called forth more by the foolishness of people in laughing, than by Mr. Dickens's humor.

At three minutes of eight, an attendant ascends the platform and turns up the gas, which shines brightly on the far-famed reading-desk, with the water-decanter and tumbler at one side; at two minutes past eight, a tall man, with side-whiskers, and a bald spot on the top of his head, takes a few steps out of the ante-room, and looks around. Whispers are heard: "That's Dickens."—"No: it isn't."—"Yes: it is."—"No: Dickens has a beard, and this man has side-ers." It being settled that it is not Dickens, Mr. Dolby (for it is he), retires; and a few minutes after, when everybody is seated, Mr. Dickens appears.

We had been led, from his pictures, to suppose him a grave, thoughtful-looking man, impressing the observer at once that he was out of the common run of men; and it is with a feeling of disappointment that we see him a moderate-sized, common-looking man, resembling one of those middle-aged loafers we see in such profusion about Parker's, resplendent in diamonds and a shiny coat, walking with a quick, tripping step across the platform, and acknowledging his enthusiastic reception with a slight bow, on the wing, so to speak.

With a few preliminary remarks, he begins the "Christmas Carol." At first we notice only the frequent uplifting of his eyebrows, and the too-often-repeated use of the rising inflection; but, as he warms in the story, we forget these minor defects in the all-absorbing interest of the narration; he enjoys himself as much as the audience do, his good-humor frequently overflowing into smile, while his hearers enter fully into his spirit, laugh and applaud at the many good points, and are affected to tears at the poor clerk's grief for the death of Tiny Tim, with praiseworthy appreciation. He is often interrupted by applause; and, at the conclusion of the story, the audience applaud vigorously, relax, increase in force; and Mr. Dickens comes forward, ascends a few steps of the platform, and bows. One boisterous in-

dividual, carried away by the exuberance of his feelings, rises, and proposes "Three cheers for Charles Dickens;" whereat, five more enthusiastic individuals jump up, like so many jacks-in-the-box, in different parts of the hall, cheer faintly and subside.

In this, which many consider his most successful effort, the changes of his face and voice to correspond to the personifications he assumes, are, in some cases, wonderful: as, for example, his rendering of Scrooge; his impersonation of the two young Cratchits, in their various moods of enthusiasm and impatience, is irresistibly funny, and that of their mother, true to the life, and very successful.

After a short intermission, Mr. Dickens reappears, and reads the Trial from Pickwick. In this, his rendering of the incorrigible stupidity of Mr. Justice Stareleigh approaches the sublime; Sergeant Buzfuz, deferential towards the jury and browbeating towards the witnesses, Mr. Winkle's hesitation and bewilderment, and Tony Weller's "Put it down a we, my Lord," are all admirable; but the expectant enthusiasm, which greets the words "Call Samuel Weller," is doomed to disappointment; although this may be owing to the fact, that, while the difference between Mr. Dickens and his other characters is marked, that between him and Sam Weller is hardly noticeable; for *Charles Dickens is Sam Weller*.

I would advise all to hear him. To those who have read and admired him, hearing him will give a new zest to reading him; and in those who have not read him, it will inspire a desire for a further acquaintance. On the whole, I think his entertainment almost deserves the "superlatively magnificent" applied by an enthusiastic friend. X.

#### THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I was surprised at the request of a writer for your paper, which appeared in the sixth number of this volume. I mean the request that some place in your paper be devoted to theatrical criticisms. Much more surprised was I at the appearance, in the next

number of your paper, of an article upon Lucille Western. As it bore no signature, I imagine it was from the fertile brain of some editor; so that I am directing my efforts against known adversaries, and not at anonymous ones. In the first place, I beg leave to suggest that your paper is not issued often enough to make criticisms in it of much avail to such writers as requested you to give a portion of your paper to them. Only such disgraces to the stage as the "Black Crook," "Devil's Auction," and others of that ilk, run for any length of time, except sensational pieces, remarkable for scenic effects. The former I trust the good sense of the "Advocate" editors will not allow to be criticised in their columns; as they will bear nothing but condemnation, and condemnation gives them a notice they do not deserve. In a paper caring little for its literary reputation,—I suppose the "Advocate" cares a little for hers,—and relying upon theatrical criticism for "dead-head" tickets, not to say pay, it is perhaps endurable to witness criticisms, and even puffs of "Black Crooks," etc. I trust your paper has no such motives to allow such criticism. Sensational pieces merit no criticism at your hands, any more than Morris Brothers' entertainments; for, the difference of place of representation being set aside, their character is about as flimsy and unworthy of notice as the stale jokes of negro minstrelsy. It would be hardly profitable to your readers to devote a column to a criticism of "The Ice Witch" or something of that sort. Ask several of your friends what they would think of such a criticism. They would laugh at the idea, I venture to say. As to other pieces,—standard comedies and tragedies,—I question, respectfully, the ability of an inexperienced critic, such as a critic must be in college, to criticise them with any thing like good judgment. You will hardly find two persons among us agreeing in opinion upon the relative merits of two actors, or upon any comedy acted at any of the theatres in Boston; and the probability is, that your would-be critic would disagree in judgment with the writer who wished you to give place in your paper to criticisms; in which case he would fail in obtaining from the critic the object he stated as the motive of his request; for

you remember he wanted your published criticisms to guide students in their choice of places of amusement. Presuming that the writer of the article I refer to has a due appreciation of Shakespeare, and understands what actors can act his plays in an acceptable manner, it is hardly necessary to criticise them for his benefit. If they are done poorly, your contributor would find it out, if he is a theatre-goer or not, before you could publish a criticism in your paper.

As to the criticism upon Lucille Western, in your last number. It is very candid, very. There is more vinegar in it than one would have supposed any but a personal enemy could have poured into so short an article; and yet, now and then, a lump of sugar is allowed to dissolve, doubtless to render the draught less nauseating to the admirers of the "dramatic artist by courtesy" in question. I regret that your critic condescended to criticise this "dramatic artist by courtesy;" for it must have caused him trouble to regard so inartistic an actress from the high eminence upon which he has seated himself. He probably used an opera glass. I am not one of the admirers of the artist in question, I will anticipate; as otherwise I might be the object of a discussion at your critic's hands, in your paper, which I decline to enter into.

But, seriously, Messrs. Editors, public opinion—college opinion, perhaps, rather—is against you on this point of theatrical criticism. The "Boston Advertiser" and "Post"—any paper in Boston not subsidized too heavily—contain very good criticisms, by experienced critics; and, as those papers are published daily, while yours is a bi-weekly, I would suggest, in behalf of many who expressed dissatisfaction at your taking up theatrical criticism, that you do not inflict more upon us, considering your college paper hardly the field for theatrical criticism, which plays so unimportant a part in the Boston dailies.

THEATRE.

#### THE BOOK BUSINESS.

IN two particulars, it seems to us, students are justified in making complaint of the existing arrangements in the text-book business. In the first place: Why should not Mr. Richardson be

informed of the books which are to be studied in season to procure them for his patrons? Such information is regularly furnished to the other firm, to the obvious injury of Mr. Richardson's business. Many students prefer to buy of Mr. Richardson; and not unfrequently, when they go to him to procure a book which they are immediately to use, they find that he has received no notice, that the other firm have bought every copy which was to be had in Boston; and to the other firm they are forced to go. Whatever may be the arrangements between the college government and the university bookstore, this state of things is not right, and ought not to continue.

In the second place: Why should Messrs. Sever and Francis's accounts be incorporated in the term-bills of students, and Mr. Richardson's accounts be refused admittance? This arrangement is also to the prejudice of Mr. Richardson. Every one can see that we are indebted to that gentleman for a very considerable reduction in the expenses for text-books; and every one must feel that such a benefactor ought to have a fair chance. Mr. Richardson is willing to face competition; but he has just grounds of complaint, when favors are shown to another firm, to the manifest injury of his business.

The duty of the Faculty is to look to the interests of students, and not to consult their own convenience or advantage. The contract with Messrs Sever and Francis did not work to the advantage of students, and, therefore it should be abrogated. Mr. Richardson proposes a much fairer one. In case it is rejected, and the old abuses continued, there is greater reason than ever for complaint. We understand that the Faculty have reported to the Overseers that a change is not advisable. Such is not our own opinion, nor the opinion of the students generally.

## MAN'S WRONGS.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

WHENEVER one takes up a paper now-a-days, or goes into a public meeting, or attends a party, he is met by the words, Woman's Rights. Most people, I fancy, have a very vague opinion as to what is meant by these words; but so much the

more, perhaps, do they absorb public attention, to the exclusion of other topics, which the *mens vacua* (do not translate this by *vacant mind*, for you would be wrong) is apt to regard more pressing, if not more interesting. Reconstruction and finance hardly receive more discussion, or are more persistently forced upon us, will we, nill we. The end of a political crisis, such as we have just passed through (shall I say?) is, perhaps, a favorable time for originating and circulating all sorts of theories and excitements; and we may hope that, when things reach a more settled state, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Miss Anna E. Dickinson, will step aside for — what I hope I may be pardoned for calling — more attractive objects.

But, meanwhile (and this is my reason for writing this article), I do not think that they have the wrongs all on their side. Even my personal acquaintance with women teaches me so much. And how small an acquaintance with woman a student in Harvard has, who lives out of Massachusetts, and knows no one in town, only those can know who are themselves in like unhappy plight. But there are some women that even we have to meet; and by these women, I do not hesitate to say, our rights, as men and humans, are shamelessly and constantly invaded.

First, there is the Goody. Coming to your room soon after breakfast, the following scene invariably takes place. You sit down to take a last hasty and necessary look at your early recitation. Enter the Goody; who proceeds to inveigh, perhaps, at your practice of taking a daily morning bath. If you suggest considerations of cleanliness and hygiene, she retorts, conclusively, of course, — women always do, — that your water, after you have emerged from your bath, is yet tolerably clear and free from dirt. Meaning, apparently, that there is no occasion to bathe until you are — excuse the word — filthy. Which opinion, even backed as it is by her example, you have some objections to adopting. Again, if it is near Christmas, she torments you with plaintive allusions, and delicate hints, and sprightly anecdotes, apropos of nothing, as to how J. B., or P. Q., or X. Z., once presented her with a turkey, or a barrel of flour, or some money, or

some other confounded remembrance, that affords her text for innumerable and endless sermons. If you gently remonstrate with her, because she doesn't dust your room more than once a month, of course you have the assurance that, when she goes into the next room, she rails incoherently, for, every once in a while, she regales you with a tirade against the man overhead, who said,—and is,—and does,—and will be—Heaven knows what all. If you indulge her by answering her, or speaking to her, she finds fresh inducement to continue. If you say nothing, she still mumbles and mutters all the time she is in the room; and so, the only way, generally (for you cannot swear, of course), is to grin and bear it, and dead, as well, from want of the half-hour destroyed by this woman.

Then there is one's washwoman. When, as is frequently the case, you find, on counting your wash, that in place of the seven collars put in, only four have come out, you get no satisfaction in attempting to reason with her on her arithmetic; for she, passing over the superficial loss of three collars, goes to the root of the matter directly, and with much bitterness of language, directed at you apparently, and with that rare logical mind found in woman occasionally, proceeds to inform you that her rent has been raised, which of course settles the matter, and leaves no more to be said. If you suggest that you have no desire whatever to appropriate Mr. S.'s shirts, a laughing allusion to the depth of the snow, or the price of provisions, again clears the matter up.

Then, as if those women whom you have to meet were not enough, you are constantly liable to encounter some dragon in the cars, on the street, at the theatre, who makes life, for the time, a burden. On one occasion, having been in town to transact some business, I took my seat quietly, and began looking around at my fellow-passengers. After a short time, my attention was aroused by an altercation going on between the conductor and the woman next me. It appeared that she had offered some ticket, or money, which the conductor refused to take. Now, it is the firm belief of these women that they know every one's business, and no man his own. Con-

sequently, they dispute every official act or statement with a coolness and positiveness that, to the weak mind of man, are wonderful. The woman in question said it should be good, and the conductor said it was not good, whereupon followed an every-day version of the dialogue between Lear and Kent—

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*L.* No, I say.

*K.* I say, yea.

*L.* No, no; they would not.

*K.* Yes, they have.

*L.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*K.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

This discussion having gone on some time, the few cents were finally paid; and then, to my boundless disgust, fright, dismay, and confusion, she turned round full on me, and read me, to whom the controversy had not the remotest interest, a lecture, which was divided into three heads. I. An expression of her disregard for the money, and interest solely in the principle of the thing; II. The duties of horse-car officials in general; and, III. Of the Union R. R. Co. in particular. All of which, by directing the attention of the whole car on me, covered me with shame, and interrupted a very pleasant flirtation I was successfully conducting.

I have noticed, in general, that the loudest and longest talkers are the strongest advocates of woman suffrage, and all its "heritage of woe." In view of this fact, I have hit on a brilliant plan, that will cut one way at least. Let us give the suffrage to all women who will for ever after, to put it plainly, hold their tongues; and I think the advantage would be cheap at the price. And our own particular lady friends need not be alarmed, for this would have no bearing on them. But things being as they are, if we hear much more of Woman's Rights, we shall have good reason to avail ourselves of our chance to raise a counter-cry of Man's Wrongs. ADOLESCENS.

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It is proposed, hereafter, to devote a portion of the "Advocate" to items concerning and interesting graduates. Any information coming under this description will be gladly received.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE table of the "Advocate" has, at last, become covered with such a multitude of unpublished articles, that it has been thought advisable to notice some of them, so that the authors may know just what position their productions hold in our minds. Some editors have advised the printing of a form to be sent to our would-be contributors; but no form will apply to all cases, and so we have concluded to mention individually a few articles, especially such as may be of general interest.

"*My Story*," a tale of horror at which Edgar A. Poe would have shuddered, creates quite as great a sensation among the editors of this number as of the last. If the author would kindly consent to omit those paragraphs where a man's head splits into two pieces, the exact form of which is described—where his eyes drop out into a boiling cauldron,—and where his body finally falls to cinders—we think the piece would bear publication; provided, however, that it were sandwiched between an article on the Malthusian doctrine and a list of officers of some religious society. Any person who will bring to the editors a certificate that he has attended two operations at the Massachusetts General Hospital, will be allowed to read this piece in manuscript, as it is.

An individual signing himself "Crassus," sends a protest against our publishing more articles about the choir. He says that he once belonged to that organization himself, but that, moved by the "Advocate's" thunders, and his own rapidly failing voice, he one morning resigned; and that the very next morning an "Advocate" appeared, highly laudatory of the choir. He represents the singers as at present in a very doubtful state.

A piece of poetry originally designed for the Class Ode of the Sophomores has been sent us. It is a high tribute to the worthy character of the Ode Committee, however, that this song was not accepted. It bears that bacchanalian character which has so disfigured the odes of past years and is sadly deficient in that tone of dignity and of exhortation to Christian duty which characterizes the accepted production.

An opening chapter of a work entitled "*American [Bank] Notes*," by Charles Dickens, lies on our table, and shall be printed as soon as the papers on the Malthusian doctrine are finished.

A diligent Sophomore who has "worked a whole year hard," and for a reward has received "Butler's Sermons" as his detur, remonstrates against the whole present system of rewards in the College, and suggests a more efficient method of stimulating ambition. He says,—

"At the end of each recitation, through the year, let the instructor present to those whose answers would now entitle them to the mark of 6, a stick of barley-candy. Let all who have gained 7, enjoy a large cherry or moderate-sized plum; while those who rejoice in an 8, might properly be distinguished by a quarter pound of caramels, *summa cum laude*."

The author's hatred of the wicked, however, is as marked as his love for the good.

"Let those who have deaded be obliged to distribute the candy, swallow the fruit-stones, and behold their more praiseworthy companions eating the caramels!"

When the author of the article on "*Canes and Beavers*," in No. VI. of this volume reads the following, he can enjoy those same emotions which filled the breast of Mr. Dickens, when the Yorkshire schoolmasters attacked him.

—"And I hope that, if he sends you any more of his assaults on me, you will at least allow me to see them before publication. The idea of his telling the world that my beaver crowds him out of his seat, and that I cast tender glances toward it! The wretch!"

Many articles remain to be noticed, and we may resume our remarks in the next number.

PHI.

OUR attention has been attracted, within a few days, to the advertisement, in several Boston papers, of a new edition of the "*Harvard Memorial Biographies*." It is stated that these books are the most appropriate present for all friends of our Alma Mater, and *those of her gallant sons who fell in the war!* We are not inclined to spiritualism ourselves; and we doubt if any returning spirit would find much time for the perusal of his own biography.

## THE ADVOCATE.

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## A FRAGMENT.

I.

On the bank of a lake, on whose bosom there stirred  
Not the faintest wind-whisper; when all round was still,  
Nor a sound, save the querulous katydid heard,  
Or the cricket; or, haply, some mournful night-bird,—  
The owl screeching loud, or the sad whippoorwill;

II.

On the bank of this lake, underneath the still sky,  
In bliss that were perfect, save that it must go,  
Moved pensive, in silence, my darling and I,  
And spoke not at all, save perchance by a sigh,  
Or the eye's loving glance, the cheeks' answering glow.

LÖFFEL.

## MR. CUTLER'S NEW POEM.

STELLA. By Elbridge Jefferson Cutler. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1868.

THACKERAY, in "Vanity Fair," makes the following statement:—

"This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry WHOM SHE LIKES."

Mr. Cutler, however, vindicates man's independence in this graceful and delicate poem. A young man has an intimate friend, who has a beautiful and lovely sister. He is naturally brought much in contact with her, and comes himself to regard her as a dear sister. Suddenly he finds that Stella loves him. Much pained at this discovery, he at first tries to withdraw himself from her thought, and then to force a love for her on his own part, but is unsuccessful in both endeavors. When the war breaks out, he eagerly

seizes the opportunity for driving out thought by action, and enters the army. Stella, meanwhile, gradually droops, and, one night, the soldier receives news that she is dead.

We think that Mr. Cutler has published nothing so good as this poem, unless it be his translations from Homer. There is a delicacy and happiness of expression that almost reminds one of Keats, and the descriptions throughout are exceedingly good. The directness with which Mr. Cutler tells his story, and, having told it, stops, is as rare as it is grateful. "But," we have heard it said, "Mr. Cutler does not go far enough, and the question put to the soldier is not satisfactorily answered." We cannot agree with this criticism. Human interest would, perhaps, desire to hear the end of the soldier's (single) life. But artistic unity and feeling (and Mr. Cutler is thoroughly an artist) would revolt at a prolongation of the story. And this is the difference, as so often said, between ancient and modern works. They exalted artistic excellence: we sacrifice it to human interest. Each method, of course, has its advocates; but it is well, in the glory of one school, to be occasionally reminded of the claims of the other. This service Mr. Cutler has done, not only successfully, but pleasantly.

Of particular passages it is hard to speak, when so many claim one's attention. The description of his room comes home with peculiar force to a student who takes any pride in having his room a reflection and token of himself. It would argue well for our sensibilities, if more of us were able to say of our rooms,—

"Until, where'er I look, I find  
Some history of my heart or mind."

Occasionally, and only occasionally we meet a commonplace expression, as where he speaks of—

"Fancy's lavish spell,"

or a transposition that calls attention to itself and so mars the completeness of the poem, as:—

"At times, of words the simple art  
Of those who find them in the heart."

But these are rare, and injure the whole effect scarcely at all, and that whole effect, though not



startling or intensely powerful, is yet very pure, pleasant, and graceful.

It is exceedingly difficult in such a notice as this, to avoid assuming a patronizing tone. With what success we have escaped this fault, we leave to our readers to decide. We can only say that we have endeavored to forget, for the nonce, the relation that subsists between *Professor* Cutler and ourselves.

## THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION.

### FOURTH ARTICLE.

SOME of those who have read the previous articles on this subject will remember an extract from Malthus, in which it was stated that, notwithstanding the general prevalence of checks to population, "there are few states in which there is not a constant effort in the population to increase beyond the means of subsistence," tending "to subject the lower classes of society to distress, and to prevent any great permanent amelioration of their condition." To this statement of Malthus, the views of Professor Bowen, as expressed in the following extracts from the chapters on Population and Rent, stand in marked opposition:—

"I begin with the proposition, that the power of the earth to afford sustenance is now so far in advance of the actual numbers of mankind, that no probable, and in fact no possible, increase of those numbers, not even by a geometrical progression, can create a general and permanent scarcity for centuries to come."

"I do not believe that any increase in the number of the civilized, Christian inhabitants of the earth is an evil, or that it entails any evil upon coming generations."

"The social evils which, unquestionably, now exist, and which are traced by such economists as Malthus, Ricardo, and McCulloch, to an excess of population, appear clearly imputable to defective, unnatural, and unjust institutions of man's device, and admit of remedy without shaking the pillars of social order, or impiously calling on God to send war, inundations, or pestilence, wherewith to scourge mankind into a sense of their duty to restrain their natural inclinations, and destroy the sources of domestic happiness."

Before bringing forward the propositions which support the opinion of Malthus, I copy a sentence from Mr. Mill's "Political Economy," which, while it makes the issue clearer, gives the view which the disciples of Malthus take of the position of Professor Bowen:—

"It is a case of the error too common in Political Economy, of not distinguishing between necessities arising from the nature of things, and those created by social arrangements; an error which appears to me to be at all times producing two opposite mischiefs; on the one hand causing political economists to class the merely temporary truths of their subject among its permanent and universal laws; and on the other, leading many persons to mistake the permanent laws of production (such as those on which the necessity is grounded of restraining population) for temporary accidents arising from the existing constitution of society, which those who would frame a new system of social arrangements are at liberty to disregard."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> J. S. Mill, Pol. Econ. Book III. chap. i. § 1.

The most important of the permanent laws of production, referred to in the above extract from Mr. Mill, is that of diminishing return from land. On this law the English theories of Population and Rent are founded. Mr. Mill calls it the most important proposition in Political Economy, while Professor Bowen scarcely recognizes its existence, and everywhere treats it with the greatest contempt. As my object is to aid the reader in arriving at the truth, and I do not present any claim to originality in these articles, I shall give the law in the words of Mr. Mill. Although quotations may not always look interesting, they will sometimes be found important:—

"After a certain, and not very advanced, stage in the progress of agriculture; as soon, in fact, as mankind have applied themselves to cultivation with any energy, and have brought to it any tolerable tools; from that time it is the law of production from the land, that in any given state of agricultural skill and knowledge, by increasing the labor, the produce is not increased in an equal degree; doubling the labor does not double the produce; or to express the same thing in other words, every increase of produce is obtained by a more than proportional increase in the application of labor to the land."<sup>2</sup>

This proposition hardly requires any proof, yet it may be remarked that, if it were not true, a farmer might apply all his labor to a garden patch, and make even a greater profit than he now does from the cultivation of a thousand acres, for he would save the expense of transportation. When, to increase the produce, recourse is had to inferior land, it is evident that, so far, the produce does not increase in the same proportion with the labor. The adjective, inferior, is used because it is land which, to the same amount of labor, returns a smaller amount of produce. The land may be inferior either in fertility or in situation, the one requiring relatively more labor to grow the produce, the other to carry it to market.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Ib. Book I. chap. xii. § 2.

<sup>3</sup> The confusion which Professor Bowen introduces into this simple matter of land being inferior, either from poorness of soil or an unfavorable situation, is something almost incredible. Let any one keep in mind the single idea of inferiority in soil or situation, and read over carefully the chapter in his Political Economy on the Theory of Rent, and I think he will share my own perplexity and astonishment at the views set forth there. The English theory of Rent is founded on the law of diminishing return, and must either stand or fall with that law. Professor Bowen makes use of such reasoning as this to refute it, setting out with the statement that "*natural fertility, as an element of rent, is wholly insignificant in comparison with nearness to market*" (p. 178), and proceeding next to consider unfavorableness of situation, he justly italicizes the following most remarkable conclusions:—

"He (Ricardo) maintains, that land bears rent in proportion to its nearness to the place where agricultural produce is needed and consumed; and that the increase of population consequently is an evil, because the community are obliged to send farther and farther off for their supplies. Here is the great and obvious fallacy of supposing that *the population, as it increases, remains stationary, or on the same spot*, so that the grain must be brought to it at a price enhanced by the cost of transportation. We answer that, *instead of the food coming from a distance to the population, the population go to the food!*" (p. 179).

I should say that, in that case, *nearness to market* would be wholly insignificant in comparison with *natural fertility!* The idea of popula-

Instead of resorting to more distant or less fertile land, the land already under cultivation may be more highly cultivated, though on less and less advantageous terms. Such careful farming as Europeans and Asiatics practise would be a great waste of labor in the United States; and even the farming which is found remunerative in New England would not be so in Illinois. I regret that space does not permit me to illustrate more fully the truth of this law; and I can only refer the reader to Mr. Mill's "Political Economy" for any farther confirmation which may be needed.

Professor Bowen attempts to overthrow this law of diminishing return by an array of facts, and an appeal to experience. It is admitted that there is a principle at work, antagonistic to the law, and that principle is *the progress of civilization*. That is the expression used by Mr. Mill, admitted to be general and vague, but employed because the things to be included are so various that no words less comprehensive would include them all. The progress of agricultural knowledge, skill, and invention, improved means of communication, improvements in the arts, in education, in government, in short, progress of every kind,—all are embraced in the phrase. But though the advance of civilization may keep up with, or even surpass the actual increase of population, and postpone the pressure which would otherwise be caused by the law of diminishing return, *it never comes up to the rate of increase of which population is capable*. "Nothing could have prevented a general deterioration in the condition of the human race, were it not that population has in fact been restrained. Had it been restrained still more, and the same improvements taken place, there would have been a larger dividend than there now is, for the nation or the species at large. The new ground wrung from nature by the improvements would not have been all used up in the support of mere numbers. Though the gross produce would not have been so great, there would have been a greater produce per head of the population."

The extent to which population is restrained may be illustrated by a few statistics. In the United States the increase is but little impeded. We have vast tracts of

tion going to the food, instead of sending for it, is most difficult to reconcile with the insignificance of natural fertility in comparison with nearness to market. Nearness to market, when people go and raise food instead of having it brought to them, would seem to disappear entirely as an element of rent. If Ricardo did fall into a great and obvious fallacy, he might, if he were alive now, turn to Prof. Bowen's Political Economy, just two pages back of the place where his weakness in logic is so unmercifully exposed, and point to the following sentences in justification of himself:—

"An increase of the English population *does* create a larger demand, for food. But this demand does not oblige the people to have recourse to the poorer soils in order to enlarge the crops, nor even to apply more capital with less profit to the soil already under tillage; it simply obliges them to import more food from America and the countries on the Baltic and the Black Sea" (p. 177).

unoccupied fertile land; the march of improvement is rapid, and the law of diminishing return as yet scarcely affects us. The annual increase of population is about 3 per cent. Contrast this with France. According to the official returns, as analyzed by M. Legoyt, the increase of population in France from 1801 to 1806 was at the rate of 1.28 per cent annually. This high rate was in consequence of the great improvements in the condition of the lower classes brought about by the Revolution. From 1806 to 1831, the rate was only 0.47 per cent; from 1831 to 1836 it averaged 0.60 per cent; from 1836 to 1841, 0.41 per cent; from 1841 to 1846, 0.68 per cent; from 1846 to 1851, 0.21 per cent; and from 1851 to 1856 only 0.71 per cent for the five years, or 0.14 annually. These slow rates are brought about by the application of the preventive checks.

In some countries, deficiency of production is the result of the absence of a general *effective desire of accumulation*. What is meant by the expression in italics has been incorporated into Professor Bowen's work, and it is therefore not necessary to explain it here. Of such countries the various nations of Asia are instances. If the desire of accumulation were strengthened by education, good government, or the use of other means, there would be an *advance in civilization*, and the rate of increase of the population might be greater for an indefinite period.

In other countries, of which England is a conspicuous example, neither the spirit of industry, nor the desire of accumulation, need any encouragement. "In these countries there would never be any deficiency of capital, if its increase were never checked or brought to a stand by too great a diminution of its returns. It is the tendency of the returns to a progressive diminution, which causes the increase of production to be often attended with a *deterioration in the condition of the producers*; and this tendency, which would in time put an end to increase of production altogether, is a result of the necessary and inherent conditions of production from the land."

Mr. Mill continues in half a dozen sentences, of such clearness and of such great importance for the understanding of this subject that I give them in full, italicizing a phrase here and there:—

"In all countries which have passed beyond a very early stage in the progress of agriculture, every increase in the demand for food, occasioned by increased population, will always, *unless there is a simultaneous improvement in production*, diminish the share which, on a fair division, would fall to each individual. An increased production, *in default of unoccupied tracts of fertile land, or of fresh improvements tending to cheapen commodities*, can never be obtained but by increasing the labor in more than the same proportion. The population must either work harder, or eat less, or obtain their usual food by sacrificing a part of their other customary comforts. Whenever this necessity is postponed, it is because the improvements which facilitate production continue progressive; because the contrivances of mankind for making their labor more effective, keep up an equal struggle with nature, and extort fresh resources from her reluctant powers as fast as human necessities occupy and engross the old. From this results the important corollary, that the necessity of

restraining population is not, as many persons believe, peculiar to a condition of great inequality of property. *A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilization, be collectively so well provided for as a smaller.* The niggardliness of nature, not the injustice of society, is the cause of the penalty attached to over-population. *An unjust distribution of wealth does not even aggravate the evil, but, at most, causes it to be somewhat earlier felt.* It is in vain to say, that all mouths which the increase of mankind calls into existence bring with them hands. The new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much."<sup>4</sup>

In view of the clear and unambiguous statements above given, what are we to think of Professor Bowen's representations of Mr. Mill's views? He represents that philosopher as maintaining "that an increase of the number of a people, *under any circumstances* (the italics are Professor Bowen's), is an evil," and gravely adds, "The assertion of Mr. Mill, 'that a greater number of people cannot collectively be so well provided for as a smaller,' becomes absurd when applied to an infant colony, established in a vast territory, on a virgin soil!"<sup>5</sup> As if Mr. Mill had not expressly excepted infant colonies, established in vast territories on virgin soils; as if the whole reasoning from which the proposition is deduced did not exclude such instances; and, finally, as if the words "*in any given state of civilization*," by which Mr. Mill guards his statement, were of no significance. I hope the extracts I have given will throw some light on the causes of poverty, and give some idea of the difficulty to be encountered in effecting any great improvement in the condition of the poor, so long as the preventive checks are disregarded; for though prudence is to some extent observed, it is much neglected by those who have most to suffer by disregarding its dictates. A MALTHUSIAN.

### A RETROSPECTIVE MERRY CHRISTMAS.

My early ideas of "Merry Christmas," I can distinctly remember to have been of a very jolly nature. I had dim visions of "a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer," with the "little old driver, so lively and quick," sitting in it, comfortable in a huge bundle of coverings, and hallooing to his coursers which were, in point of size and liveliness, on a footing with his jolly little voice. Long after some officious individual had succeeded in taking away one of my fondest delusions, by pedantically informing me that St. Nicholas was "in your mind's eye, Horatio," I still endeavored, with faint success, to thwart his kind intentions, by seeing occasionally on Christ-

mas Eve the same fictitious scene, while looking at the fire, or at the smooth snow outside the windows. But the officious individual was strangling my imagination year by year, and my visions of Santa Claus grew dimmer and dimmer, till, when I sit before my fire on the evening of this twenty-fourth of December, the pictures painted by my firelight are very different from what they used to be.

I become a conjurer, and, on my fancy saying "Presto, change!" I am listening to children shouting and laughing around a Christmas-tree in some parlor. Lights are blazing on the tree, as if each branch had transformed itself into a gas-jet; glistening balls reflect back the light as if they wanted to add to the splendor, and didn't grudge, in their unselfish hearts, giving back double the amount of glitter they received. Presents hang from every twig, and pretty children, dressed in pretty costumes, flit about like so many cupids, which modern civilization had compelled to display more drapery than their brothers and sisters used to in the old classic days; but who were otherwise perfectly successful in keeping up the reputation of the cupid family for pretty faces, and a decided tendency to cheerfulness.

Pater-familias, with Mater-ejusdem by his side, stand by the fire, smiling audibly and casting admiring glances at the youngsters, and pulling out from the remote corners of their memory remembrances of when they were at a similar party on a similar occasion. I was becoming a little troubled to account for what part I was playing in this festive scene, when Fancy, coming to my aid, with a "presto, change!" suddenly, but very comfortably, deposed me in a chair at a family dinner.

There were all the old faces and the same people I had seen last Christmas; Uncle John, Aunt Sarah, a couple of cousins of each kind, and the rest, all of us eating, drinking, and talking, laughing at the old stories and the old jokes, with more zest than ever.

I was just going to begin on a new story, fresh from College, and likewise on my second plate of plum-pudding, when who should interfere but Fancy with another of her prestos, and lo!

<sup>4</sup> J. S. Mill, Pol. Econ. Book I. chap. xiii. § 2.

<sup>5</sup> Bowen, Pol. Econ. p. 174.

I am in the midst of a room full of dancers, all friends of mine,—all of them, from that little blonde in the corner, to that heavy, gray-haired old gentleman with his back to the fire, and who stands to me in the relation of my father's brother. I hastily commenced an apology to Fancy, whom I had spoken to rather strongly on my transit from table, which I forgot to finish, owing to the sudden discovery of my pretty cousin Alice at my elbow. Alice always was a favorite of mine, and I was soon enjoying myself hugely. We had got into a retired window, in the shadow of the curtains, and I was telling a few unimportant secrets to her, which, as they were secrets, it would be wrong to tell you, and, with the orchestra in full blast,—especially one trombone, or cornet,—I am no judge of instruments, especially wind, and so can't tell which—was safe from the ears of the walls. I am under the impression that I was going to dance with Alice for my partner. I am led to infer this from the fact that my arm was around her waist. Something seemed to touch me with a gentle touch, which, being of rather a slight frame myself, almost upset me: it was that old woman Fancy again, who had apparently got sick of me, and I consequently found myself in front of the fire I had seen such a short time before, and gazing around me, with an intellectual expression of countenance, on the varied furniture of my college room. I got up, and went to the window. One man was gloomily trudging through the yard. I knew at once, by his dejected and woe-begone appearance, that he too had been obliged to spend Christmas in Cambridge, and, judging from the grief, which, as he came nearer, I saw on his features, his parental roof is situated between two and three hundred miles from College. He looked up at me as he passed, but no smile flitted o'er our lips, and, shutting down the window, I flung myself into a chair and drowned my sorrows in—Bill Hamilton's sensational pages.

SIGNOR.

WHAT a very blasphemous University motto "*Dominus est illuminatio mea*" would be, if the gas in Holworthy were the standard! Even moonlight is welcomed as an auxiliary to the dying gas jets.

## COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

COLLEGE discipline is a subject that is engaging the attention of the press of the country; and, we trust, it will be discussed until some of the antiquated ideas, now prevalent on the subject, and which have been handed down as *Lares*, from generation to generation, are thoroughly ventilated. So confident are we that, when such general exposition of prevalent college discipline shall have been made, the unmistakable voice of popular opinion—an opinion formed, as it will be, not by the vulgar, but by enlightened men—will demand to be heard, and beneficent results will follow. Oh for a Story to expound the College Bible! we are requested by deductions from our rank to obey, to point out wherein it is not founded in reason and sense, to show wherein it needs change; and, most of all, to show us what beneficent effects in the world result from the enforcement of the articles of the code therein embodied. And, in order to facilitate the spread of information desirable upon this subject, it would be well if all the copies of parietal laws, in the hands of students, could be scattered abroad in the community. In fact, if extracts from them could be discussed in the principal papers of the country,—and some of them have already discussed the question to some extent, among them the "New-York Evening Post,"—such discussion would do much to open the eyes of men of influence, and to enable them to see clearly how we are governed,—how students are governed all over the country,—with the exception of one institution of learning, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. The following is taken from the "Transit," a catalogue of the institute in question, and speaks for itself:—

"We propose now to speak somewhat of the student's life and associations, as found at this place. Here, as is well known, no dormitory or rigid college discipline exists, as in other institutions; in fact, it is but seldom that the Faculty are compelled to take cognizance of the student, when outside of the recitation room; and, contrary to general expectation, we are happy to say, that this system does not produce carelessness and inattention to studies; but, on the other hand, it tends to impart a more elevated and manly bearing to the youth. Knowing that they are considered as men, they endeavor

to conduct themselves as becomes professional students. As a body, 'we know our rights, and dare maintain them,' and, consequently, have more efficient and complete class organizations than are met elsewhere."

We do not wish to be understood to be appealing for license; but we do appeal for that liberty and freedom from restraint which will enable us to retain our self-respect, which is every day suffering shocks under the present system of parietal laws. We do not ask for the abolition of all parietal laws, all customs that entail pains and penalties upon us; for some of them are healthy in their action (prayers in cold chapels are hardly to be considered healthy, judging from coughs and colds taken there, and the consequent "barking" every morning in chapel), and such as are healthy in their action upon the body collegiate we recognize as just, and abide without any complaint above that which all laws call forth from malecontents. If we complain of healthy laws, the fault, we admit, is in us; and such complaint must be regarded, like many complainings in this life, as inherent in man's nature. What we wish abolished are the petty constraints imposed upon us, not as young men, with some reasoning powers, acquired in several years' study, but as children, for whom the father is supposed to do all the reasoning, and enforce a practical application of it. Such constraints are, prohibition of groups of three in the college-yard, tossing ball in yard or entries, — we do not *play* ball in the yard, — speaking to a class-mate in the room, below or above, from one's window, and so on to the end of the chapter, in regard to the most trivial, harmless actions imaginable; which actions, many of them, arise from a desire upon the part of the actor to see how much he can do without detection. We have not cited the most common subjects of parietal cognizance; what we have taken, are only taken for examples, not because most common.

We are well aware that any discussion of this subject, by students, is looked upon with suspicion by people outside, who, very naturally, no doubt, think we are "more scared than hurt;" and that these outsiders may have an opportunity to judge for themselves, we say it would be a good idea to inaugurate a discussion of the sub-

ject among the alumni of colleges. If the present system is in all respects perfect, as is the idea of college faculties in general, men of insight will not fail to recognize the perfectness of the system, and a discussion can do no harm. If, however, the present system is not perfect, as some persons among the undergraduate bodies of colleges have dared to think, the discussion proposed will either show such undergraduates their errors, and thus do them a service, which will make college life more endurable, or sustain the judgment of such undergraduates, and, we trust, begin a reform.

We add a few lines upon this subject, taken from the "New-York Evening Post:" —

#### "COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

"A few weeks since, several students in a neighboring college were severely punished for 'hazing' a Freshman. They had, in a cowardly manner, pounced upon him unawares at night, overpowered him by mere numbers, conducted him, in a close carriage, several miles away, shaved his head, and left him to find his way back again as he could. This was a very mean action. The single individual thus attacked would have been justified in resisting such an outrage to the utmost of his power. He probably did so; and if he had been provided with weapons, might have maimed or killed his assailants. Fortunately they were discovered, arraigned, and punished, — some by suspension, the ring-leader by expulsion. But college faculties are not always wise. In the same institution referred to above, the two societies of the Sophomore class happening to break up their meeting at about the same hour, met near the college buildings each marching together. They were singing as they marched; and, as they met, one party having completed its song, the other took up its own, and so they continued until they separated, each giving three friendly cheers for the other. It is probable that their voices were very shrill and loud, and that there were occasional discords among so many. Perhaps it would have been wiser if the young fellows had not adopted the congregational style of singing, and had expressed their feelings in solo or quartette. But it probably did not occur to them that they were disturbing the weak nerves of the vicinity by this rather uproarious music, and they went to their tents without surmising that college rules had been broken, and slept the better for a little innocent hilarity. A few wild fellows lingered, and were more noisy and boisterous than was meritorious; and could they have been identified, it would have been well for their tutors to have bestowed on them a word of caution and censure.

"A few days afterwards, each member of the Sophomore societies was informed that he had incurred ten black marks in consequence of the outrages aforesaid; and in many instances a very formidable looking document, with printed heading and official underwriting, was despatched to parents and guardians, informing them that sons and wards had been placed on the first or second course of college discipline.

"Mothers wept, and fathers were very irritable at their dinner-tables, until they had ascertained the facts, and had discovered that their sons had been only using their lungs in a little extra hilarity.

"College students are not immaculate, and college faculties are not infallible. If a clever, off-hand address had been made to the vocalists in question, suggesting some more appropriate time and occasion for the exercise of their voices, it would probably have had a more salutary effect than the indiscriminate scattering of bad marks for the excesses of a few."

THE tone of the article in our last issue, called a "Voice for the Choir," needs no comment. It is always easy to call your opponents dry-brained (whatever that may mean), and abusive. But this course proves very little; and what it does prove is commonly on the wrong side. We wish, however, to set the question at issue fairly before our readers. The attacks made on the choir were as far as possible from being personal. The object was to get good singing; or, that failing, to have none. An absolute merit, and not merely the best that could be obtained, was what we desired. There was no reason for transferring the argument, as the writer we are speaking of does, *a re ad personam*, since that would have provoked anger, and served no end. As for the enjoyment to be derived from Mr. Paine's voluntaries, it is a matter of taste, of course; but it is a matter, as our author will find, of educated taste. To appreciate the highest achievements in any art requires education, and a fair amount of taste to start with. The latter lacking, no education will avail, even to teach one to enjoy Mr. Paine's classical music.

## Advertisements.

### WANTED.

A few students to color my Gambier bowls. I'll furnish pipes the funniest, stems the longest, and tobacco the nicest.

I'm the man what sells tobacco;  
And I've pipes to sell you, too:  
For I always takes much trouble,  
For to get the best what grows.

Then assume a virtue, if you have it not, and go to

G. H. ELLIOT'S

Pipe Store, on Brighton Street.

"STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING, BUT GO AT ONCE."

## Rindge's Skating Rink

Will open Christmas week.

MUSIC, MASQUERADES, TOURNAMENTS, &c.

COR. BROADWAY AND ELLERY STREETS,

CAMBRIDGE.

Lighted with gas every evening.

Season tickets, \$5.00; Single tickets 25 cents, or five for \$1.00.

"Put money in thy purse and go."

## CHARLES E. ELLIOT & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS,

AT RANDIDGE'S OLD PLACE,

25, School Street,

Invite attention to their recent importations of English Goods.

References,—The Clothes that they make, and the Students that wear them.

"SISTE, VIATOR,  
Submitte collum tonsori,  
Et abi alter Adonis."

## J. L. HADDOW, BARBER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

Will give your hair the most fashionable cut, shave you in the most easy manner, and give you a most delightful shampoo. The past ten years' experience with the graduates of Harvard in the *tonsorial art* will be sufficient recommendation for those gentlemen who may honor him with their patronage.

J. L. HADDOW,

Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Brighton Street, five doors from Harvard Square.

"Whate'er he done was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

THEN GO TO

## MORGAN'S, BRATTLE SQUARE

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

Picture and Looking-glass Frames, and Passepartouts  
Brackets, Book-holders, &c., &c.

OLD FRAMES REGILT, PAINTINGS CLEANED AND  
VARNISHED.

A good assortment of Pictures and Frames constantly on hand; also, imported Picture and Looking-glass Plates.

A discount made to Students.

iii-10-10

NEW TAILORING GOODS.

*Our Fall and Winter Importation of Goods  
now open.*

Also, our London and Paris made Sample Garments  
on exhibition.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,  
TAILORS AND IMPORTERS,

CHAMBERS, 158, WASHINGTON ST.,  
iii-10-10 BOSTON.

*Just Received, per "China,"*

A LARGE LOT OF GAMBIER BOWLS.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT

Offers to the students (*at the store next Haddow's, third  
door from Sever & Francis*) a most complete assort-  
ment of the choicest brands of Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes,  
Cigarettes, and every thing else that he who loves the  
weed can long for.

Especially he recommends his Figaros, Las Angel-  
itas, Los Cohibas, Jenny Linds, and other fine brands  
of Cigars, with the 3 Belles, Green Seal, Golden Turkish,  
Virginia, Olive, Lone Jack, cut Perique, Natural Leaf,  
Cavendish, and Navy, for smokers. Also, Fruits and  
Flowers. Gambier Cigarette Papers. Meerschaum  
Pipes repaired.

G. H. ELLIOT,  
*Brighton Street, four doors from Harvard Square.*

CALL & TUTTLE,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Invite the attention of their former patrons, and the  
Students of Harvard College generally, to their fine  
assortment of fashionable cloths, and the well-known  
superiority of their work.

182, WASHINGTON STREET,  
*Corner Franklin,* BOSTON.

MOLYNEAUX!

THE OLD CAMBRIDGE

*Clothing and Variety Store,*

ON BRATTLE STREET,

On hand a large stock of Gymnastic Apparatus, Base  
Balls, Cricket Balls, Bats, and other suitable Parapher-  
nalia for the modern athlete.

Particular attention paid to Dyeing and Cleaning  
clothes for students. Work taken to and from the  
College rooms at request. Please leave your orders  
at post-office, box No. 684.

N.B. — Highest price paid for cast-off Clothing.

HARVARD BOOKSTORE,

*Harvard Square,*

*Corner of Dunster Street.*

B. H. RICHARDSON,

AGENT FOR THE "ADVOCATE,"

Would respectfully inform the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY

That he is prepared to sell on credit at low rates. Ac-  
counts to be settled at the beginning of each term.

HE WILL KEEP IN STOCK

*Text Books,*

*Books of Reference in use,*

*Blank Books, Theme Paper,*

*Stationery of all Descriptions,*

*Magazines, Reviews,*

*Weekly and Daily Papers.*

Particular attention paid to Freshmen.

SEND ALONG YOUR BROKEN CHAIRS!

HARRIS & BLAISDELL'S

STUDENTS'

*Furniture & Repair Shop.*

If you wish your work done neatly, quickly, and  
cheaply, go to HARRIS & BLAISDELL'S.

Furniture repaired in the best manner. Carpets made  
and put down; Mattresses made over; Shades and  
Draperies re-hung.

Upholstering done in the most stylish manner. Per-  
fect satisfaction given.

BRIGHTON STREET,

iv-2-10t

*Next Door to Sever & Francis.*

JAMES H. THOMAS,

TAILOR TO THE COLLEGE.

Mr. THOMAS, lately of London, England, respectfully  
invites the attention of Harvard Students to his supe-  
rior facilities for suiting them, and hopes that they  
will examine his goods at least before purchasing else-  
where.

268, WASHINGTON STREET,

*Opposite Temple Place,*

BOSTON.

iii-6-10



J. H. HUBBARD (successor to A. S. Wiley & Co.)

HIS COLUMN.

A history of Cambridge with variations.

No. V.

The crowning glory of Cambridge is the student young man. These are some of his peculiarities:—

He comes up three stairs at once, to the extreme detriment of carpets.

His delight is to cry "FIRE!" and he declares that it is an all-fired shame for the University police to stop his little amusement.

(NOTE.—If they could stop that Holyoke-street bell from pounding out its infernal clang, clang! every time there is a fire in Middlesex County, we would applaud.)

He makes numerous protestations of affection to the maidens hereabout, and marries among them *sometimes*. In this matter, he, compared to the native adolescent, is as nitro-glycerine to a percussion cap.

He declares that there are no cigars like those of "Old Hubbard," and that the tobaccos of his Uncle John (same man) are the only authorized edition; in which matter he exhibits his soundest judgment.

He did use to go about our streets, making a pleasant noise with his mouth, of evenings; but now, selfishly unmusical, he goes his silent way. Perry, Osgood, Fay, Lincoln,—have ye no successors?

It may have occurred to the reader that the writing of very condensed humor is extremely straining to the brains. Dickens, Dr. Holmes, or Irving, would have done well with this job if they could have room enough to throw themselves; but how they would squirm and chafe like fiddlers in a box so small that they all had to play the same part to make room for their elbows, if they had, in one 3×8 column, to write an interesting chapter on Cambridge, and also give an idea of the excellence of Wiley's Glycerine Lotion for chapped hands; of magnificent Gambier bowls, prone to color; of Magnifico cigars (called also Bowsprits and Magnificentes); of real Astrea and Honoradez cigarettes; of choice meerscham bowls and cigar tubes: wood bowls; real Turkish Stems, 25 per cent less than ever before. Moreover, when—

"Corn-cobs twist your hair,  
Cart-wheels surround you,  
Fiery dragons carry you off,  
And mortar pestles pound you,"

Then remember that the medicines for your ills are mixed, at the sign of the gilt mortar, with care and accuracy. Remember that apothecaries keep choice soaps and toilet articles; that star water is good to take in the morning; that pure candies are sold here; that Flower of Virginia is a compromise between Ryan's Green Seal and Lone Jack; that you can buy good cut Cavendish for a dollar a pound. Remember also the end of the term and the bills then due. I most heartily beg and beseech thee, good Mr. Advocate Critic, spare me! But wot Ticknor & Fields shake in their blessed boots. Don't be a fool, and use up all your thunder first time, Tommy.

Just received from New Orleans, an invoice of the genuine Grand Point Perique.

JOHN H. HUBBARD,

Harvard Square.

HATTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON, THE HATTER,

Has issued the Fall Style of Silk Hat of all the leading makers; viz,—

*Amidon, Dunlap, and Christy's  
English Silk,*

Together with Hats of his own manufacture; also, the

FRENCH OPERA HAT.

The *College Cap* made to order. *Cloth Hats, English Oxford.* Soft Hats of every description.

*Fine Silk Umbrellas, Canes, Castor-Gloves, Driving-Gloves, and Gentlemen's Furs.*

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Albion Building, 59, Tremont Street, Boston.

JAMES TOLMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

111, WASHINGTON STREET,

Between Court and School Streets,

BOSTON.

LEVY, LEVY, LEVY,

*Terque Levy,*

would respectfully announce to the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY,

that he will, *after some little conversation*, gladly pay for old clothes twice what they are worth to the seller, and half what they are worth to himself; that, for a small pecuniary consideration, he will renovate and repair garments which are worse for wear.

Orders may be left at Mr. Richardson's.

CLOTHES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

FOR SALE,

Several back volumes and odd numbers, including the rare first volume complete, of the "Harvard Magazine," at a low rate. Apply to the editors.

MADAME PLAGGE,

a German lady, now residing in Cambridge, will be happy to give instruction in the German and French languages, in Music, and in Singing. Inquire at Richardson's.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

# THE ADVOCATE.

JAN. 28, 1868.]

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR."

[VOL. IV.—No. X.]

## THE LIBRARY.

UNTIL as recently as 1864, Harvard University could boast a larger collection of books than any library in the country contained. It reckoned, without counting the society libraries of the students, 140,000 volumes, of which 104,000 had their home in Gore Hall. The Astor Library, with 120,000 volumes, ranked second; the Boston Public Library, with 110,500, third; and the Boston Athenæum, with 80,000, fifth. The Library of Congress, having lost 30,000 volumes by fire in 1851, stood fourth.

The four years that have passed have shown, in the case of our Library, that useful and desirable books cannot be had, except at rare intervals, without money. The experience of the Boston Public Library has led their Examining Committee to doubt the truth of Mr. Edwards's affirmation in his "Memoirs of Libraries," that "casual donation is a totally untrustworthy source for the formation of public libraries under any circumstances." A library which has an endowment of \$100,000, and the treasury of the city of Boston, to draw from, can hardly be said to be dependent on casual donations, we should think. But the experience of our Library painfully illustrates the truth of Mr. Edwards's proposition; and, if the Boston Examining Committee have any theory to the contrary, it is, as Professor Bowen would say, "abundantly confuted by the facts."

We intend, in this article, to show the condition of our Library, by comparing it with that of the Astor, the Boston Public, and the Athenæum. The Library of Congress is now at the head of the libraries in the United States, and receives, as it ought, large appropriations. But we don't compare our Library with that, nor with the British Museum. The three others we

mention, the Library of Harvard ought to surpass. Are not her alumni numerous, wealthy, generous, and intelligent? Do they not give her hundreds of thousands annually? We are charitable enough to suppose that they have hitherto overlooked the wants of the Library, supposing that it was getting along well enough, and in no special need of assistance.

The original endowment of the Astor Library was \$400,000. The increase up to Jan. 1, 1866,—the date of the last Annual Report we could obtain,—was \$265,814.46. The real estate owned by the institution is valued in the Report at \$257,852.84; the equipment, including furniture, at \$25,472.14; the value of library books at cost, not including books presented, \$199,292.27. The amount of invested funds was \$184,868.39. The amount received for interest in the year 1865 was \$11,169.10. The expenditures for salaries, wages, repairs, fuel, water-tax, and insurances, \$8,127.88. The amount expended for books and binding was \$3,375.83, \$2,593.28 less than in 1864. There were added to the library during the year, by purchase, 587 volumes and 63 pamphlets, and, by donations, 196 volumes and 112 pamphlets.

The Boston Athenæum expended for books, newspapers, periodicals, and binding, in 1865, \$8,315.14,—more than twice the sum expended by the Astor Library; for the same purposes in 1867, \$8,895.63. The number of volumes bought in 1867 was 1,723; of pamphlets, 2,122. The number given was, of books, 395; of pamphlets, 592. Volumes of serials bound, 325. Total number of volumes added to the Library during the year, 2,447. The expenses of the Athenæum, exclusive of the sum expended for books, were about \$10,000. The income of the Library from invested funds, \$21,904.32.

The Boston Public Library expended for books, periodicals, and binding, in the year 1866-7, \$16,879.59, more than twice the sum expended by the Athenæum, and five times that expended by the Astor. The other expenses of the Library were \$35,779.13. There were added during the year 9,197 books and 7,877 pamphlets. Of the books, 1,465 were presented, 7,395 bought, and 337 obtained by exchanges. Of the pamphlets, 7,769 were presented, 104 bought, and 4 obtained by exchange. The amount of the invested funds is \$96,000, on which, except on \$4,000 invested in a mortgage at six per cent, interest is received at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable in gold. The income from these funds last year was equivalent in currency to \$6,874.21.

The College Library expended for books and binding, in the year 1864-5, \$2,398.56; in 1865-6, \$1,408.30; in 1866-7, \$4,285.97; average amount expended for each of the three years, \$2,697.61. The amount of invested funds and unexpended balances, Aug. 31, 1866, was \$40,339.86; Aug. 31, 1867, \$39,552.73. The income from these funds was, in 1865-6, \$1,962.53; in 1866-7, \$2,812.02. The expenses of the Library, other than those for books and binding, were, in 1865-6, \$7,886.46; in 1866-7, \$9,143.97. What may be called the Library tax on all students except the medical, was, in 1865-6, about \$11 *per capita*; in 1866-7, \$13; that is, if it were not for the burden of supporting the Library, our term-bills might be diminished more than ten per cent. The number of volumes added to the Library in 1865-6 was about 2,500; in 1866-7, about 3,000. And such volumes as some of them are!

The Committee appointed to *praise* the Public Library, — we do not say that that is all they were appointed for, or all that they have done, — in disposing of the various great libraries of this and other countries, and showing their inferiority to the Boston institution, have the impudence to remark that our Library is made up, to a considerable extent, of donations; that, “as a collection for general use, it is greatly inferior in the quality of its books to ours, very deficient in recent and current literature; and its garnering from private sources shows a much greater proportion

of *mere literary lumber*.” We commend this to the attention of donors of sermons and other worthless trash.

President Hill, in his Annual Report to the Overseers, says, “The Library is in a deplorable condition. The income is neither sufficient to employ an adequate force in the care of the books, nor to do any thing towards supplying the great deficiencies of the Library in almost every branch of learning.” The figures we have given will enable the reader to make a comparison of the condition and prospects of our Library with those of other libraries which we have thought to be inferior. His own experiences, if he be a reader, will have taught him its deficiencies, and exposed the shabbiness of many of those volumes which figure in the catalogue.

“Yea, in the catalogue ye pass for men.”

The Library is like a large fat man in rags; for, though he wears more yards of cloth than ordinary men, he has, so to say, a larger field for the display of his poverty, and his beggarliness is more imposing.

#### “SPORT YOUR OAK.”

AMONG the good old customs which have left us is one which was in vogue not many tens of years ago, which consisted in a man’s “sporting his oak,” and shouting out “busy,” when he wished particularly to be left to himself to have a quiet room for study or what not. We are told, that, while there were naturally many exceptions, the rule was very generally observed, and a man’s call of “busy” regarded, unless, indeed, in cases of particular importance or urgency. The custom must have arisen in those sterling old days when men’s sensibilities were not so keen or so morbid as now; when there was more of plain talk, more of straightforwardness.

Men were not afraid in those days to tell a friend that they preferred he would call another day. Imagine the consternation which such a custom might produce among the thin-skinned denizens of the College rooms of the present day; how friendship would be lacerated; how a mere desire for a quiet hour would be stigmatized as

boorishness and rudeness; how Brown would "cut" Jones on the College walks for his inhospitality of the evening before; in short, what a bombshell would be dropped within the peaceful circle of college social life.

But are there not features in our social life which require modification? And is not this hotel character of our rooms, this subjection to incursions by "bores" and loungers, one of these features?

I am far from wishing to inveigh against the free social life about our firesides. It would be useless for any one to attempt a crusade against it: it is too well established and too nearly perfect in a purely social light, to need or suffer from such a crusade. But pleasant as it is to be able to run in to a friend's room at will, pleasant as it is to have him run in to yours, and smoke a friendly pipe with his feet on your fender, it is not at all times that you wish even your particular friends, much less others, to enjoy the freedom of your room, or have the "open sesame" to your door.

Annuals, busy evenings at any time, a cosey chat with an old friend, the end of an exciting novel,—many things tempt us to adopt the habit of our *προγόνους*, and shout "busy" to the knocking at our door. But custom saith, "Nay;" and, in consequence, we see evenings mercilessly broken, privacy turned into publicity, the individual sacrificed to the community. Or some, without the independence to declare themselves at home and busy, "sport their oaks," and breathe with bated breath, pretending absence, while all the while, perhaps, the light through thin red curtains tells the tale to the disappointed caller. Or still others, lacking either the courage to "sport their oaks," or the duplicity to pretend absence, admit their torturer with a sickly smile, and suffer a self-inflicted martyrdom; their fingers meanwhile in the page of a favorite Dickens, and their restlessness giving the broadest of hints to any but the most obtuse "bore." These latter furnish an interesting study. It is ludicrous almost to watch the conflict between a forced politeness to the intruder, and a desire to see how that heroine escaped from a seemingly inextricable maze. You find yourself (if you have

the ill luck to be the martyr) answering your friend with the most glaring inappropriateness, wholly regardless of chronology, syntax, or truth. You limp on through a forlorn conversation, clutching at salient points on which to say a few idle words, until something or somebody comes to your relief,—the bell, perhaps, which sounds never so sweetly as when it relieves you from such a *tête-à-tête* with a bore.

And then, too, the evenings before annuals! Will it ever be known how much mischief has been done by these wholesale inroads of Tom, Dick, and Harry upon the privacy of their classmates; how many men have rusticated in Berkshire, or dropped quietly into a lower class, in consequence?

But really, joking apart, this matter of too great exposure to interruptions is serious; and there are many men in College, who regard it as the greatest drawback to a room in the yard.

There is no danger of running to the opposite extreme, should this custom which I speak of be adopted: it would regulate itself; friends would find some way of making themselves known, those who wished could have their room as full as their friends chose to make it; but it would give an opportunity to those who wished an occasional quiet evening, to enjoy it without incurring the name of a boor.

So, Mr. Editor, I am going to "sport my oak" whenever I wish; and I warn my friends not to imagine it proceeds from rudeness, if they ever hear a cry of "busy" to their knocks at Holworthy. To gain sympathy and co-operation, I have decided to start a society for the furtherance of this project, to be called the S. O. So.,—Sporting Oak Society; and the constitution is now ready at my room. The only condition for admission is a certificate duly signed by your "goody," of having been subjected to seventeen calls from "bores" in a day.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you may be able to give me a notice, however slight, as my motives are not in the least selfish, but proceed from a desire to further the interests of my fledgling, which I prophesy will continue to grow until it shelters the whole College under its wing,—the

S. O. So.

## DISCUSSING ONE'S FRIENDS.

It is all very pleasant, no doubt, to sit by the fire, and start the character of an acquaintance for discussion. On no subject is it easier to find something to say; for every one either has his own idea of the man in question, or can manufacture some oracular statement about him on the spur of the moment. Then it gives one a sort of feeling of dignified superiority to be thus calmly passing judgment upon another man, and settling his claims to respect or reputation. So it is natural enough that acquaintances not present should be favorite subjects of conversation.

The discussion generally goes on with some diversity of opinion, according as the speakers form their judgments from this or that little outward peculiarity or trifling act, until finally some one, who may never have seen the man a dozen times, propounds some grave and sententious opinion about him, that is accepted by the rest, and passes current for a formula expressing the exact character and value of the individual. It is worth noticing, too, that, as a general thing, the faults, and not the possible virtues, of the subject of discussion, are found most interesting to consider; whence it seems possible that there is a little of the malicious spirit as well as of the philosophical in such discussions.

Now, it may be that conversations of this sort are not quite so profitable as they are interesting; perhaps they are even not without some slight injurious effect. For, as has been remarked by other sage college philosophers beside the present writer, a man may have a good or bad reputation assigned him on very slight grounds, and young men of our age are not profound observers of character, shrewd as we think ourselves. There is some danger, then, that such off-hand judgments may be in themselves incorrect, and yet be quite widely accepted.

Of course it is very natural and right to be interested in our acquaintances; and all that is objectionable is the habit of passing judgment upon them without sufficient reasons for one's verdict. Not to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, we might possibly be none the worse for a

little less of this slightly malicious gossip, to which we are all so much inclined. A. Z.

TOKINJOE *vs.* POPKINS.

HAZING seems to be a chronic disease in the college system. There are intermissions in the malady, but the virus remains. How it can be extirpated is an unsolved problem. To the victims and their friends it seems a vile outrage. They are indignant, that, because Popkins entered college in '66, this should give him the right, under college custom, to go with a half-dozen friends to Tokinjo's room, who entered in '67, and tweak his nose, and commit other indignities upon his person. Tokinjo feels, that, in entering college, he surrendered none of his personal rights, gave no one license to insult and ill use him, and, least of all, Popkins.

Popkins and his friends say, "We were hazed; it's only a joke: we submitted, and Tokinjo shall." And so it goes on. There are harmless tricks practised upon some conceited youth who "swells" about the College yard, thinking only that all the blood of all the Toodles flows in his veins, and is constantly reminding his fellow-students that *he* is a superior being to those around him, which "take him down a peg," which initiate him into real life, give him sometimes more valuable instruction for his conduct in the world than a week in the recitation-room.

But hazing is not confined to this sort of practical satire. It is often carried beyond all the bounds of reason. It is to be severely condemned. We disapprove of it; and, as far as the "Advocate" can have influence, we would earnestly discourage it. Every son of Harvard should be jealous of her honor and good name. It is not easily credited how this custom of hazing is used at a distance to the injury of the College. In the last Presidential canvass, in a distant State, a talented and influential Copperhead paper, published in one of our large cities, printed articles on "Hazing in Harvard College," as illustrating Republicanism in Massachusetts; and these papers were scattered broadcast among the ignorant and prejudiced million. It is no answer to say this was unfair. Five hundred

voters would believe while you were undeceiving fifty. And less than five hundred votes have decided the electoral vote of Pennsylvania, where this incident occurred.

The Faculty could greatly aid in suppressing hazing by increased vigilance in detecting the offenders. Outrages occur, the offenders are known in the community generally, but the Faculty doze in seemingly profound ignorance. When the guilty are discovered, let them, we say, be visited with the severest punishment, and let them have no sympathy from their fellow-students.

But college discipline alone will never eradicate the evil. Let us have a Sophomore Class which will look at this matter in its true light, and, if not for their own sakes, for the good of old Harvard, sacrifice their small boyish pleasure in this most reprehensible, injurious, and now antiquated custom,  
 "More honored in *the breach* than in the observance."

#### MRS. KEMBLE.

It is a great privilege, at the present condition of the American stage, to have the opportunity of listening to Shakespeare's masterpieces, as rendered by a lady of thorough refinement and remarkable culture, and who has been trained in the finest school of English acting, and has made the works of Shakespeare her life-long study.

Mrs. Kemble impresses one as a thorough artist; every accent, every gesture, every posture, is evidently carefully considered. She enters the stage, she acknowledges applause with a courtesy, she takes her seat, manages her handkerchief, modulates her voice, all in a manner which displays, not only remarkable natural grace, but grace elaborated by careful study. To some, perhaps, this may seem affectation; but this over-care, too great study, is rarely met with at present, and one must hesitate before condemning as overdone any careful study of detail.

Mrs. Kemble's interpretation of the character of Portia, in Shakespeare's drama of the "Merchant of Venice," as is natural, was the most interesting feature in her reading. Her voice, manner, and thorough refinement, unite to ren-

der her equal to the impersonation of one of Shakespeare's most perfect heroines. Her reading of Portia's famous plea, beginning, "The quality of mercy is not strained," was exquisite. Beautiful as the text is, she made the beauty more real by the remarkable sweetness of her voice and fine elocution.

The character of Shylock seemed perhaps a little tame; and, indeed, the nature of a reading, the absence of by-play, the want of costume, naturally weakens the effect needed in such a part as that of Shylock, especially when read by a woman, who, however remarkable her powers may be, is necessarily too feeble for the tremendous rage and passion of the Jew.

The minor parts were of course carefully studied and well rendered; Launcelot Gobbo alone not receiving as much attention as the others, probably because Mrs. Kemble did not think the low comedy of the clown in keeping with the refinement of a lady.

Mrs. Kemble is to give a course of readings next spring; and no one should neglect the opportunity of hearing an actress whose equal in rendering Shakespeare we shall probably never see.

#### CRITICISM.

21st January, 1868.

MESSRS. EDITORS, — I cannot but think that you take a wrong view in relation to criticisms on articles published in your columns. In your paper issued to-day, you say, (1) "One thing for which the 'Advocate' is published, and for which our contributors write, is to be criticised;" and (2) "We should prefer to have [people] cavil at Lucille Western, or Dickens, or the choir, or any thing else; but spare, do spare, our well-meaning contributors."

Passing by the logical fallacy lurking in the word "cavil," let us get, if we can, at the right answer to our question. If the first sentence quoted is meant as a sop to Cerberus, you are unhappily inconsistent in giving him the cut that follows. The contributors to the "Advocate," I take it, are as open to criticism as others, and, more than this, are aware of the fact. If the criticism on Miss Lucille Western was distasteful to a portion of the "Advocate's" subscribers, or if any theatrical criticism seem out of place in its pages, that portion is at least entitled to a hearing, and, I may say, to a polite one. The feelings of the subscribers are certainly as worthy of consideration as those of the contributors.

Nay, I would venture, if allowed, to assert that the "Advocate" is not published for the sake of giving a limited number of men a chance to ventilate their theories, whether in regard to Miss Western, the choir, or any other matter. That poor articles (and I, at least, am making no allusion to the theatrical criticism in question) have to be published to "fill up," is a sorry excuse, and amounts almost to a damning confession. Part of the difficulty might be avoided, perhaps, by printing contributions uniformly in the large type heretofore used in the "Advocate," which seems, this term, to be going more or less out of repute with the editors who have charge of the matter of printing. That course would at least insure a greater degree of uniformity in the appearance of the paper, and would, I think, add to its beauty as well.

But, if an article is objected to on any ground whatever, is it not clear that a criticism thereof serves to fill up your columns? This might, possibly, do away some of the necessity of "padding."

That your contributors are "well-meaning" has, I must protest, no effect on the quality of their productions. The proverb about good intentions is something musty. And, if the good intentions of your contributors go no further than to supply so many columns of "filling-up" matter, a reduction in the size of the "Advocate," or the securing of some writers who have some call to write beyond good intentions, will be imperative to keep up any paper at all.

About the merits of the theatrical-criticism question, I have nothing to say. "Theatre" stated one view very clearly, at least; and I may remark, *en passant*, that I have as yet seen no *argument* in reply to him. But this question, or the matter of dreams, is not my present concern. If the "Advocate" proposes to be, what it has always professed to be, an organ for the discussion of all college matters, and for the expression of all college opinions, with only such limitations as the ordinary rules of gentlemanly behavior impose, then your remarks are certainly not well considered. That a man, directly he becomes a contributor to your columns, should, *ipso facto*, like a member of Congress, be secured the privileges of saying what he will, and meeting no check save such as the fallible taste of editors may subject him to, is a doctrine at once new and startling, and one that at once must produce at least one marked result, — a falling-off in your subscription-list. Moreover, where would you have us draw the line? If a contributor to the "Advocate" is to play ungalled, why should one to another paper be bid, stricken, to go and weep? And, again, why an author? And then you have bereft us of our St. Beuves and Matthew Arnolds.

No: by all means let us have criticisms of criticisms, even to the fourth root, *usque ad nauseam*. The "Advocate" has done but half its duty, and, as I have hinted,

received but half its copy, when it has published only one side to a dispute. But, for fear that I have had more than my half, I will stop here.

Yours, nothing if not critical,

JAKUES.

In what we said last week on criticism, our intention was gently to suggest that there is a distinction between criticism and indiscriminate fault-finding, and that several of the communications with which we have been favored lean rather more to the latter than the former. If "Jaques" had dragged the "fallacy lurking in the word 'cavil'" out into the light, we should not be so much in the dark as to its nature as we unhappily now are. We, with the help of the dictionary, made a distinction between "criticism" and "cavil," and it was from the latter that we begged shelter for our contributors. Criticism is defined as "the art of judging with propriety of the beauties and faults of a literary performance." To cavil is "to raise captious and frivolous objections." Criticise us and our contributors all you please. Criticise our type and our delays, our incomings and our outgoings, our down-sitting and our up-rising. To criticism we have not objected, but have simply suggested that a line might be drawn between criticism and fault-finding.

We, the individual *we*, who have taken on ourselves the labor of getting out this tenth number of the fourth volume of the "Advocate," have not imposed on ourselves the rule of Buffon, and shall reply, if we see fit, to the best of our ability, to attacks made on us by "critics." If our *impoliteness* has offended, or shall offend, we assure the individuals whose feelings are lacerated that the injury was entirely unintentional and unforeseen, and is deeply regretted. It has been said that the ideas of no writer in the "Advocate" are likely to be worth doing any serious battle for. It is a sentiment with which we can hardly agree. We do at the present time seriously object to the interpretation which seems to be put on our language by the writer to whose strictures we are replying. We said we sometimes published articles which might not go in, if we had better ones to substitute in their places. We did not say that half



our articles were uniformly bad, but that half of them could not be expected to *delight* any one person. Tastes differ. Probably there never was an article printed in the "Advocate" that some readers did not dislike. Probably every editor has published matter which he was internally convinced was poor. Nevertheless, we have not complained of the support which has been given us by our contributors, and have no disposition to complain. The "Advocate" has been, in our opinion, well supported. "Jaques" seems to have considerably misapprehended our meaning, which was not to deprecate criticism, but to warn critics against cavil, carping, and fault-finding, the sins which so easily beset them.

Ed.

"COME AND SEE ME, BROWN."

MR. EDITOR, — I want to ask you why it is my friend Brown, of the Freshman Class, does not accept my kind invitation, and "come and see me." I put the question to you, Mr. Editor, because I feel sure, that, when you learn the facts of the case, you will be able to put your hand into your editorial basket, or your pigeon-hole of contributions, and draw out some article or other which will suit my case exactly; for this question, why will not Freshmen call to see you, must certainly have been the subject of many a contribution to your paper before now. But I must tell you my facts, before I ask you to answer my question.

In the first place, Mr. Editor, my friend Brown is not the mythical Brown, of Brown, Jones, and Robinson fame, but a real flesh-and-blood Brown, whom I met this summer at Conway, and who is at present a worthy member (for aught I know) of this ancient University; if you will look in the catalogue, you will find his name, — Brown, John Chapman, Baltimore, Md., H. 7.

I had heard of this Brown long before he made his appearance in Cambridge. Indeed, I may be said to have lived on Brown for several years. My sisters living in Baltimore had written me that young Brown was at Exeter, fitting for college; and his aunt, a connection of

mine, with whom my sisters were stopping, had added an occasional postscript to their letters, bespeaking a little care over the lad when he should make his plunge into Cambridge life. Altogether, I had heard so much of him that I was prepared to be disappointed, when I met him for the first time at N. Conway this summer. On the contrary, I was very much pleased with him at first sight, and continued to like him better on acquaintance; finding him, as my sisters had written, a "manly, open-hearted little fellow," although the foot-ball of Exeter had been at work on his size, and rendered the epithet "little" of rather doubtful application.

You know, Mr. Editor, what a delightful place N. Conway is; what walks, drives, picnics, croquet-parties, and "hops" there are to tempt one to linger there for the whole summer. Well, there was no diminution in the attractions this summer. Brown, with his aunt and his two sisters, W — from the Scientific School, my sister and I, formed a jolly coterie in one of those open-hearthed farm-houses under the brow of Kearsarge, you remember, and made the days rosy in our memories, with numberless excursions and "times," in all of which I came to know Brown well. It was on one of these excursions, a picnic to a grove near Diana's Bath, that we fell into a debate on college life and college feeling; the young ladies insisting that it was "too bad the way Freshmen are treated," hazed, shut out from college life, cut by their old friends, and placed under a ban generally. Of course, I defended myself, for their remarks were evidently aimed at me as the only representative of the College present; insisting that every thing was exaggerated: a broken window was made to show for a building blown up; and, as for Freshmen being shut out from social life in Cambridge, it was no such thing, but that Freshmen shut themselves out by not accepting the invitations of upper-classmen to their rooms.

Brown flared up at this, and declared, "by Jove," that it didn't stand to reason that a Freshman shouldn't avail himself eagerly of every invitation from upper-classmen, and that he believed, from what little he had seen of Cam-

bridge life (two days and a half of examinations), that the young ladies were right; that a Freshman's was but a dog's life, and that the warmest of summer friendships cooled down to mere nodding acquaintances, when Senior and Freshman changed the freedom of the summer life for Cambridge conventionalities; intimating that Freshmen were tabooed from every thing pleasant, and that Senior's invitations were a myth or an insincerity. This was what led me to invite him so cordially to "come and see me." I assured him that my invitation was sincere, and that I should certainly call and see him, and endeavor to prove to him that there were many men in College who tried to make Freshmen's lives as pleasant and easy as possible.

The young ladies seconding me with an emphatic "do," I felt that Brown and I were destined to see much of each other, and become fast friends, before the winter was over. And, when I left Conway, Brown promised to call and see me often; so that I almost regretted the cordiality of my invitation, for fear I should have Brown living with me, instead of with his chum.

But there was no ground for my fears. Suffice it, Brown has not been near my room but once since last September, and that was to bring me a message from his aunt. And it was this that induced me to ask you, Mr. Editor, if you could possibly explain the antipathy that Freshmen in general, and Brown in particular, have to calling on men in the upper classes. I should imagine the fault lay in myself, in this particular case, were it not for the warmth of our attachment in the summer, and were it not that I have kept my word, by calling frequently on Brown, and obeying his aunt's injunctions by "keeping an eye to the lad." No: it cannot be that I have neglected him; I do not remember ever to have "cut" him or snubbed him; I have, on the contrary, watched with a paternal interest over him, and guided him in those mysterious paths which lead to pleasure and popularity. I have seen him installed in a club table; he has a broad stripe on the side of his pantaloons; and I learn that he stands a good chance for the Institute first ten,—all the result of my watchful care, and of judicious introduction. He must be pro-

gressing well in the classics too; for I found him discoursing to some Sophomores from a table, the other evening when I called, on the uses of the Greek particle *αὐ*, the interest of his hearers being exhibited by their frequent interrogations on the subject in hand.

Here, too, I have aided him by a few casual words to his tutors on Brown's faithfulness, &c., which I suppose will bear their fruit in the annual rank-list.

No: it cannot be *my* fault, Mr. Editor. I have acted as his Mentor, his father, his brother, but all to no purpose; and I put it you, who or what can be at the bottom of it? Is there something innate in Freshmen, which prompts them to fight shy of a Senior's or Junior's room? Do they imagine we have masked batteries ready to open on them, directly they have opened the door? I do not wonder that they dread those "horrid Sophomores," as Brown's sister called them, with their masks and gags, and nameless implements of torture; but that they should look with the same fear on Seniors and Juniors, whose only wish is to make their paths smooth for them, seems inexplicable. QUARE?

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#### THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

MR. WATSON, of the Harvard Crew, received this week an unofficial note from the President of the Oxford University Boat Club, which encourages the hope that a match will be brought about. We give the note, which, from its pleasant and gentlemanly character, will perhaps be interesting to readers, although it is not decisive:—

WHITCHURCH, READING, ENGLAND, Jan. 2, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, and hasten to reply. I shall not be able to answer your proposals for a few days, as we are now all scattered about the country for our vacation; and it will therefore be a few days before I can communicate with the members of our Boat-club Committee. I perfectly understand your views on the subject of a coxswain; and, of course, the result of the race (if you rowed without one, and we with) would not only go to prove the superiority of the members of either crew, but also of the method of rowing.

As far as I am concerned myself, I am perfectly will-

ing to concede to your wishes on the subject; but you must understand that I am almost entirely in the hands of the Committee of Management of our Boat Club; and I know what their feeling is, I think, viz., that they are averse to giving up our old method of rowing races, and are naturally shy of meeting another crew on different terms. I quite understand that your wish is not only to test the merits of the crews, but also the style and method of rowing. You may, therefore, rely on me to do my utmost to bring about some satisfactory agreement as to this, which seems the chief, if not the only, difficulty in the way of the match.

I see you mention a course to be "broad, and perfectly straight for three miles." I don't think you will get this anywhere in England; at least, I don't know of any place. You must remember that our rivers are very different from yours in size, &c.; and, in any place where there is plenty of water, there are sure to be barges and boats, &c.

I will try and settle the difficulty as soon as possible, and let you know. In the mean time, believe me

Yours very truly,

F. WILLAN, Pres. O.U.B.C.

# HARVARD UNIVERSITY THEATRE.

THIRD CENTURY OF THE GLORIOUS FARCE,

## CHILDE HARVARD!

Every day of the week, not excepting Sundays, the grand spectacular drama in four acts and two tableaux, entitled,

## CHILDE HARVARD!

*Dramatis Personæ.*

EVERSO FRESH (who in the second Act is known as Neverso Nobby; in the third Act as Oso Jolly, Jr.; in the fourth Act as Mr. Sosu Perb).

Officers of the University, Ladies, Proctors, and Supernumeraries.

Scene laid in Cambridge. An interval of a year is supposed to elapse between each Act.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Harvard Hall.* — *Hot as — Harvard Hall.* — *The books of Fate.*

*Pas de Tramp: Corps de Procteurs.*

SCENE II. *Monday eve.* — *Entrance of Fiends in beavers.*

*Grand Ballet: Pas de Compulsion,*

in which will appear Everso Fresh in a dance arranged expressly for him by the Fiends.

*Brytenstrete Bridge.* — *A river of real water!*

GRAND TABLEAU.

SCENE III. *The Institute Room.* — *Everso Fresh has honors conferred upon him. Grand embrasement à la bruin!*

### ACT II.

SCENE I. *The King's palace.* — *Neverso Nobby receives a solemn warning.*

SCENE II. *The Supper (which presents a splendid bill of air).*

SCENE III. *The Institute Hall.* — *The balloting.*

During this scene Mr. Neverso Nobby, supported by a chorus of thirty voices, will sing the song, the right to which has been secured to them, entitled, —

"BLACKBALLS."

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Front of Hollis.* — *Oso Jolly, Jr., becomes a laughing-stock for the multitude.*

SCENE II. *University Chapel.* — *Oso Jolly, Jr., dressed as Harlequin, begins a furious quotation from Demosthenes; is unable to proceed; forms a Grand Tableau.*

SCENE III. *Oso Jolly, Jr., is initiated into the H.P.C.*

STRIKING SPOON TATTOO.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Mr. Sosu Perb.*

SCENE II. *Harvard Hall on Class-Day.* — *The Home of the Queens of Hearts.*

THE ANTI-GAIL-HAMILTON WALTZ.

SCENE III. *The Church on Commencement-Day.* — *Dazzling transformation Scene.*

MR. SOSU PERB BECOMES A BACHELOR OF ARTS.

\*.\* The music at this establishment is not that of the College choir. PHI.

### "THE GRAND DUCHESS."

THE columns of the "Advocate" testify to the interest of the students in what is going on at the theatres. True, the fact is clear enough without that testimony; but, still, it is worth while to note that many who write for the pages of this paper are as much absorbed in music and the drama as any of our readers. The person who, under the signature of "Theatre," so strenuously objected to the admission of dramatic criticism into these columns, displayed no trifling acquaintance with the "business" done on the stage, even if he did not render himself liable to the suspicion of being, by nature, a theatrical critic himself. This fact, that half of us are interested in what the theatres are producing, and that all, whether theatre-goers or not, ought to be interested, shall be the excuse for this article.

Are the theatres sapping our morals, destroying our modesty, weakening our characters, and organizing

ruin for our great Republic? This is a subject worthy of serious attention. We propose to discuss it here, or rather to lay it before our readers and leave it to them to discuss, only so far as it is involved in the question whether or not the opera of "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" is to be condemned as demoralizing. We find in Dwight's "Journal of Music" an article of four columns, vehemently protesting against what the writer considers the shameful success of that opera. Having informed the reader that the "Grand Duchess" was not produced in either Paris or Berlin at first-class theatres, and that Offenbach is not to be considered for a moment as in the front rank of composers, he makes his first onset at the *Can-can* : —

"The antecedents of the 'Grand Duchess,' therefore, are far from eminently respectable. And, strange to say, the very thing which, night after night, in our 'Academy of Music,' is most applauded in it, compelling the curtain to be raised after it has once charitably fallen upon a spectacle the lowest we have ever seen upon the stage, at least in the impersonation of a woman, and she a much-praised prima donna, is the dancing of the infamous *Can-can*. The very word in Paris is almost unmentionable to ears polite. The dance itself, peculiar to low haunts, is legally prohibited, and has to look out for the vigilant eyes of the police; indeed, if common report be true, it is associated with whatever there is lewd and dissolute in the worst strata of Parisian life. We are credibly informed that on the last fête day of Napoleon, Aug. 15, license to perform the 'Duchess' was asked and refused by the Emperor, on the ground that it was not a thing fit for his dear children to be entertained with upon such a day. No doubt we have it in a much mitigated form here, but the imported article is bad enough."

He attacks the very music on the score of indecency : —

"Again : it will be said, You find nothing immoral in 'Don Giovanni,' why so squeamish, then, about the 'Duchess'? The cases are wholly out of relation to each other. In 'Don Giovanni,' or 'Il dissoluto punito,' as Mozart called it, we have the most solemn of tragedy throughout the comedy; the awful sense of the supernatural pervades the music; the dissolute person, the seducer, figures in the drama, but baulked at every step, and haunted by the shadow of the violated law; even the first scene is saved and lifted into grandeur by Death stalking into the midst of it, and by the lofty character of Donna Anna. If the Don tempts Zerlina, it is not he, but the poor victim, that claims our sympathy, for so the music points it; the music, which is all earnest, heartfelt, sincere, heavenly, ideal, revealing the inner truth and tendencies of things. Interpret Mozart's opera by the *music*, and it is a sublime, moral tragedy of life, of universal scope, with comedy and humor interwoven as in Shakespeare, as in human life itself. But, in the French thing, what there is vulgar or indecent is the very bait and argument held out to win an audience. There is no moral even hinted anywhere; there is no difference made of good or bad; all is alike a joke; no triumph of innocence to be anticipated. The simple love of Fritz and Wanda is just as much caricatured as the old fogies and conventionalities of the court; while the music, as we have said, does nothing to idealize it."

The newspapers, without exception, are charged with "overstating the success and triumph of this thing in Boston," and prostituting their columns to the paternal Bateman.

We think there is truth in all three of these charges; but with the possible exception of the last, about the newspapers, we consider that there is exaggeration. We cannot sympathize with the critic's intense hostility to the *Can-can*. Those who have seen that dance, as

given by the unrivalled dancers who have lately been crowding the Theatre Comique with audiences half respectable, half crazy (see the columns of the "Advertiser," for testimonials of character), will know that the *Can-can* of the "Grand Duchess" was Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. As an individual admirer of the "Duchess" we protest that to us the attraction of the *Can-can* was not its indecency, — we do not wish to be understood as admitting that it is indecent, — but the acting of Mlle. Tostée. In our imagination the dance was not associated with the lowest strata of Parisian life. We, in common with nine-tenths of those who attended the "Duchess," had never heard the name *Can-can*. As to the tender scene between the Duchess and Fritz, it is better to say nothing about it. As the "Journal of Music" says, there are people of intelligence, "persons by no means prudish, who, having seen it once, will never go again, nor consent to have their daughters witness it." Alas! we students have as yet no such protecting shield.

In reply to the second objection, it might be urged that people go to the theatre sometimes for relaxation. They go to get rid of thinking. Swift says, "Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think." Emerson says it is for want of thought that people must have "horses, fine garments, handsome apartments, access to public houses, and places of amusement." The poor and needy, whose wants are thus plainly set forth, comprise almost all mankind. They do not, even with the inspired Booth before them in the sublime tragedy of Hamlet, have but the dimmest sense of the supernatural. The "universal scope" is as far from their thoughts as the precession of the equinoxes. They set themselves down to enjoy what is going on before them; and they enjoy it, if it is enjoyable, as one does the wit and humor of Falstaff, without shedding tears that the poor knight is, after all, but precious little better than one of the wicked.

We think it significant that airs from the "Grand Duchess" have been whistled through the entries, ever since the "Duchess" came, to the exclusion of almost all else which students are wont to whistle. It shows that, whatever be the character of the music, there is a large class whom it pleases. Your taste may be better; but "because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" It shows that the vulgarity and indecency was not vulgarity and indecency to these whistlers; for we, at least, are unwilling to make an assault on the moral character of every one who was not disgusted with the "Grand Duchess." Even the "Journal" admits that the fun of the mere action was exquisite on the part of the male characters, and "that many pure and refined persons of all ages have witnessed it, and have been more or less carried away by it," having an imperfect acquaintance with French, and with the history of the *Can-can*. But we have already written more than we intended. Our object is merely to lay

the question before our readers; for it is to be hoped that we have among us some lovers of amusement who can think.

### THEATRICALS.

It is decided at last. No Harvard student is considered to have finished his education, who is not thoroughly conversant with the relative merits of Booth, Madame Parepa-Rosa, Tostée, &c.

I am not a cynic, and do not complain; yet I smile grimly at the excitement which takes possession of Sophs and Freshmen, and sends them so often into Boston, to the detriment of the morning's recitation. My own equanimity is owing to two causes,—a lack of capital necessary to support my taste, and a slight theatrical experience in early life. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when it was brought to my recollection by the following incident:—

I was sitting by my fire, calmly smoking, and conjecturing whether the Peabody endowment would not be expended with more advantage to the students, if it gave us bathing accommodations in the buildings and at the gymnasium, when my friend Smith came in. You remember Smith? An orator (college), good critic, and what Major Pendennis would call "a dayvilish" good fellow.

Smith has lately been smitten, perforated, by the glances shot from a bewitching pair of black eyes. He acknowledges the shot, and determines to take advantages of it by cherishing the wound. He plans to deceive the enemy by a masked battery,—stealthy approaches. It is the old contest on that field where so many love affairs have been successfully ended,—private theatrical boards.

My visitor is a prudent man, as you'll observe: he comes to me on this evening, and unfolds the plan of his theatricals. It is true, he spoke of the young woman who was to take the part of "leading lady." Said she had black eyes and (with an indifferent air) very gracefully flowing curls.

But I congratulate myself that only a sharp observer, like myself, would have noticed his interest in those articles. "Never mind the girl, Brown," said he. "Do you know how to arrange these exhibitions, and what plays are suitable?"

Brown, with hands shading his eyes: "Let me see; there is the 'Idiot Witness,' 'Black-eyed Susan' (Smith blushed), 'Loan of a Lover,' &c., &c. 'Box and Cox,' 'Lend me Five Shillings,' rather good, but performed rayther often."

"Yes, one of those might answer my purpose," said Smith: "I will note them down; but have you never taken part in private theatricals?"

"Certainly," said I, replenishing the fire, and filling my pipe. "I was a manager at the early age of ten,—

a showman in a great magic-lantern enterprise; and, at the mature age of fifteen, took the part of ninth brigand in the tableaux of 'Brigands at Rest.' To speak frankly, having had such experience, I am surprised that I haven't been voted into the 'Pudding' or the 'O. K.' ere this; but 'tis their loss, not mine."

"But your experience as a manager," suggested Smith.

"True, I had almost forgotten that. I had long read, with amazement, the flaming announcement, that 'The Enchantress,' a spectacular and operatic entertainment would be performed at the Boston Museum, with magnificent scenery, splendid properties, grand chorus, &c., &c. My tin bank, at this time, contained thirty-seven cents, the fruits of three months' frugal savings for the coming fourth of July. The bank was broken into, the funds abstracted, and Wednesday afternoon saw me a delighted admirer of the scenery, acting, and particularly of the singing, of a Miss Adelaide Phillips, since celebrated.

"Henceforth I was a votary of the drama. My highest ambition was to become an actor. In fact, I raved about theatricals as much as some collegians do now. My thoughts soon took definite shape. I proposed to a friend, as young and as daring as myself, to start a theatre, with performances every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons by the talented tragedians, Messrs. Brown and Gray. He agreed to the proposal, and circulated the notice of the performances. I printed the tickets on my hand-press: owing to lack of type, the wording was not very symmetrical. They read, "AdMIT oNe."

"Our parents kindly furnished the wardrobe used on those occasions. Bodices served for tunics. Ladies' stockings (Allah preserve me!) answered for hose. The cellar served as our hall. Tubs, chairs, and benches were provided for the desired audience. Three feeble candles were our foot-lights, which I had bought in spite of my partner's remonstrance against such extravagance.

"Unfortunately, we had no music. The play which we had chosen for our debut was *Les Rendezvous*. I am certain about the spelling, although I must leave it to some real Frenchman to translate. However, in this we only proved ourselves eminently qualified for the positions of managers. By some oversight, the particulars of the play were not arranged beforehand. In default of feminine assistance, a slender youth, by no means perfumed with liquid odors, was hired to assume the female character, his sister's bonnet, shawl, et cetera having been confiscated for that purpose."

"How many performers?" says Smith.

"Four. The programmes which I printed read as follows:—

GRAND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT!!

will appear for this Sat. afternoon ONLY. The world Renowned Combination Troupe!!

In

The Tragedy of Les Rendezvous!!

Dramatis personæ (not bad, that, was it?)

Les Rendezvous . . . . . Mr. Brown.

Le Baron . . . . . „ Gray.

Les Marquise . . . . . Master Snooks.

Valet . . . . . Mr. Jones.

“The plot turned out as follows: Scene 1st, act 1st, Forest by moonlight: forest, clothes-horse, ladder, &c.; moonlight, aforesaid candles. Le Baron and Les R. meet; mutual surprise. ‘Villain, what dost thou here? lovest thou the fair Annette?’—‘I do; and by the gods will have her.’ (Immense applause.)—‘Never! never!! never!!!’ (More applause.) Mutual swearing. Exeunt. Thus a very successful performance.

“Scene 1st, act 2d. Les R. at home in his chateaux; clothes-horse removed; ditto ladders; he soliloquizes; enter valet; he listens to the sorrowful tale of his master’s unhappy love for Annette; the valet bids him hope on; promises to do every thing to assist him; Les R. hears a dog howl (long-continued applause); he interprets it as a bad omen. This howl, my dear Smith, was made by Master Snooks on the upper R. E., and was skilfully executed. Exeunt omnes. (Applause.) Les R. and Master Snooks appear before the blanket, and bow.

“Scene 1st, act 3d. Le Marquise Annette’s chateaux; Mr. Jones serving as her valet also; she mourns her unhappy fate; cruel father, indifferent mother, unfeeling sister, ‘no one to love, none to caress,’ but her dear little bird; valet interposes; ‘tis not so; Le Baron loved her; has sent her this present,—a toy watch,—cost three cents; she weeps over it; drops it; in stooping to pick it up, shows her—his pantaloons. (Derisive laughter from tubs and benches.) In the confusion, the blanket is drawn across the scene.

“Scene 1st, act 4th. Meeting of Les R. and Le Baron. Les R.: ‘Wrrrrretched villain, thou hast robbed me of my mistress, hast destroyed my happiness, and must die;’ draws his (wooden) sword. Le B.: ‘Vile dastard, dost dare to lift thy eyes to her benign countenance? This shall avenge such an insult;’ draws and flourishes his sword (great applause); a fierce combat ensues. The fury of the contest increases with the approving shouts of the audience, and would have become, Heaven only knows how fierce, but for the warning stamp of Mrs. Brown’s foot, heard upon the floor overhead, which unmistakably advised a cessation of the din. Terror for a little moment seized the hearts of the spectators. At length, thanks to the door-keeper (a deadhead), quiet reigned. According to the first understanding, Les R. was to die, but, becoming stubborn, he would not die. Le B., scorning his treachery, calls to renew the battle,—applause. The game is accepted. Two up, two down; salute in front; vehement slapping of the left thigh, and stamping with the right foot.

“Le B., enraged at the obstinacy of Les R., gives him a furious lunge, rendering a guard impossible, and flooring him. Loud and long-continued applause, despite the warning foot. Les R. rises; rage is in his countenance. At this moment, Les Marquise inopportunely rushes between the rivals; but Les R. sees her not, and, while endeavoring to pierce Le B., wounds Les Marquise. Le B., with a fierce expression, kills Les R., and then, after a pathetic soliloquy, falls upon his own sword. Grand denouement. Jones and Snooks draw the blanket; the crowd slowly disperses. The triumph was complete. You would have enjoyed it, Smith, if you had been there.

“The receipts were six hundred and fifty nails; twenty-five nails, single admission; no half price; no galleries. Damages, one hose belonging to Les R.; one bodice, property of Mrs. Brown, irreparably ruined by the *derniere* lunge of Le B.; one blanket, damaged by falling on the candles. The third candle had refused to shine after the first act, much to our discomfiture, but to the great amusement of the audience.

“We gave several performances. Always had fighting. I advise you to have it, Smith. I attended the theatre regularly after that. Learned many new plays, committing them to memory, as a later manager has done. Practised dying in the most approved fashion; but have improved much in that line since I came to college; in short, would have made quite a—Hallo! Smith! Smith! wake up!”

I had been gazing in the fire, talking thus enthusiastically over my early experience, while Smith had been nodding assent as blandly as though he were in chapel. I concluded to stop my yarn at this point. I awoke Smith, who stammered an apology, bade me good night, rubbing his eyes, and inquiring what did the scenery cost?

SCENICUS.

## ADVERTISING.

How many men owe their wealth to advertising, and how many papers their support! The far-famed showman, Barnum, has much testimony in a book, by himself, to the importance of advertising, attributing to it an almost superhuman power. You can hardly take up a newspaper, especially if it be a country newspaper, without meeting some article by some successful merchant, *professedly* by him, in which the whole secret of success is proclaimed to be in the magic word, “advertising.” One can almost fancy the expression of said merchant’s mouth as the magic word is hissed, from between the teeth, to some friend who has applied to him for advice in business; and one can almost fancy him turning his head in all directions to assure himself that no eavesdropper has caught the talismanic syllables. There is much potency in the magic word, no doubt; but the secret is no longer a secret. All business men know it, and the tide of advertising is at its flood.

It is this flood that demands a little attention. Poor humanity must not be submerged by it, without an endeavor to throw up a dyke in front of the advancing tide. It was but a few years ago that the stream began to be swollen; as soon as it began, however, the rapidity of increase was tremendous. First, respectable people began to find their fences frescoed, of a morning, with "Plantation Bitters," &c., in fine large letters, "Post no Bills" was merely a defiance to the audacious carrier of the paint and brush. The chances were that "S.T. 1860-X" would effectually conceal the "Post no Bills." From fences, the mania extended itself to trees, and these were girdled with cabalistic letters. People did not mind this so much, as the paint served as a protection against the canker-worm. The advertising artist was not content with fences and trees. He became a bold adventurer. You could not cross a bridge, in any busy region, that you would not see the tracks of the adventurer on the rocks below. Faces of mountain passes, previously declared inaccessible, suffered violence at the marauder's hands, and yielded their cheeks, before unpolluted, to the paint, — the odious paint.

Thus nature and the highways suffered. Did you attend a concert, the theatre? What did you meet there but a bundle of advertisements thickly tucked around the programme? Was the play Richard III.? The chances were that opposite Richard III. would be seen "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," the latter in type twice as large as the former. "Who is to play Richard?" — "Why, Mrs. Winslow." — "No, that is one of those miserable advertisements." Have you not heard such conversation? Then, between acts, would come a short advertisement, praising certain pianos, and depreciating all others. Horse-cars became travelling advertising depots. Their walls were as checkered with advertisements as a chess-board is with black and red squares. This kind of advertising was tolerated the more easily, as it often afforded one amusement on a long ride. Such things as "Go to the Blue Store," and "Use Bogle's Hyperion Fluid" could not fail to amuse. Then we have advertisements in the form of wrappers. A bundle can not be properly made up, unless it is wrapped in one of these advertising wrappers. Of course not. All these instances, and many others that could be mentioned, are not so objectionable as the last innovation, unless the first be excepted. This innovation consists in placing in every book or pamphlet a small sheet, containing usually the bookseller's street and number, together with a catalogue of books he has for sale. This new style, now in full vigor, is peculiarly meritorious. It is so nice to be interrupted in the midst of a story by one of these advertisements. You tear it out, and the place where it was pasted upon the leaf presents a spot of beauty to any eye. Especially is this the case if the color be blue, yellow, red, or brown; and most are printed in

one or another of these colors. Perhaps, after all, this innovation may not be so disagreeable to others. Save us from it, we say, and give us one magazine, at least, whose alternate leaves are not advertisements of old publications, or new ones whose advent has already been heralded throughout the land by newspapers.

# PUNNING.

MESSRS. EDITORS, — Pray, is punning an epidemic, that its disclaimers take on the garb of physicians to prescribe its specific? Is it a forbidden art, that its devotees thus gather to its defence?

Would that friend and foe were somewhat more consistent: the one in the stability and vigor of defence, and the other in persistency of attack.

But when we see its sternest haters, and those who would in the world's eyes be its exterminators, prescribing for its cure on homœopathic principles, and would we could say in correspondingly small doses, we may be allowed to have some misgivings of the validity of their objection.

And yet worse, when we see its friends disclaiming any personal interest and deserting the highest grounds of defence; when we see it degraded from its proper province, and allowed but a shifting place among its often shallower surroundings, — are we less inclined to give credence to their assertions.

Nor will we allow its degeneracy, but will defend it now, abused and misunderstood as it is. We will assert for it a place not lower on the scale, but a little removed from the ancient domain of wit. We will praise its freshness and originality in pleasing contrast to the heavier style and darker coloring of its more honored neighbors.

That it may fall into unworthy hands and thus be perverted in use and injured, nay, destroyed, as far as merit extends, we of course will not deny.

But that it is demoralizing to true humor, this we will not allow. It is enlivening, and, to the unprejudiced, entertaining, and therefore deserving of our consideration.

THE NATURAL-HISTORY SOCIETY. — "It is little known by the College in general, how active are the members, and how interesting the meetings, of this society." One-third of the members constitute a quorum. Yet there is generally only a bare quorum present; and the meeting has even been adjourned for the want of one. At the last two meetings, nothing pretending to be a lecture was read; and at the two previous ones, what was introduced as a lecture might better have been called a reading. The Voluntary Papers, which have been offered during the present term, might be counted on the fingers. The collections of specimens, instead of being taken care of by the Curators,



are allowed to go to destruction as fast as the dampness of the rooms and the carelessness of members can make them. Would that the members were interested in something more than suppers, photographs, and notifications with big seals attached!

X-X-X.

**SENIOR CLASS ELECTION.** — The Senior Class elected class officers on Friday evening last. The candidates nominated by the coalition of the "Hasty Pudding" and "O. K." societies were the only ones in the field, and were elected without difficulty. In the following list, the Hasty Pudding men are printed in Roman letters, the O. K.'s in *Italic*, and the others in SMALL CAPS.: —

*Orator*, J. B. Ames; *Poet*, D. Tiffany; *Chief Marshal*, E. E. Sprague; *Second Marshal*, J. P. Farley; *Third Marshal*, J. T. Busiel; *Odist*, R. A. Boit; *Chorister*, F. I. Eustis; *Class-Day Committee*, E. Huidekoper (Chairman), C. D. Palmer, and A. G. Bullock; *Class Committee*, C. H. Phelps (Chairman and Class Secretary), W. L. Boalt, and J. B. Gilman; *Chaplain*, C. F. DOLE.

*President of Class Supper*, W. W. Richards; *Class-Supper Orator*, C. G. Falls; *Chorister*, G. F. Becker; *Odist*, MILTON REED; *Toast Master*, T. J. Albert; *Class-Supper Committee*, F. C. Shattuck, C. F. Hinckle, F. R. Halsey; *Chronicles*, H. M. Whitman.

Hasty Pudding, 14; O. K., 7; all others, 2. Total, 23.

THE Annual Supper of the Natural History Society passed off very pleasantly on Thursday evening, Jan. 23. The cravings of the inner man were admirably satisfied, — thanks to the excellent arrangements of the Committee, — and the minds of the members were fully sated with the uninterrupted flow of witty speech and merry song which marked the evening. We regret that our space does not admit of a detailed account. We will only state that Messrs. Phelps, Hunt, and Willard kept the table in a roar of laughter by their alternately facetious and dry remarks, that Mr. Peabody amused the company with numerous good songs, and that the President, Mr. Williams, succeeded admirably in infusing joviality and life into all the proceedings of the evening. The supper was thoroughly enjoyable throughout, and the company did not break up till midnight. We print herewith the Ode, which was sung with great gusto: —

ROUND the table of friendship we gather,  
To taste of the season's good cheer;  
Though without there be cold winter weather,  
Yet only warm hearts are found here.  
Then let us have mirth without measure,  
To aid the swift hours in their flight;  
Recollect 'tis an errand of pleasure  
That calls us together to-night.

Far from us be feelings of sadness,  
And aught that may ruffle the brow;  
Let our minds be intent upon gladness,  
And fun and good-fellowship now.  
We can surely put off till to-morrow  
All thoughts except those that are bright;  
Many other times claim us for sorrow,  
'Tis enjoyment that claims us to-night.

In the future, when white locks are sprinkled  
Among the brown locks and the black;  
When the face has begun to be wrinkled,  
The voice is beginning to crack;  
As we call back the years that have passed us,  
And dwell on our youth with delight,  
Still, still shall the memory last us  
Of all that we do here to-night.

FOUR Sophomores and one Freshman were suspended for a year on account of the row at Mrs. Sweetman's. It is comforting to see that the Faculty had discrimination enough to see the guilt of the Freshman as well as that of the Sophomores, and resolution enough to suspend him in the face of public opinion outside of the College, which is always blindly and obstinately for the Freshmen in all "hazing" scrapes. It appears that he brought the trouble upon himself by deliberate and unprovoked impudence to a Sophomore smaller and weaker than himself; and it seems almost too bad that the Sophomores should have suffered so severely in trying to punish him for it. It is to be regretted, that, after so quiet a term, we could not disperse for vacation without having to record such a disgraceful affair. It is quite curious that there have been other severe hazing troubles at Amherst and elsewhere quite lately. Our fond hopes, that the shameful custom had finally died out, are again doomed to disappointment.

THE Secretary of the Harvard Club, at Philadelphia, requests us to make known to the readers of the "Advocate," that a meeting of the Club will be held Feb. 6, at the rooms of the Society, 736, Arch Street, to which all Harvard men, who may be in the city at that time, are cordially invited. Perhaps it will not be inappropriate here, for us to thank the Secretary, Mr. Cox, for the encouragement and support he has given our paper.

A GREAT inconvenience, that the gas is no longer lighted in the stone-house behind University Hall. We need it there quite as much as in the entries.

## Advertisements.

### Furnished Room to Let,

Only three minutes' walk from the Colleges. Room large, light, and pleasant, up one flight of stairs; furniture new; gas if desired. Apply at 30, Dunster St.

"STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING, BUT GO AT ONCE."

## Rindge's Skating Rink

Will open Christmas week.

MUSIC, MASQUERADES, TOURNAMENTS, &c.

COR. BROADWAY AND ELLERY STREETS,  
CAMBRIDGE.

Lighted with gas every evening.

Season tickets, \$5.00; Single tickets 25 cents, or five for \$1.00.

"Put money in thy purse and go."

## CHARLES E. ELLIOT & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS,

AT RANDIDGE'S OLD PLACE,

25, School Street,

Invite attention to their recent importations of English Goods.

References, — The Clothes that they make, and the Students that wear them.

'SISTE, VIATOR,  
Submitte collura tonsori,  
Et abi alter Adonis."

## J. L. HADDOW, BARBER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

Will give your hair the most fashionable cut, shave you in the most easy manner, and give you a most delightful shampoo. The past ten years' experience with the graduates of Harvard in the *tonsorial art* will be sufficient recommendation for those gentlemen who may honor him with their patronage.

J. L. HADDOW,  
Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Brighton Street, five doors from Harvard Square.

*Just Received, per "China,"*

A LARGE LOT OF GAMBIER BOWLS.

## GEORGE H. ELLIOT

Offers to the students (*at the store next Haddow's, third door from Sever & Francis*) a most complete assortment of the choicest brands of Tobacco; Cigars, Pipes, Cigarettes, and every thing else that he who loves the weed can long for.

Especially he recommends his Figaros, Las Angelitas, Los Cohibas, Jenny Linds, and other fine brands of Cigars, with the 3 Belles, Green Seal, Golden Turkish, Virginia, Olive, Lone Jack, cut Perique, Natural Leaf, Cavendish, and Navy, for smokers. Also, Fruits and Flowers. Gambier Cigarette Papers. Meerschauum Pipes repaired.

G. H. ELLIOT,  
Brighton Street, four doors from Harvard Square.

CALL & TUTTLE,

## MERCHANT TAILORS,

Invite the attention of their former patrons, and the Students of Harvard College generally, to their fine assortment of fashionable cloths, and the well-known superiority of their work.

182, WASHINGTON STREET,

Corner Franklin,

BOSTON.

## MOLYNEAUX!

THE OLD CAMBRIDGE

## Clothing and Variety Store,

ON BRATTLE STREET,

On hand a large stock of Gymnastic Apparatus, Base Balls, Cricket Balls, Bats, and other suitable Paraphernalia for the modern athlete.

Particular attention paid to Dyeing and Cleaning clothes for students. Work taken to and from the College rooms at request. Please leave your orders at post-office, box No. 684.

N.B. — Highest price paid for cast-off Clothing.

SEND ALONG YOUR BROKEN CHAIRS!

## HARRIS & BLAISDELL'S STUDENTS'

## Furniture & Repair Shop.

If you wish your work done neatly, quickly, and cheaply, go to HARRIS & BLAISDELL'S.

Furniture repaired in the best manner. Carpets made and put down; Mattresses made over; Shades and Draperies re-hung.

Upholstering done in the most stylish manner. Perfect satisfaction given.

BRIGHTON STREET,

iv-2-10t

Next Door to Sever & Francis.

## JAMES H. THOMAS,

## TAILOR TO THE COLLEGE.

Mr. THOMAS, lately of London, England, respectfully invites the attention of Harvard Students to his superior facilities for suiting them, and hopes that they will examine his goods at least before purchasing elsewhere.

268, WASHINGTON STREET,

Opposite Temple Place,

BOSTON.

J. H. HUBBARD (successor to A. S. Wiley & Co.)

HIS COLUMN.

A History of Cambridge, &c., — more &c. than History.

No. VI.

Since writing No. 5, I have been reading the literary experiences of Mr. Gifted Hopkins, and finding there some excellent hints to aspiring scribblers, I have about concluded that I have no "call," and that I had better cut No. 6 very short, give up History, and hire out to some successful Sarsaparilla man. I will merely remark that Cambridge is very much exercised concerning

### THE CHARCOAL PIPE.

It is a good thing, — almost a revolution in the pipe trade, — the smoke nearly free from nicotine. Charcoal is good for dyspepsia. Take one home with you. Lay in a supply of Lone Jack or "Ryan's," and there is no sufficient reason why you should not suffer through a four weeks' absence in a comparatively resigned manner. You may also need a medicine-flask for the journey or some such convenience, — perhaps a tobacco-pouch or cigar-tube; you can't find them everywhere.

I now wind up for this term, hoping that every one of you will come in and say good-by before you go, not forgetting that little pecuniary act so unpleasant to you, but so necessary to the mental tranquillity of

Yours truly,

JOHN H. HUBBARD,

Harvard Square.

P.S. Will you have any more History of Cambridge, or is it too much of a Sandwich; too much crust for a little ham and flat mustard?

However this may be, you cannot deny that

*Wiley's Glycerine Lotion cures chapped hands,*

and that OIL OF SESAME is very smoothing to the hairs.

HATTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON, THE HATTER,

Has issued the Fall Style of Silk Hat of all the leading makers; viz, —

*Amidon, Dunlap, and Christy's  
English Silk,*

Together with Hats of his own manufacture; also, the

FRENCH OPERA HAT.

The *College Cap* made to order. *Cloth Hats, English Oxford.* Soft Hats of every description.

*Fine Silk Umbrellas, Canes, Castor-Gloves, Driving-Gloves, and Gentlemen's Furs.*

JACKSON,

THE HATTER,

Albion Building, 59, Tremont Street, Boston.

JAMES TOLMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

111, WASHINGTON STREET,

Between Court and School Streets,

BOSTON.

LEVY, LEVY, LEVY,

*Terque Levy,*

would respectfully announce to the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY,

that he will, *after some little conversation*, gladly pay for old clothes twice what they are worth to the seller, and half what they are worth to himself; that, for a small pecuniary consideration, he will renovate and repair garments which are worse for wear.

Orders may be left at Mr. Richardson's.

CLOTHES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

*"Whate'er he done was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."*

THEN GO TO

MORGAN'S, BRATTLE SQUARE

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

*Picture and Looking-glass Frames, and Passepartouts  
Brackets, Book-holders, &c., &c.*

OLD FRAMES REGILT, PAINTINGS CLEANED AND VARNISHED.

A good assortment of Pictures and Frames constantly on hand; also, imported Picture and Looking-glass Plates.

*A discount made to Students.*

iii-10-10

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

# THE ADVOCATE.

MARCH 11, 1868.]

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR."

[VOL. V.—No. I.]

## EDITORIAL.

WITH this number we begin the fifth volume of the "Advocate;" and we trust, that, as in days gone by we have had a support as enthusiastic as we could wish, in days to come that support will not fail us. It is, we think, good evidence that our paper is appreciated, that our support fails not, but, in advancing age, increases in strength. Having won such support, it is easy to follow in that path of success, cheered as we are upon all sides with congratulations for the work done thus far. The use of a paper in college is so well established by our experience, that we think the question needs no further argument.

The boundaries within which such a paper should be confined, have grown with experience into more fixed and better-defined proportions; and we think the assurance almost needless that such boundaries will not be overstepped by us. We are still *terra filii* with those who were disposed to stop the "Collegian," but hope by future good conduct—and we hope the past has not been bad—to win from them that recognition which we desire, inasmuch as we wish to be "at peace with all men," those editors of other college papers who have called us snobs, &c., included. Some complaints, good-natured, however, have reached us about the amount of "small type" we have used in printing our paper for two or three months; and it is thought by the complainants that "so much small type spoils the looks of the paper." We can as yet only compromise with them, owing to a difference of opinion in the editorial board upon this subject. We will give at least two papers in the ten of a volume printed in the same way they used to be printed in Vol. III.;

and perhaps more, if not all, as we wish to cater to the taste for the beautiful, as well as for the intellectual.

With regard to contributions, there are some of the ablest scholars who never have appeared "in print;" and to such we offer our paper cordially as a safety-valve to their immense pressure of thought, suggesting to them that they should let their "light so shine," &c., and not keep it "under a bushel."

Base ball and boating will receive even more critical and a better-directed notice in some cases than ever before, and in all cases we shall try to deal fairly and justly, nothing fearing, with these two important parts of our paper. With these few remarks, and many more unspoken, we start out confidently upon the fifth volume of our paper.

## COLLEGE SINGING.

VERILY the days of Arion seem numbered! Whether the number of singers on the face of the earth is diminishing through ravages of bronchitis or exposure, or some happy college is blessed with more than its share, so that we are forced to fall below our usual number to preserve the average, I know not.

But certain it is that no such abundance of singing voices exists with us as formerly. My mind goes back to the time, not so very far in the past, when singing parties in different men's rooms were of not uncommon occurrence. Brown would send along a little note in recitation, asking you to "drop up to a little sing" in his room in the evening; which dropping-up being effected, you regale yourself with a quiet pipe until the rest of the men arrive (why is it that singing men are always behind time?)

E'en so the guests did cower, as a voice triumphant said,

"Perhaps you thought I shouldn't come: behold the Gorgon's head!"

The king and his acquaintances all shuddered at the sight:

They tried to rise, but found themselves held down uncommon tight.

They turned to stone, that wicked set, amid their jests and laughter;

But Perseus and Andromeda "lived happy ever after."

### OUR TWO WANTS.

THAT things are not as they should be, is a very proper fundamental axiom whereon to construct an "Advocate" article. If not a law of pure thought, it is at any rate a necessary principle of college thought, on which rests many a magnificent plan of reform. No apology then is needed for adding a drop to the current that sets so strong, in daily talk and through the medium of your paper, towards the good time coming, the real Saturnian age again. Now, the wants for which reform is urged seem to me of two kinds. There is a class of men who are for ever sighing for recitations abolished, for lectures elective, for relief, in fact, from all restraint. They think of time unlimited for ball and boating, or (another set) for sleep and reading; they think of evenings at Parker's, or the theatre, freed from all care of the morrow's lessons; and from all these pleasant dreams, they often tell us, the prayer bell rudely wakes them. What a University these gentlemen would make of Harvard!

On the other hand are those who have not four years to spend in amusements, however delightful, or exercise, however athletic. Having a tolerably definite object in coming to college, all they want is a little direction as to the course of their studies, and such instruction as first-class teachers would be expected to give. But all through college they are hampered by vexing restraints, — restraints designed for school-boys! Hours must be thrown away in listening to stupid recitations, in which time and again never an idea is excited. Yet the student must sit still, if not with his hands folded behind his back, at least so bound by rules as not without peril to turn the

pages of a book, or quietly open his morning's mail. And so his mind is vacant for all sorts of idle thoughts, and, in the sublime words of the poet, —

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do,"

and for idle minds, too. Again, within three miles of all the art and music and talent of Boston, it is rendered inconvenient to attend an evening lecture: to enjoy the best of afternoon concerts, is well-nigh impossible; while were St. Paul himself for a sabbath at the Old South Church, not even the President of the College could give us leave to hear him. Understand me not, like some more violent, as setting all this down as a barbarous relic of despotism. For the recitation system, with all its abuses, there is much to be said; far more, I think, than an able advocate of the lecture plan in a recent paper offered. Marks and proctors and parietal rules are none of them without foundation. But what I claim is, that by all these restrictions the conscientious student wastes time and loses valuable privileges.

Such, then, are the two sets of wants that we suffer: the want of license, and the want of liberty. Of course, they run into each other; but still, as M. Guizot would say, they constitute two essentially distinct facts. In the mean while, there is more or less general dissatisfaction. Now, on whom rests the blame? How cruel, how unjust, to throw it all on that patient scape-goat, the Faculty! Blame not the Faculty as the cause of our grievances; for behind and above the Faculty sit a more solemn and mysterious body, the corporation, the great Ego of the University, who make all laws and hold all power; in whose unseen hands the Faculty even are only tools, and we puppets. Yet the corporation are not monsters, but once were men, like us; and they, too, in their loftiness are backed by the still more powerful force of public opinion, which is unwilling to indulge our youthful longings. Think you, Sir Advocate, that were your worthy factotum — the college factotum, I may say — to procure the autographs of our parents and guardians on one giant petition for relief from compulsory sabbath attendance, — think you, I ask, that such a request would be thrown under the table, along with Mr.

Richardson's bookstore? No! It is our fathers and mothers, and not altogether the Faculty, that serve us like boys.

Yet, in hunting up some guilty shoulder whereon to dispose the blame, some head on which to vent our maledictions, we must not overlook ourselves. In a former article, some one urged that we were not ready for reform. It seems too true. It is the first class of our college malecontents who are the oppressors of the second, nay, the oppressors of themselves. There come into college a host of green boys; yes! green boys, I say, even though Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue may have nursed them. And their verdancy is not a simple thing of Freshman growth, nor does the mounting of a glossy beaver cover it. The idea of the gentleman it takes some of us years to conceive. Home training seems often to give only the dress, which is not smooth enough to hide the clown. Does any one deny the statement? Let him step, on initiation night, into the Institute room, in that select company of Sophomores; all doubt will soon be dispelled. Men insult their instructors in the discharge of their duty. Men try to break up lectures even, by methods disgraceful, if not cowardly; disgraceful to the college, disgraceful to their classes, and more disgraceful to themselves. The same rude boyishness has even appeared occasionally at commons, where men, governing themselves, ought to have, and commonly have had, greater regard for their own honor.

Let it not be supposed that these last few sentences are an index of the state of things at Harvard. True though the facts are, they are only exceptional cases, and I believe no college in the country can show a clearer record for the gentlemanly conduct of its students. But the fairer the record, the more one grieves to see it soiled. Nor do I, an obscure writer in the "Advocate," set myself up as a critic of men's morals. I know that true gentlemen sometimes behave like boys. I know that there is a certain something in almost every man, — Darwin's primeval baboon, boyishness, original sin, or whatever else it may be called, — something mean any way, — that has to be kept down with a firm hand, and never for myself a moment do I claim exemption from the

common evil. But to these few facts, exceptional, though dishonorable, and quite too much sanctioned because whole classes and not individuals are immediately responsible for them, — to these few cases I point, for proof of the assertion that we ourselves are at fault for the delay of college reform. And if asked what might be the remedy for all this, I could only say that the next best thing to our discarding boyish ways as unworthy of students, would be to so raise the standard of scholarship that only men would come here, and that to study. The division of the last two from the first two years of the course might do to begin with, though "Senior dignity" would have to mean more than now. But, reform or no reform, let not Harvard students forget to hold at home, while with their *alma mater*, the reputation for gentlemanliness that is given them every where else.

Y.

#### DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

MESSRS. EDITORS, — Many of your readers will no doubt recognize these words as the title of an article published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, from the pen of Mr. James Parton. It seems fit that some notice of the article should be taken in the "Advocate," as the organ of the College, since we are confessedly a community of smokers *par excellence*, and particularly since Mr. Parton flings upon Yale many reproaches which are equally applicable to us.

I wish to premise my remarks upon the subject with the statement of my own belief; namely, that smoking often does harm even when moderately indulged in, but that this is not its necessary result, and that it is to many a positive benefit. Moreover, many of Mr. Parton's arguments seem to me calculated to encourage rather than to suppress the habit, from their very weakness.

Mr. Parton first treats of smoking among the lower classes, selecting the hod-carrier as his type, and asserting that in him, if in any one, it is justifiable. He then proceeds to combat such justification, so far as I can judge, on this ground solely, that it makes him contented with his lot, and stands in the way of American civilization.

Here he seems to forget that, even in the millenium, society will still need roads to travel and houses to live in, besides such trifles as food to eat; and that, however far its brains are developed, it will probably never dispense with hands. This being admitted, let us welcome every thing which will make the laborer contented with his lot, and, at the same time, will do him no harm.

One-third of the inhabitants of the globe use tobacco, if we may trust the computations of scientific men, while another third dispel their cares with opium, betel, and coca, all of which are more powerful narcotics than tobacco. We must treat the subject with these facts before us, and bear in mind that we are dealing with no ideal state of society. If the workman gives up his pipe, he will have more time at his own disposal, without doubt; but to assume such time profitably employed, seems to me a hasty conclusion. Idleness gives the most potent encouragement to all that opposes the best interests of society; and I cannot believe that contentment in the lower classes, whatever its cause, can be an alarming symptom. Take away the pipe, and you promote intemperance; and, though the former be an evil, it sinks into insignificance beside the latter.

The second great argument, that smoking draws men from ladies' society, has, undoubtedly, some truth in it; but Mr. Parton seems to jump at his conclusion with regard to the importance of its influence. Surely a man *ought* to be able to smoke without the habit's changing either his views or his nature in this respect; yet, if Mr. Parton's experience was of such an alarming nature, we do not wonder that he decided to stop. There are, as I have hinted above, some persons who are positively injured by smoking.

Such are the only original points in the gentleman's argument upon this subject, which had been worn threadbare by discussion, long before the author of the "Life of Andrew Jackson" was made sick by his first cigar. His speculations upon the subject, regarded in its chemical and physiological light, are neither new nor profound, and hence may be lightly glanced at. He does, indeed, quote many examples of men distinguished either as smokers or non-smokers;

but, as he himself admits, this method of procedure is not very satisfactory when hundreds of millions of smokers are concerned. The "Boston Post" was more epigrammatic in disposing of this argument. "Grant and Bismarck smoke, Parton doesn't." WHIFF.

#### THE INSTITUTE OF 1770.

THE fact that no acceptable solution of the difficulty in regard to this venerable institution has been suggested by the many disappointed aspirants for its honors, must serve as an apology for this article.

In all probability, no society that has the privilege of choosing its members without the fear of a rival, will ever satisfy the "outs" with its selections. It seems idle to expect the Institute to prove an exception to this rule.

Therefore, while many of us, who either from necessity or choice are and will be numbered among the "outs," complain, and write long articles smacking of our chagrin to the "Advocate," would it not be better to suggest some solution of the difficulty, — a solution that will benefit both parties concerned?

While we talk of "the tyranny of the Thirty," we all know the reasons why the controllers of the Institute are so chary in admitting new members. One reason is that the Institute is considered the stepping-stone to future college honors; another, that the dominant party fears to lose its prestige; still another, that outside influence is brought to bear on the Society.

That there has been during the last three years, and is at present, much fault found with the management of the Institute, is evident from the uncomplimentary remarks of those who did *not* have the honor of an election during their Sophomore year, and the cries of "Infernal bore" and "It don't pay," which are not unfrequently heard from many of the privileged few. That this state of things "ought not so to be," we think every one will acknowledge. But some one asks, "What solution do you propose?"

Our answer is, "Another open Sophomore Society." Either so-called college literary societies are an advantage to the members, or they

are not. If they *are*, then every student ought to have the privilege at the proper time of entering them, or staying out, as he pleases; and no clique of men ought to have the power to exclude him. If they are not an advantage, each student ought to have the opportunity of experiencing that fact. Such experience is worth something. As a prominent author has said, "Every man should have an opportunity of fulfilling what he conceives to be his destiny," so every student should have the opportunity of enjoying what he conceives to be one of the advantages of College.

It is urged, however, that the Institute selects "the best men" as a general rule. Did we allow, for the sake of the argument, that it does, are there not some men in each class who would enjoy the opportunities of writing and speaking who, according to the prevailing standard, *modulo ac pede*, are not "best men" either in point of family, wealth, or scholarship? What are they to do? It is rather cold comfort to tell them to write for the "Advocate," and apply themselves to themes. They feel that, as members of the College, they ought to have access to all of its privileges; and if any one society, by reason of its exclusive character, debars them from such advantages, they ought to redress themselves in the only legitimate way,—by forming a new society.

As far as we are aware, no one has ever objected directly to the formation of a second Sophomore Society. We understand that the Faculty would not oppose it. Yet, when several members of '68 attempted to form one, they were frowned at and laughed down by the *minority* who rule. With this we have nothing to do. If the persons desirous of starting a new society could be frowned down by those who had arrogated to themselves the privileges of the only society, they deserved to fail.

We contend that two societies during the Sophomore year, which should take in the whole class irrespective of ability or fitness for society life, would be an advantage to the College. It would make each eager to vote in the "best men," while it would give *οἱ πολλοί* a chance. If a man had any ability in either of the two, he

would have an opportunity of showing it. If not, he would soon find his proper place, and at any rate be no worse off. The three societies of Junior year meet this difficulty; and men go, as they ought, where taste or companionship leads them.

The present contest in the Institute between the rival factions can never do the "outs" much good. If "swells" triumph over "scrubs," scholarship over ability for bumming, or "scrub" over "swell," we can see in it only a renewal of the old fight. We would not trust either of these elements alone with the power. Another society, an offset to the Institute, an "1870" if need be, is necessary to serve as a check, just as the two political parties in a country balance each other.

Until we have this, we shall hear the idle talk about "the usurpation of the Thirty," and the sneering at the Institute, in the manner of the fox and the grapes.

However much injury society feeling may produce when carried to excess, as it undoubtedly is at Yale, it is of great advantage when restrained within proper limits.

It is no wonder that Junior exhibitions are valued more for the holidays which attend them, than the presumed eloquence of the speakers. Nor is it strange that at one of the late trials for the Boylston prizes, out of nine competitors one "deaded," another "fizzled," while one stood like a statue, as immovable as the Commander in Don Giovanni, and equally as pale, using his arms in the manner of a pump-handle. Of the remainder, no one declaimed well enough for a first prize.

How could they do otherwise, when not more than three out of the nine contestants had obtained any practice in speaking up to their Junior year?

We know that college is not the place to study oratory as an art, still we think that here some beginning can be made in the attempt to express our thoughts in a manner agreeable to our hearers, and with ease to ourselves: nor ought it to be delayed till Junior year. Since it is not possible for all to get into the only Sophomore Society, and worse than useless to rail at it be-



cause we are not so honored, let us get the opportunity in the easiest way possible, — another open Sophomore Society.

### REFLECTIONS.

"The saddest tale we have to tell,  
Is when we bid our friends farewell."

*Old Song.*

THUS the two lines kept running through my brain to the exclusion of all else, until they became a text for some reflections, which might have taken the form of a dream, had not the characters come up before me, under memory's magnifying power, in almost as lifelike forms as the originals of which they were but the reproduction.

My friend had gone, and with him my departing well-wishing; and I left the depot to wander back to my chambers, busied with many thoughts of our friendship in the past. How merry had been our parting conversation, despite the sudden meetings of eyes with eyes, telling of the sadness within, which our jokes and sallies had so well concealed! And we laughed so heartily, too, at each other's jokes in this our hour of parting! Ah, thought I, how much laughter and merry-making in every-day life is just such as my friend and I have been indulging in with such seeming success! How constantly the laugh is made the cloak of sorrow, and for how few do we throw aside the cloak to exhibit the reality! There was my friend, Junius, my classmate in College, who had a smile, nay, a good-natured laugh, for everybody, and whom I thought the happiest of men before I won his confidence. No one knew how hard he had tried for honors in College, and how bitter his disappointment at ill-success; how hollow the jokes he perpetrated at the expense of the "digs," and how much he valued the slightest token of future success to himself. He often told me his highest ambition was to be considered "one of those talented, intellectual fellows," and that he would have given more for the "brains of such a man, than he would to have been the most popular man in his class." And yet you would have thought Junius the happiest fellow alive. He was popular, witty, handsome; this for the outside. He was discontented, un-

happy, — not envious, however; this within. Perhaps, besides myself, not a fellow in our old class knew the true state of mind of Junius; and it was often painful to me to listen to his laments, so real and so founded in his heart. He would talk of misspent time, misapplied powers, his unreasonable rejection of inviting opportunities, by the hour to me; and, in the evening, at a classmate's room, his telling wit would enliven the spirits of us all. I wonder if there were not others in my class like Junius, who were ever wishing, but never succeeding, in their attempts to attain high rank; who were ever undervaluing their popularity, their enjoyment at jolly parties, and in merry societies, in comparison with the success of those poor fellows whom we used to call "digs;" and I wonder if they were generous enough to impute the failure to themselves. "What an amount of sorrow men are born to!" we would exclaim, could we but lift the curtain on whose texture is painted the outside life, and behold the activity within: the struggling of ambition with failure as the one strove to overcome the other, the record of ill success and unhappiness in the past, the struggling to peer into the future while the fiend of ill-success in the past is crying "Fail, fail!" and the record of hopes deferred. To say it is well that we cannot thus penetrate the veil which covers the inner life of man, is as true as it is trite; but, when one lifts the veil off his own inner life, the truth is much more urgent than the triteness.

It is remarkable what rapid transitions from grave to gay are occurring under the eyes of all almost every hour. I was at the theatre one night, a tragedy had nearly reached the end of the last act, murder was imminent to the deceiving character in the plot, and the audience were held in breathless anxiety awaiting the accomplishment of the murderous stroke, when three ragged urchins, who had been scrambling and climbing upon each other's shoulders behind a flat and peering out at the spectacle, each trying to be the top of a heap of three, were precipitated, by the giving way of the bottom boy, upon the stage. Tragedy became a confused mass of comedy instantly, amid roars from the gallery and tittering from the pit.

So the laughable forces itself in upon the sad within ourselves, perhaps quite as often as it serves to cloak such sadness; and, of course, the sad follows often upon the laughable, as one may always prove to himself when listening to remarks upon the sudden death of some dear friend. " 'Twas but last night that I was laughing and joking with him at X.'s," you hear, while the tear is stealing down your cheek; and yet, perhaps, the sight of a baby filling its father's hat with mucilage, ink, and other trifles, will make you laugh within the hour. But one could go on musing thus for hours, and at the end only conclude with what he knew at the beginning, "All is vanity." RISUS.

### BASE BALL.

THE ball season has begun again. Hardly had a piece of ground large enough to stand on appeared, before some enterprising Freshmen, with rubber-boots and muddy fingers, took possession of it, and began the gratifying, but painful, operation of toughening their hands. The cheering rays of the sun, who "endures nothing white," quickly enlarged the circle of visible earth, and soon the creaking of gymnasium pulleys gave way to the sharp click of the bat; the Delta was once more alive with the tramp of feet, and resounded with the well-known shouts of a baseball game. At present, everybody "muffs;" but, as an offset, nearly everybody "strikes out" or "fouls out." Everybody blows his fingers after catching a ball, or attempting to catch it, or goes through peculiar contortions indicative of acute pain; but, —

" — Non si male nunc, et olim  
Sic erit."

Everybody perseveres, and congratulates himself that the greater his present torture is, the more likely he will be to get into the Nine, or retain his position in it. But how nicely Capius caught! There was no indication of tender hands; and how straight and swift Jactor pitched! Yes: but Capius has been slapping the gymnasium sand-bags all winter; and Jactor (judging from the sounds overhead) has been

pitching at his closet-door during the same time. Jactor throws pretty well, too, but at the expense of two or three privates for snow-balling in the College-yard.

I notice that there are several new candidates for the Nine. I was talking with Muffetius, and he does not see why they do not take him. Nor I: he bats well and runs well, and would be a first-rate man to "back up" the right-fielder. Then there is Tardipes. He is working hard for the Nine. He is a sure catch, and a powerful batter; but, for some reason, he never gets his 2d-base, and rarely the 1st. He would be a good man to play scorer. Then there is Punicus, who has as good a chance as any of his rivals. He would be an excellent man if he could bat so as to get any but a foul ball outside of the bases. Fancicus ought to be in; the ladies all say so. He looks splendidly; he comes on to the field arrayed in fine linen, and a costly ball-suit trimmed with gay ribbons. The captain does not agree with the ladies (probably envy moves him); and the reason he gives for not taking Fancicus is, that although he plays pretty well in a practice game, when he tries to "show off" in a match game he isn't worth a "snap." There is Squirmicus also, who is very nervous. He plays well when there is nothing to play for, but gets too excited in a match game to do any thing but go through the most violent contortions in unconscious imitation of the motions of all the rest of the players. Bombastes Iratus can manage a game splendidly, — so he says, and I have no desire to dispute him, — and would be a good man for the Nine if there were any need of two captains. Last of all that I shall mention, though there are others, is Toadicus. He is very anxious to get in, though he knows he does not belong there, and would certainly succeed if the basest fawning and sousing could assist him. He wishes to keep Modestus out — who does not wish to go in — and so insinuates that Modestus does not play so well as he used to. Unfortunately for poor Toadicus, those in authority are capable of forming their own opinions.

Some of the mishaps of a match game seem rather ludicrous to a spectator, and also to the unfortunate party looking back upon the game;

and therefore I have collected several items which might be called —

#### COMIC MISERIES OF A MATCH GAME.

1. To try to catch a fly-ball, with the sun in your eyes. A muff, of course. Immense hissing among the spectators, who are sitting back to the sun.
2. To be sent to the bat as first striker, strike for a home-run, miss, and throw yourself off your feet. Titter among the fair sex.
3. To strike for a home-run, miss, and sling your bat into the crowd.
4. To "go in" for a home-run, and — strike out.
5. To play short-stop, and take one straight from the bat—in the stomach.
6. To bring your *Jemima Jane* to witness the game, and then distinguish yourself by a clean score — of outs.
7. To make a home-run — almost.
8. To run for a fly-ball; and, just as you are about to catch it, stub your toe.
9. To have the striker before you break the only bat you can strike with. You are sure to foul out.
10. To strike fifteen fouls in succession, and then get out on the 1st base.
11. To try for the prize bat, and make a clean score — of outs.
12. To try for the same, and lose it by being left on the 3d base in the 9th inning.
13. To hit the ball with your fingers instead of the bat.
14. To get on the line of the bases to catch a fly-ball, and find yourself knocked over just as you are about to close your hands on the ball.
15. To stop a ball beautifully, and then throw it to the wrong base.
16. To take a hot one straight from the bat, and try to make believe that it did not hurt you.
17. To be twenty-seventh man out. Game lost.

*On dit* that after this year, Commencement Parts are to be assigned not simply to the best scholars, as now, but to those who can write and speak best.

PROF. WM. W. GOODWIN and family start for Europe, April 25th, for a year's tour.

ONE of our contributors sends us the following lines. Can it be that he has been disappointed?

#### MAID OF CAMBRIDGE.

##### THE GRADUATE'S FAREWELL.

*Ζωή, σὺ μεστόομαι.*

MAID of Cambridge, now we part,  
Take, oh, take, take back thy heart!  
Or, since that has left thy breast,  
Let it go, but keep the rest,  
Hear my vow, and then good-by,  
*Ζωή σὺ μεστόομαι.*

By those tresses unconfined,\*  
Woo'd by every eastern wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' painted tinge;  
By that glistening, glassy eye,  
*Ζωή, σὺ πληρόομαι.*

By that lip I oft did taste;  
By that oft encircled waist;  
By all the tokens that could tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By all the mighty powers on high,  
*Ζωή, σὺ πληθύομαι.*

Maid of Cambridge, I am gone:  
Please forget me when alone.  
Though I fly to *Istambol*,  
Cambridge is the meanest hole:  
Can I cease to love thee? Aye!  
*Ζωή, σὺ υπερπίμπλαμαι.*

#### SPECULATION.

A WRITER in the last number of this paper urges the contributors to search the Dictionary for subjects for their articles. I have, it would seem, followed his advice to the letter, and with the above gratifying result, of a title which I flatter myself has a flavor of the "*Spectator*" about it, and is very Addisonian in its simplicity. But I am not entirely complacent, and, like Hume, I have my doubts. Its simplicity may be so very excessive as to promise nothing deeper beneath; or, so startling in its plain foreshadowing of — evil, shall I say? — that the reader will recoil in alarm.

I fancy him stopping to wonder whether I intend a moral diatribe against gold-gambling, or

\* by Nature.

a word of warning in regard to the old clothes' trade. Let him cease his speculation, however, and attend to mine.

I have nothing to say to Wall Street, and shall repress my withering indignation at stock jobbing of all kinds, and allow it peacefully to wither. The reader may rest assured, that I shall say no word to disturb his equanimity in regard to any little venture he may have made in the way of investment; even were it a Connecticut silvermine, a pipe-rack, or "a Jersey farm, fenced and mortgaged."

Having calmed his fears on this point, let the reader notice with me how well adapted is the word under discussion, and its kindred, to our uses here. Speculation, contemplation, meditation, are, proverbially, often the help-fellows of the student in his toil; with their resultant, doubt, are often his enemies, and relieve each other pretty faithfully at all times. Some of us are soon to leave our Alma Mater, and, colloquially, we wonder how we shall be able to await with patience the event; silently, we wonder whether we shall regret it. We wonder whether we have gained any thing here, whether we shall be gainers in the busier life in the future, or losers. As wonderers of the most doubting yet most credulous character, we entered these walls: as wonderers, we leave. Our actual and, so to speak, our verbal life here is largely speculative. The grave Senior fresh from metaphysics offers new and strange systems of philosophy, speculates upon his chance for a part, and meditates sadly upon that miserable mark of six that he is sure he got one day last term. The Junior addicted to psychology dreams upon the recondite processes of a Junior's mind, and wonders quietly how he stands for "that society." The lively Sophomore has his brief moments of meditation, if nowhere else, at least in the Institute rooms for five minutes or so.

The Freshman, as has been remarked, is in a chronic state of speculation, principally as to the coming style of beavers; secondarily, as to how it was that so many good fellows happened to come to College at the same time.

To adapt the quotation "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," we are all doubting and

hoping. Nearly four hundred young bachelors, and reverie is contagious! But reverie is enticing.

E.

#### DINNER.

WHERE do all these men dine? This is a question which has probably come into the minds of many of us, when, at one o'clock, the hungry multitude emerges from the buildings, and its members scatter in every direction to seek what they may devour. Little do the sheep and oxen, making their way towards Brighton Street, imagine what a fearful interest is theirs in this eager crowd. Little do they think, that their careless glances and passing remarks may be changed, in a week or so, into hungry looks, and dire anathemas at the toughness of their *dissecta membra*.

The principal current seems to set towards commons,—not a revival of the system of years ago, thank Heaven! where our predecessors were half starved, and where slices of meat were furtively stuck up with forks under the table, at dinner, to serve as an addition to the scanty evening meal; but a place where abundant and substantial food satisfies the cravings of the hungry.

But, besides this main stream, little squads of three or four, and also solitary individuals are seen starting off in every direction, every man looking forward to the dinner that he knows is provided for him. What did I say? "Provided for?" Alas, for human nature! but I am afraid that statement must be qualified. The remembrance comes up of times when we have arrived late, and had our hopes blighted by the sight of bare bones and empty dishes. The butcher had cheated in weighing, we suppose. We fear that, if there is any motive which alloys the earnest desire of Cambridge landladies to furnish sumptuous repasts for their guests, it is lucre. There is reason to believe that the butcher, but too often, translates their order for "Porter House," into "Boarding House," steak. Several times has the undersigned, on venturing to utter a remonstrance on the quality, &c., of the food provided, been favored with a full and complete price list of all imaginable articles of consumption, obtain-

ing information enough to fully qualify him for an immediate start in the provision or grocery line of business.

What numbers of landladies there must be, to provide meals for nearly a thousand hungry mouths! Cambridge is truly the boarding-house keeper's Paradise.

It is curious, sitting at one of the public tables, to observe the different men. The man next you is evidently a "dig," for he is always talking to his classmate opposite, about his percentage; and after every examination he takes up every question on his paper in succession, and discusses the probability of his answer thereto having been satisfactory. He never stays to dessert, and, on being questioned by his classmate concerning the matter, says that he "eats to live," and not the reverse, and that he finds over-feeding to interfere with his afternoon studies.

The man opposite sets up for a musical, theatrical, and sporting critic, and favors you with his opinion of every thing in that line, from the last opera-singer to the probability of Foster's beating McDevitt at billiards. He always has some valuable piece of information to impart.

"By Jove, sir, I saw the prettiest bull-terrier in town to-day; full blooded, you know," — and so on.

But who is this, who is eating so fast, and devouring his food in such large mouthfuls? Ah! this is the "cormorant" of the table. He is "eating towards" the last piece of pudding on the dish. There it lies before the landlady, seeming to urge him to redoubled efforts. A lively conversation is going on about the last election.

Not a word speaks he. Silently, and with stern determination, he shovels in the contents of his plate, which, to his impatient mind, seem inexhaustible. He glances round the table.

O Lord! there's Jones, sitting two seats off from the prize, with only about three mouthfuls left on his plate. How provokingly slow he eats, as if confident of his ability to finish it at any moment! Faster and faster plies the spoon of the cormorant. Somebody asks him for the sugar. No effect. Nothing can distract him from his purpose. Jones gets up and goes off. Safe in that quarter at any rate. Now the last

spoonful is swallowed. He looks at the expected prize, and turns round just in time to see his next neighbor hand his plate to the waiter, with the request, "More pudding." A.

### WHAT WAS IT?

THE evening of the 15th of February found me adding myself to the gayly attired throng that sought admission to the New-York Academy of Music. I was relieved of the impression, under which I went, of an opera that night, by the peculiar kind of ticket required. The stylishly dressed individual to whom I directed my inquiries, as to what was the cause of the assemblage, and where I could procure a ticket, informed me that it was the anniversary of the Peithologian Society of Columbia College, and that I could have *his* ticket. To my regrets, in depriving him of it, he swelled visibly, and, increasing his height several inches, replied, "*I* don't need any." Ah! he was a student then! I felt humbled. Thanked him for his favor, and, passing into the crowd, was carried into the interior. What did I see before me? A crowd, and a brilliant one. Students in long Oxford gowns, with emblems of office, of *marshal* appearance, ushered this party here, that there; the audience being seated by the time they were ready to go. On the stage sit the officers and would-be-distinguished, backed by the barest scenery the theatre could afford, — which doubtless accounts for the greater part of the audience looking the other way.

But what does the programme say? It is a medley. Music, prayers, orations. Seniors, and even Graduates, vie with Freshmen; and the whole audience, in talking, with itself. The first oration was delivered, and the orator was showered with bouquets, — twelve, at least, and monster ones. He turned and returned, but to be called back by another and another. Thus it was with all; the bouquet-gathering longer than the orations, but diminishing towards the last.

The music was excellent, and the applause was good, yes, very good. The bouquets, beautiful and fragrant, but very similar, probably

from the same shop. Said a beauty, on my right, breaking from an interesting conversation, as an orator concluded, "Oh, is he through? How brilliant he was! Quick, the bouquet!" Yes, as brilliant as she was attentive, and the audience generally.

The programme ended with a benediction, which was scarcely uttered when the orchestra moved the listeners by several lively galops, and the multitude dispersed. Was it an Exhibition, or a Promenade Concert? The former, if you consider the orations and bouquet-gatherings; the latter, if you consider the halls and galleries, filled with couples promenading, the aisles crowded with gallants conversing with their fair ones, and the reciprocating calls from box to box. Or what was it? A graduate volunteered information. It was *a good time*. So I thought.

Why can't the Harvard boys have *a good time*? Why can't we have a Junior Exhibition (since that is abolished), a Promenade Concert as well as Instrumental, a Floral Exhibition and Talking Party at the Boston Theatre? Give it up.

#### A. WARD REDIVIVUS.

THE following is a true copy, *mirabile dictu*, of a letter recently received by a lady not a hundred miles from Cambridge, from a housekeeper who left her service some three years since. The entire absence of punctuation from beginning to end almost tempts me to follow the genius who gathered all the various marks of punctuation into two or three solid pages at the end of his book, with the advice to his readers to "pepper and salt it to suit their tastes;" but it will be as well, perhaps, for every one to carry the pepper-box in his own head and spare the "Advocate" the charge of monotony which a page of punctuation would be sure to call forth:—

B \* \* , N.Y., }  
March the 9th. }

DER MADAM

I Have takin the  
Liberty to Brack the Cillenc wans  
Mor as i hav wated Solong for a Answer  
To my last Plis to favour me with  
Answer to this and lat me now

How you ar and all the famly  
And hoping this will find you all  
Will as it levs me very will ind  
Biter than i hav ben in yers i  
Hav Ben at hom all the winter  
And the Rison was that i was so long  
In gitin to town the famly was  
Brakin up hous Kipin and would  
Not Part with me till all was  
Packe up and sint to town thay  
Ar Bording this winter and is  
Not gon to cip hous this yer  
The lady was at the watercur  
Last sumer and think of gon  
Back this sumer and to Urop in  
The fall so that levs me to look  
For a hom wich i am fuly abel  
And can giv the Bast of Renferencess  
To Any wan that wishes my servess  
My der frind may i tak the  
Liberty in askeng your Intrass  
In my favour should you her of  
Anything to sut me i should ever  
Remember the Kendness as i Perfer the  
Cuntry to the Cety and should i  
Be fortnitinuff to com to Boston  
Mass i will com to stay  
Hoping to her from you son  
As i am ansus to do sumthing  
Rants is very hy her and i should  
Brack up my hom if i was to  
Lev the cety i wil sa nomor  
Bit liv the mater with u  
Plis to Remember me to your  
Hisbend and all the famly  
With mich love to yourself  
Truly your himbel servant

\* \* \*

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.  
CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 14, 1868.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—The inclosed extract from the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History describes a method of collecting and using information, which has proved of such service to myself and others that I send it to you, in the hope that it may be of service to those of your readers who are preparing to write or to speak on special subjects, and who find it difficult to carry in the memory, all they may wish to say upon it.

Very truly yours,

BURT G. WILDER.

DR. B. G. WILDER described a method he had used for the collection and arranging of information; he thought it superior to other methods when *all* the requisites are considered.

It consists in the brief statement of facts, ideas, or references to books, written upon one side of a slip of paper five inches in length by two and one-half in width, and equal to the sixth part of a sheet of note paper.

A few of these blanks are carried in the pocket, and advantage is thus taken of opportunities for recording and preserving information which the *time, place*, or state of mind, would not permit to be written out in full, or which might be forgotten before a fitting opportunity should occur.

These slips are then distributed at leisure into envelopes, which are sealed at the side, but cut off at one end, the other end bearing the title of a subject.

By keeping these slips *separate* in envelopes, it is evident that an indefinite subdivision of each general subject can be made by simply increasing the number of envelopes and redistributing the slips.

The slips may then be used either for simple reference, or, if in preparation of a lecture or communication, by arranging them on the table in any desired order, and then transcribing parts of them in form of notes; while for a written paper they serve to indicate the general order of discussing a subject.

He thought this method superior not only to notebooks, and writing out in full at the time, but also to other forms of small notes, especially when the slips are in any way joined together.

The method proposed makes sure of the essential fact or idea in a brief form, and the slips, being kept separate and of uniform size, may easily be carried and arranged, or re-arranged in any order at any time.

#### ATOMS.

##### TOOK.

He took a fancy when he came,  
He took her hand, he took a kiss,  
He took no notice of the shame  
That glowed her happy cheeks at this.

He took to come of afternoons,  
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,  
He took her master's silver spoons,  
And after that he took his leave.

At a very large meeting of the Atlantic Base Ball Club, held March 10th, the following nine were selected for the season of 1868: Mills, c.; Zettlin, p.; Start, 1st b.; Smith, 2d b.; Ferguson, 3d b.; Pratt, s. s.; Chapman, l. f.; Crane, c. f.; Pearce, r. f. Substitutes—McDonald, Kenny, Webber. They intend starting on their western trip about the first of June. They will go through the State of New York, and as far west as

Chicago and St. Louis, play all the leading clubs at the West, ten or twelve games in all. The trip to New Orleans has been postponed for the present.

THE officers of the ATHLETICS for this year are as follows: J. F. Smith, President; H. Hayhurst, L. L. Webster, Wm. Meeser, J. R. Lyndall, Vice-Presidents.

John H. Lynch is president of the Keystones. The nine will be chosen from the following players: Woods, Cope, Flowers, Heubel, Gwynn, Burleigh, Dick, Albertson, McMullin, Ewell, Robinson, McClarin, Smith, Deal, and Watt. It is rumored, also, that Malone, Weaver, and Cuthbert will play with the Keystones.

THE EUREKAS expect to present a superior nine.

We hope, says the "Philadelphia City Item," the players of this city will be regularly and liberally paid for their services. A good player is worth at least, \$20 per week. If men are paid, let it be done openly. Base Ball is now a profession. We object to deception in this matter.

YALE has recently received from Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, a donation of \$10,000, to go towards the erection of a new Theological Hall.

AT Michigan University, they have recitations before morning prayers.

AT Hamilton College, students are rusticated for seventy marks. The scale is nicely graduated. Whispering, one mark; feet on the seats, two marks; reading in the chapel, five marks, &c., &c.

MISS BALDWIN, a young lady of twenty-one, is Professor of Greek, in the Baker University of Kansas.

AT Monmouth College, Thursday, the 27th of February, the day of prayer for colleges, was observed by suspension of recitations, and the holding of religious services.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY (Oxford, Ohio), must foster some choice spirits, to judge from the language of the "Miami Student." "One who is not acquainted with the scum which, unendurable at home, is sometimes shoved off into college, would form a low estimate, judging from the detestable tricks which have been perpetrated of late, not only of the mental and moral acquirements, but also of the degree of enlightenment among the votaries at the shrine of knowledge assembled at our school. The annoyances of these hair-brained, contemptible cowards infesting college are becoming unendurable."

In the Michigan "University Chronicle," appears an advertisement of a "Students' Lecture Association," with the announcement of a forthcoming lecture, by Theodore Tilton, and readings by Murdock. The idea of such an association is an excellent one. Harvard, we think, might well take pattern in this from her younger sister.

## EXCHANGES.

A *PORT*, writing in the "Michigan University Magazine," begins thus:—

"What if our sweet youth  
Could keep its bloom and beauty  
Through time's *ruth*;  
If hearts ne'er lost their freshness,  
Souls their virgin truth;  
If love could wear undimm'd  
Its *aureole*,

What then?"

We confess we should give it up without going farther.

OUR Junior exhibitions have long been looked upon by the many students here, who are so eager for reform, as an irksome and useless show. They hail the probable abolition of the time-honored custom as a triumph of new ideas over old fogysm. It may surprise them to learn that at Michigan University, an institution characterized by thoroughly modern views and methods of education, the Junior exhibitions have been found so interesting and profitable, that an annual Sophomore exhibition has been started. One attractive feature of the latter is that all the speeches are in English, and each only of five minutes' length.

THE "Yale Courant" bases a very sensible article about the neglect of common English studies by students upon the "remarkable fact, that in the examination for admission to Yale College, last summer, twenty were conditioned in arithmetic."

THE same paper figures up that 38 colleges in this country received during the collegiate year 1866-67, benefactions amounting altogether to \$3,481,000.

"THE AMHERST STUDENT" sighs for a gallery of art, and, having suggested the noble idea, expects soon to see it realized:—

"We learn that casts of all the finest statuary in the European galleries can be obtained at a very moderate cost, and their presence on our college hill would be a continual inspiration. Quite a number of our most loyal Alumni are said to have fine collections of paintings, and would undoubtedly be glad to contribute to such an object. It has long been the custom at Dartmouth for the graduating class to contribute books enough to fill one shelf of the college library, and they are ever after known as their donation; and we think, that our classes, as they go forth, would be glad to leave some memento of themselves in a gallery of art. We throw out these suggestions, hoping that all who are interested in the college will follow them up, and that we may soon have a collection of paintings and statuary that shall rival any in the land."

THE Racine College "Mercury" asks: "But where is the 'Advocate?' Has it gone where the 'wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?'"

No, indeed! just the opposite. It has been going regularly to *Racine College*. But the "Mercury" is, perhaps, not aware that we have a four weeks' vacation in February, during which time the "Advocate" is not issued.

IN an article on "The International Boat Race," the "Yale Courant" remarks:—

"Viewing the matter in all its bearings, we are of the opinion that the stipulation of the Harvard crew was a just and proper claim due to their ingenuity and skill, and very improperly denied them by their competitors over the ocean. We can discover no good reason why the Harvard crew should carry a make-weight because the Oxford crew could not dispense with it, and thereby encumber their craft, and impede its progress. The equality of the race does not consist in the weight carried by the contesting boats, else the entire crew of each boat should be weighed, and the one having the lighter crew should carry the difference in ballast. Her equality is found in the facts that the boats are of the same sort, and propelled by oars in the hands of an equal number of oarsmen. Her coxswain is a guide, and, as his services can be dispensed with, is not entitled to any consideration.

"We foresaw this very difficulty in the outset, and greatly feared lest the Harvard crew, in their anxiety to have an international boat race, would place a coxswain in their own boat, and thereby jeopardize their chances of success. On the whole, we are glad the negotiations have come to an end, as our sympathies were naturally enlisted on the side of our own university; and we had every reason to fear, if the American crew yielded the point of difference, that they would be beaten as badly as Hamill was beaten by Kelly."

"PAINTING," "*Πάρει Μάρος*," and several other excellent contributions, lie over until our next.

RECEIVED.—"The Round Table," "The Brunonian," "The Vidette," "The Hamilton Campus," "The Western Collegian," "The McKendree Repository," "The Philadelphia City Item," "College Courier," "Asbury Review."

## CARD.

THE Committee for the purchase of books for the Institute Library, acknowledge with thanks the gift, by the editors, of Vols. II., III., & IV. of the Harvard "Advocate." Wishing to take advantage of the generosity of the editors to secure a *complete* set of the "Advocate" for the Library before it is too late, the Committee will gladly pay a reasonable price to any person who shall bring the three numbers of the "Collegian," and first six of the "Advocate," Vol. I, to S 12.



**J. A. WHIPPLE,**  
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**G**ENTLEMEN having no further use for their **WHERRIES**, may find a purchaser by sending the length, width, weight, name of builder, and price, complete, also the time at which they will deliver the same, to Express Co., Boston, to C. S. K., Box 314, P.O., New York. tf

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**PIANO-FORTE**  
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**CABINET-ORGAN WAREROOMS,**  
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Also, Silk Hats of our own manufacture. A great variety of Hats for every-day wear, travelling, and for evening pleasure, viz., BOZ, HUMBOLDT, UPDEE, LORD STANLEY, ENGLISH OXFORDS, SILK SOFT HATS; CAPS; CLOTH HATS. CANES, of various descriptions. Also SILK AND GINGHAM UMBRELLAS

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Discount from local prices made to Students.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,

AT RANDIDGE'S OLD PLACE,  
25, School Street,

Invite attention to their recent importations of English Goods.

References, — The Clothes that they make, and the Students that wear them.

"SISTE, VIATOR,  
Submitte collum tonsori,  
Et abi alter Adonis."

J. L. HADDOW,  
BARBER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

Will give your hair the most fashionable cut, shave you in the most easy manner, and give you a most delightful shampoo. The past ten years' experience with the graduates of Harvard in the *tonsorial art* will be sufficient recommendation for those gentlemen who may honor him with their patronage.

J. L. HADDOW,  
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Clothing and Variety Store,  
ON BRATTLE STREET,

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Particular attention paid to Dyeing and Cleaning clothes for students. Work taken to and from the College rooms at request. Please leave your orders at post-office, box No. 684.

N.B. — Highest price paid for cast-off Clothing.

JAMES H. THOMAS,  
TAILOR TO THE COLLEGE.

Mr. THOMAS, lately of London, England, respectfully invites the attention of Harvard Students to his superior facilities for suiting them, and hopes that they will examine his goods at least before purchasing elsewhere.

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Opposite Temple Place,  
BOSTON.

HARVARD BOOKSTORE,  
Harvard Square,  
Corner of Dunster Street.

B. H. RICHARDSON,  
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That he is prepared to sell on credit at low rates. Accounts to be settled at the beginning of each term.

HE WILL KEEP IN STOCK

Text Books,  
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Furniture repaired in the best manner. Carpets made and put down; Mattresses made over; Shades and Draperies re-hung.

Upholstering done in the most stylish manner. Perfect satisfaction given.

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J. H. HUBBARD (successor to A. S. Wiley & Co.)  
HIS COLUMN.

HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE. — No. VII.

The historian finds an interesting subject for reflection in the changes which towns undergo in the process of growth. North Square, in Boston, was once eminently respectable, while the South End was a pastoral cow-pasture. Here in Cambridge, at the present day, no person of any position dares to live south of Main Street. But, following the example of other cities, we may reasonably expect that the marshes between Brighton Street and Mount Auburn will yet become our South End. Then, we may expect to see desolation in high places: Kirkland Street, a row of flourishing grog-shops and dance-houses; Quincy Street, which now harbors more brain than any other of its length in New England, may some day be occupied by our uncles the pawnbrokers, by dealers in old junk, and by dwellers in hovels. The "yard," having become more valuable for business purposes than for a Parnassus, may be covered with structures where are sold at wholesale, groceries, produce, leather, paints, oils, and dye-stuffs. Yet will Harvard Square remain the focus of the retail trade, and prominent — "the observed of all observers" —

JOHN H. HUBBARD, APOTHECARY,

Dealer in fine toilet articles and druggists' preparations; pure candies (the confectionery maker says I am the most difficult customer to please with chocolate creams that he has).

Wiley's Glycerine Lotion, for chapped hands; fine tooth-brushes and alkalescent tooth-powder; English hair-brushes and combs; cloth brooms and brushes; excellent sponges, soaps, and shaving materials; violin and guitar strings; choice pomades and perfumery, besides a multitude of unconsidered trifles, appropriate to an elegant apothecary store.

A professional appearance must be preserved; yet the important element of TOBACCO may be so interwoven as not to appear incongruous; so out of hidden receptacles, from off back shelves, from under counters and drawers, start out, when necessary, stacks of Lone Jack, of Ryan's Green Seal, of Olive, of Three Belles, Queen Bee, and Flower of Virginia, *et id omne genus*; of superior old cut cavendish and "Gravellys;" and when you come to talk of Perique, my boy! if you have had none of *this* lot, you are to be pitied indeed. Of all these, enough to give every man, old woman, and child in H. U. a generous bag full.

Here fragrant Havana cigars and cigarettes lie peacefully side by side with those of other nations, and friendly rivalries arise between domestic and imported Figaros.

Just received from New York a splendid lot of carved wood pipes, cigarette tubes, tobacco jars, new styles of Gambiers, Powhattans, and numerous other novelties.

COLD SODA WATER.

NOTE — [*Vide* "Advocate," No. 1, vol. v.] I deny the charge of winding up for this term. Some wretch did it to experiment on my good nature. That man would try to shoot rotten egg-shells out of a wooden mortar—"a fowl and pestilent congregation of vapors."

Just Received, per "China,"

A LARGE LOT OF GAMBIER BOWLS.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT

Offers to the students (*at the store next Haddow's, third door from Sever & Francis*) a most complete assortment of the choicest brands of Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Cigarettes, and every thing else that he who loves the weed can long for.

Especially he recommends his Figaros, Las Angelitas, Los Cohibas, Jenny Linds, and other fine brands of Cigars, with the 3 Belles, Green Seal, Golden Turkish, Virginia, Olive, Lone Jack, cut Perique, Natural Leaf, Cavendish, and Navy, for smokers. Also, Fruits and Flowers. Gambier Cigarette Papers. Meerscham Pipes repaired.

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Brighton Street, four doors from Harvard Square.

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LEVY, LEVY, LEVY,

*Terque Levy,*

would respectfully announce to the

UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY,

that he will, *after some little conversation*, gladly pay for old clothes twice what they are worth to the seller, and half what they are worth to himself; that, for a small pecuniary consideration, he will renovate and repair garments which are worse for wear.

Orders may be left at Mr. Richardson's.

CLOTHES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

*"Whate'er he done was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."*

THEN GO TO

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A discount made to Students.

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Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

# THE ADVOCATE.

APRIL 10, 1868.]

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR."

[VOL. V.—No. III.]

## YOUTH OF HARVARD.

### THE MAID'S REPLY.

*\*Ἀφρων, σ'ὑποστρέφομαι.*

YOUTH of Harvard, proud upstart,  
Gladly would I take my heart  
Back into my maiden breast,  
Had it ever left its nest  
To a fop like you to fly:

*\*Ἀφρων, σ'ὑποστρέφομαι.*

By that dangling seal and chain,  
Idol of your silly brain;  
By that slender cane you swing,  
Just to show your signet ring;  
By that swelly, silken tie, —

*\*Ἀφρων, σ'ὑποστρέφομαι.*

By those tightly-fitting pants,  
Cut from patterns just from France;  
By that scanty bit of hair,  
Which upon your lip you wear;  
By that hypocritic sigh, —

*\*Ἀφρων, σ'ὑποστρέφομαι.*

Youth of Harvard, silly boy,  
E'er to think I'd be your toy!  
Cambridge will not care a sou,  
When it bids farewell to you.  
Shall I care? Oh, no, not I!

*\*Ἀφρων, σ'ὑποστρέφομαι.*

MINNIE F.

## JONES'S SUSPENSION;

OR,

## LOVE AND CHEMISTRY.

### I. IN WHICH JONES ARRIVES AT CHUTTAWUMPSKA.

THE following story, I regret to say, is founded principally on facts. It happened several years ago, and the hero and heroine are now happily married. It is not sensational, and it is, I may safely say, calculated to produce a highly moral effect; else I should not think of inserting it in this paper.

The family of Jones was in tears, the sire of Jones was wrathful, the Faculty of Harvard having suspended Jones. Jones himself was somewhat bewildered. He had passed his Freshman year with little credit, but had greatly improved during his Sophomore year. He felt that he had no chance of combating the stern decree of the Faculty; and he consoled himself, when he saw his father's anger, by the apt reflection that "Tempus" is the "edax" of "rerum," as the Latin bard has beautifully said. Jones being suspended, it was necessary to procure him a tutor. His father informed him that he had made arrangements for a worthy clergyman, living in Maine, to fill this position. Remonstrance was in vain: in vain did Jones declare that this clergyman must be behind the times in his scholarship, and that an autumn in Maine must infallibly injure his health; the fiat had gone forth from the lips of the head of the house of Jones, and the scion of the afore-said house reluctantly obeyed.

The residence of the Rev. Ephraim Pinworm was charmingly situated, in the town of Chuttawumpska, Maine. At the time of our narrative, the Rev. Ephraim Pinworm was in the sere and yellow leaf. There were several reasons for this. Firstly, he had learnt all that Harvard College could teach, a circumstance which often causes premature debility; secondly, his parish rendered him such poor support, that he was forced to take summer boarders; and, thirdly, he was old. Twice a week the boat touches at the pier of Chuttawumpska, and once every two years the Rev. Ephraim Pinworm made a pilgrimage to Cambridge, depositing several of his sermons in the Harvard Library, and bearing away material for future discourses.

While I occupy the place of guide through this picture gallery, do not do me the wrong to suppose that I arrogate the position of master to you, the ignorant learner; but believe me that I have only entered this noble hall, and stepped back to beckon you to enter, — you who may appreciate these pictures more truly than I, and to whom my enthusiasm may seem childish.

One of the finest pieces of word-painting in the language is "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats. Perhaps none of the modern poets, unless it be Shelley, has so delicate a sense of beauty, and so quick an eye to appreciate fine touches, as Keats. This is remarkable in all his poems; but most of all, "St. Agnes' Eve." His love of pure color is so ardent, that he is almost led astray by it; his poems reminding one of Mr. Babcock's pictures, where drawing is sometimes sacrificed to combination of splendid hues. What an imagination it must have been to conceive the —

"Casement high and triple arched there was,  
All garlanded with carven imageries, —  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gales on Madeline's fair breast;"

as well to the —

"Lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon."

And how a shudder runs through the frame to picture the following image: —

"That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
And all his warrior guests, with shade and form  
Of witch and demon, *and large coffin-worm*,  
Were long be-nightmared."

"Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil," by the same author, though not so strikingly beautiful, has touches yet more delicate, if it were possible, than the last. It has been said that Keats put some of his own vitality into every one of his poems, and this wonderful vigor can be seen on every page. Who but Keats would have thought that the ghost of a dead man would be soiled by the earth in which he had been buried? —

"The forest tomb  
Had marred his glossy hair, which once could shoot  
Lustre into the sun, . . . .  
. . . . and past his learned ears,  
Had made a miry channel for his tears."

A poem of a very different order from either of these is, "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich," by Clough. This has peculiar charms for a college student, as it is a tale of what happened to a party of Oxonians in the Highlands of Scotland, during the long vacation. The author himself is a thorough student, has caught and embodied the very essence of student life, the freedom bounded by self-imposed rules, the vigor of action and laziness, the business of life combined with deep thought. The hexameter measure, and the fine imitation of Homer, combine to render passages which might be commonplace, humorous; and those which are deep, sublime. The whole poem is a solution of a problem which comes at some time to almost every man. Philip, the hero, disgusted at the conventionalities of the world, and at mere fashion, declares that manual labor alone is the true state of mankind, and that whatever is useful is beautiful. Suddenly roused from this theory, he rushes to the opposite extreme, and asserts that there is something higher than mere work; that it is right for the poor to work on and remain poor, provided that thus the rich may be made more refined. Circumstances lead him to modify greatly this belief, and he comes at last to see that neither in the one extreme nor the other is the true position of a man (or rather of a woman, for his experience is gained among these); but that the medium is here, as elsewhere, the right path: —

"Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered.

Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty;  
Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for."

It is sometimes said of a man, by way of reproach, that he changes his mind; rather should a man be reproached for not changing his mind; and, in this case, one cannot help feeling an earnest regard for the noble, impetuous Philip, changeful though he is. And who, too, can re-

sist a feeling of jolly good-fellowship for the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay, who has such pleasant bits of college-slang,—that spice of which a little is so pleasant, and a great deal so disgusting; and who is so ingenious in his use of it:—

“Seven whole days in castle and forest,—gay in the mazy  
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the horny.”

The poem is filled with pleasant passages, true philosophy, and deep thought, and should be more generally known than it is.

But I have already spoken at too great length, and have no space to mention that glorious thing, “The Angel in the House,” by Coventry Patmore, where love is so shown in its true light, so noble, so ennobling, that it seems as if one, after reading it, could never have a selfish thought or low aim.

What an exalted idea of constancy does this verse, for example, show!—

“Who is the happy husband? He  
Who, scanning his unwedded life,  
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,  
’Twas faithful to his future wife.”

In no poem is love so exalted, so refined, and yet shown to be such a working power in life, as in this one; and although the rhythm is sometimes far from smooth, and the metre defective, yet these faults only enhance the value of the poem, as showing the earnestness of the author.

But I must not even speak of that sweet little picture, “The Four Bridges,” by Jean Ingelow, or attempt to detain you on Tennyson’s tremendous “Love and Duty.”

Although I have blurred these fair pictures by attempting to display them, yet, if one shall hereby be induced to examine them for himself, my intention will be fulfilled. EARL.

INSTITUTE OF 1770.

ORATOR . . . . . ROGER WOLCOTT.

POET . . . . . C. H. SWAN.

FAR away on the coast of the Northland,  
The shore is broken with years;  
And, hushed to the sob of the ocean,  
For ever is wet with its tears.  
Yet the spot has a strange fascination,  
Though roughly its features are cast;  
For a tale of the heart’s own creation  
Has linked us with those of the past.  
’Tis said that an old elfin people,  
Now chained in the caverns of earth,  
One day shall arise from their slumbers,  
To give to their land a new birth.  
And to see them come forth from its bosom,  
We’ll go in the spring of the year;  
For ’tis then that the sweetest of fairies,  
The loveliest wood-nymphs, are here.  
And the land is in smiles, from the ocean  
Soft whispers the welcoming voice,  
To the elfin creation of flowers,  
That answers: Rejoice ye, rejoice!

## JONES’S SUSPENSION;

OR,

## LOVE AND CHEMISTRY.

(CONTINUED.)

### III. IN WHICH JONES MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

NEARLY two weeks had passed, and Jones was rapidly becoming habituated to life at Chuttawumpska. The Rev. Ephraim Pinworm was by no means a bad tutor. He revelled in classics, he did tolerably well in mathematical branches, but was not well acquainted with chemistry, in which Jones was most deficient. The ladies were still assiduous in their attentions to Jones, with the exception of Alice Kennedy, who, indeed, had little to do with any members of the family.

It was a lovely morning in September, when Jones started for a ramble along the picturesque coast of Chuttawumpska. As he walked, he suddenly perceived, seated in a cleft among the rocks, Mrs. Pinworm, Griselda, and Madame Chagaré. The ladies were conversing together, and did not see him; so Jones took a circuitous path over their heads, in order not to disturb them.

The rocks on most parts of the Maine coast possess this striking peculiarity; *i.e.*, that an individual can walk away from a point situated on their surface, and, after several minutes of ascent and descent, will arrive at last to the place whence he started; so that Jones, supposing himself to be far away from the ladies, seated himself directly above their heads on what we may as well call a "jutting crag."

Chuttawumpska zephyrs immediately bore the sound of Griselda's voice to the ears of Jones.

"She had," remarked that young lady, "when she came here, a lovely organdie foulard trimmed in the sweetest manner with tarleton and delaine, while the ruche was of gored poplin lined with lilac crêpe, and gathers of brocade."\*

"How sweet!" murmured all three ladies simultaneously.

"Well," continued Griselda, "one day I saw that she had a large yellow stain upon it; and, when I asked her what it was, she said, abstractedly, ' $\text{SO}_3$ ,' and then grew red and confused. I think she must be insane."

"There's something strange about it," said Mrs. Pinworm decisively. "When they come here, they took two rooms, and she's kept one of them locked ever since. I peeked through the keyhole to see whether she had any thing bad there; but I couldn't see nothing at all. That's the room right under your one, Madame Chickory. Perhaps you've noticed something there?"

"Noticed? *Mon doo*, I have," said Madame Chegaré. "This morning a smell—I shudder to recall it to my nose and my mind—enveloped my room. It was diabolical, it was disgusting. 'Where did it come from?' I asked myself. Then suddenly I hear the window open beneath me, and Miss Kennedy pours out on the ground a fluid of a ravishing mauve color, which caused this horrible odor. As my head went

out from the window above, her head went in at the window below with fierce precipitation. Do you wish to know what I think? It is this: she is a second Catharine de Medicis."

"I've often thought so myself," assented Mrs. Pinworm.

At this moment, the three ladies caught sight of Jones's legs, which impended over their heads from the rock above. Being addressed immediately by Griselda, he leaped down, and escorted them home, wondering about the mystery which hung around Alice Kennedy, but deciding, finally, that it was none of his business.

This sage decision brought its own reward; for the next day the young lady came voluntarily to him, and said,—

"Mr. Jones, I want to confide in you, and ask your assistance."

Jones looked at her delighted. She seemed prettier and fresher than ever; she was dressed with charming simplicity; but there was a curious perfume about her, which Jones, to his infinite surprise, recognized as that of nitric acid.

"Nothing can delight me more than to be able to assist you in any way," replied Jones, with gallantry.

"Then let me avow to you, Mr. Jones," replied she, "that I am a passionate student and admirer of—Chemistry. You start, Mr. Jones, and I see that, like all others, you are surprised that a young girl should like, and avow her liking for, that unappreciated science. But Chemistry enters into every department of life; the formation of the useful and the beautiful alike depend upon it; and the rose which gratifies our æstheticism has elements in common with that humble article of food, the unassuming doughnut. But I ask pardon for my enthusiasm. You are a student; you can help me, Mr. Jones, and I ask you,—will you?"

"I will," exclaimed Jones, with fervor. At this moment, however, Alice Kennedy was called away, and Jones was left alone. Reflections concerning his rash promise then shot through his mind. "My worst condition was on Chemistry," thought he gloomily; "so how can I help that lovely creature? I will, I must

\* *Note by the author.*—I will not vouch for this report of the style of dress worn by the heroine being entirely correct; but the dress had various different articles such as mentioned, though, perhaps, not grouped together in the exact manner described above. To speak metaphorically, the author is certain that his atoms and molecules are all right, though his compounds may not be.

reform, and become proficient in this branch. Henceforth I will devote my fullest attention to Chemistry, and thou, fair analytical, synthetical, and metathetical science, shalt lead me on to love."

With which remarkable declaration, Mr. Jones went in to dinner.

#### IV. IN WHICH THE SCIENCE OF CHEMISTRY BECOMES POPULAR AT CHUTTAWUMPSKA.

Need we say after this how happily the days of Jones passed by? Hard study over scientific works was rewarded, and amply rewarded by the practical application of chemical rules, which he and Miss Kennedy carried on together. What a divine sight it was to see her, with her face beaming with delight, her magnificent hair wound tightly in a knot at the back of her head, and her sleeve rolled back from her lovely arm, pouring nitric acid upon some unfortunate substance, which immediately collapsed, and turned into gas! With what delight she would gaze at the process by which zinc was converted into German silver or something else. Her face would beam, as previously remarked, with delight; and, in gazing upon her, Jones felt abundantly recompensed for the gradual destruction of his wardrobe: most of the articles in which were covered with honorable stains.

Then at dinner, when she appeared elegantly dressed, and he put on his regulation black coat, such charming conversations as this would ensue:—

*Alice.*—Will you give me a glass of  $H_2O$ , Mr. Jones?

*Jones.*—Certainly. 'Tis quite cold, to-day. I should think you would need more carbon in your food than you have there.

*Alice.*—On the contrary, I think there is not oxygen enough.

*Griselda.*—(*Soliloquizing.*) Some people have great secrets with each other.

*Madame C.*—Mon Doo! Some people are young, my Griselda.

*Jones.*—(*Pretending not to notice this remark of Madame Chegaré.*) Will you have some gravy?

*Alice.*—Thank you, no. It tastes as if there were  $H_2SO_4$  in it.

*Mrs. Pinworm.*—We don't put that kind of stuff into no victuals in this house, and never did.

Mrs. Pinworm, in fact, invariably cut short these conversations by pointed remarks concerning "gibberish," but in Mrs. Kennedy's sitting-room Jones found a refuge where he could sit evenings, and read aloud to the adorable being by his side, not only Tennyson and other poets, ever dear to lovers, but far more instructive works on chemical topics; and if, while describing some elaborate chemical process, a momentary sensation of *ennui* stole over him, it was dispelled by one glance at the beautiful, interested face before him.

But of course all this could not go on unobserved when two women were in the house. Madame Chegaré and Griselda had discovered that the bond which drew Jones and Alice together was merely a chemical affinity. With feminine rapidity of mind, they both determined that Miss Kennedy had attracted Jones through means of chemistry, whereas the real fact was that chemistry had attracted him through means of Miss Kennedy.

The month of October was near, and matters were in this situation. The Rev. Ephraim was teaching Jones, who learnt beautifully. Jones and Miss Kennedy were trying all sorts of preposterous chemical experiments, and the other two ladies were lost in the mazes of Jones's copy of "Chemical Physics," which they had insanely attempted to learn by heart.

#### V. IN WHICH OCCURS THE ONLY THRILLING SITUATION OF THIS TALE.

Miss Griselda Pinworm and Madame Chegaré attacked Jones one morning as he left the house, saying that he had long promised to show them some chemical experiments, and that he really must do so immediately, because they were dying with curiosity and anticipation.

"But, ladies," remonstrated Jones, "I have nothing to experiment with."

"You can get some hydrogen, and make some zinc, surely," said Griselda,



"Or you might create some of the gas for to burn, in place of this abominable kerosene," said the Franco-American.

Jones then proceeded to explain that it was far more practicable in chemistry to destroy than to create.

"Still," said Griselda, "you must show us some experiments."

"Oh! certainly," repeated Madame Chagaré.

"Let me see," said Jones, in despair; "what chemical compounds have you in the house, Miss Pinworm?"

"Let me think," said Griselda reflectively. "Blue vitriol, syrup of squills, sulphur ointment, Russian salve, Sozodont, and you, Madame Chagaré, have rouge and other cosmetics: have you not, dear? And we have benzine, too, Mr. Jones."

Jones, to prevent any outburst of wrath on the part of Madame Chagaré, hastily said, —

"Very well, Miss Pinworm, at some future time I will go through with a large number of experiments with you."

"Oh, to-day!" said both ladies beseechingly.

"Very well," cried Jones, in desperation, "to-day, but not now. This afternoon will be soon enough."

Feeling that they had driven him to the utmost limit of forbearance, the ladies forced themselves to be satisfied with this declaration, and left him.

It was afternoon. The sun shone brilliantly upon the tinted waves of Chuttawumpska Bay, and the sweet death-look of nature seemed to rest on hill, tree, rock, — in short, on every thing in general. From the household of Pinworm sallied forth a female figure, with sketch-book. It was Alice Kennedy.

In about fourteen and a half seconds after, from the same domicile a male figure came forth also.

Reader, it was Jones!

In about ten feminine minutes, another female figure emerged from the Rev. Ephraim's mansion. In one hand she bore a basket; while, with the other, she was "fixing" her dress (I use the term collectively) in an effective manner.

Of course, it is clear to any one of moderate perceptions, that this was Griselda.

Griselda gradually lost sight of the couple whom she was pursuing. They had escaped her, and were seated together, underneath an overhanging rock. Griselda came slowly on, and rested upon the top of this rock. Her mind was filled with wrath, when she thought of Jones; with fury, when she thought of Miss Kennedy. Suddenly she heard voices beneath her.

Voice the first said, "How beautiful it is here!"

Voice the second replied, "Lovely!"

"Did you know," said the first voice, "that we are going away next week?"

"You cannot mean it," said the second voice in agonized tones.

"Yes. It is almost October, and mother thinks that she must return. I don't wish to go myself, for I do enjoy our Chemistry very much indeed, Mr. Jones."

There was a pause. Then Griselda heard the voice of Jones say, in tremulous accents, full of emotion, "Miss Kennedy, — Alice, — you have been the — the oxygen of my life here at Chuttawumpska. Tell me, will you — can you continue to be my oxygen for ever?"

Griselda was sick at heart, but intensely interested. She leaned forward over the edge of the rock, and saw Mr. Jones, with the greatest eagerness, bestow a kiss upon the young lady.

"Angel!" said he with fervor, "you have made life and Chemistry delightful to me."

A scream was heard from the rock above. As Griselda stretched herself forward, her long and somewhat angular foot knocked over the basket in which she had placed the compounds which were to serve in experiments. The glass bottles were broken, and the vitriol united with all the other fluids in permeating the Russian salve. The lovers hastened to her rescue. A smell, that was thoroughly diabolical, was mingled with the sweet sea-air. They raised Griselda, and led her home. A precipitate had been formed on the rocks, and vast quantities of various gases had been generated.

Griselda remained ill for several days. When she finally rose, it was discovered that her sense of smell was gone for ever; likewise that she had become deaf in one ear.

In one month after this tragic occurrence, Jones and the Kennedys departed from Chuttawumpska. Jones passed magnificent examinations, and did so well after his return to College, that he became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

As I remarked in the beginning of this story, this chemical pair are now united. On the next Class Day after the suspension was over, Jones and his love were to be seen enjoying themselves in various ways. The lady drew him finally to the laboratory; and there, gazing affectionately at the various paraphernalia connected with science, told him that she had resolved to make a sacrifice for his sake, and to give up Chemistry for ever.

She has kept her promise, without which Jones would never have been entirely happy. They are both growing quite stout, and are delightful people to know.

#### A WORD ON THE BOOK QUESTION.

MR. ADVOCATE,—It may surprise some of your readers, as it has done me, to learn that Messrs. Sever & Francis are obliged by their contract, not only to sell at ten per cent below the publisher's retail price\* (which, by the way, they have uniformly done), but also to have on hand books enough to supply the wants of a whole class, and to furnish text-books for use at examinations. Now, it would evidently be unjust to allow to Mr. Richardson all the advantages enjoyed by the University Bookstore, without imposing upon him any of its burdens; and these burdens could not conveniently be divided. But why should they be included at all in the contract with Messrs. Sever & Francis?

Suppose that firm had not contracted to supply whole classes with books, would there be any danger of the students being unable to obtain enough text-books? If one hundred men were desirous of buying any book at a reasonable price, I do not believe that the dealers

\* The publisher's retail price for text-books is invariably ten to twenty, and even thirty per cent greater than that charged in the Boston bookstores,

would refuse to sell it to them, even if there were as many as two bookstores in Cambridge. The public-school children probably find no difficulty in buying slates and pencils; though I suppose no man in Cambridge or Boston is obliged to sell them. When we frequently have to study text-books which are out of print, and when one class is now studying from notes dictated by a professor who reads the proof-sheets of his now unpublished book, would it not be quite as well to waive this argument?

Again, let us see what the furnishing of text-books for examinations amounts to. We will suppose that the University Bookstore has to supply several hundred dollars' worth of books for use at the annual and admission examinations, the books are, of course, more or less unsalable afterwards; here is an obvious loss. To remunerate themselves for this loss, Messrs. Sever & Francis, of course, charge higher prices than they otherwise would to the students who purchase of them. That is, one of the regular College expenses is paid by the students who deal at the University Bookstore, and not by those who purchase elsewhere. It would be equally just to charge the Commencement dinners to the men who board at the Thayer Club. The College could probably get the use of the text-books by paying a fair compensation, without thrusting the matter into a contract relating to a different subject.

#### A PATRON OF RICHARDSON'S.

THE effect of German poetry is to induce beginners to become wildly in love with the unique simplicity of Germany's leading poets. This assertion will be found verified in the following fragment, which may safely be said to be a long way —

#### AFTER HEINE.

Loudly near, unto my ear  
Comes that cursed ringing;  
Ring her, ring her, Mr. Jones,  
Ring for chapel singing.

Ring aloud, turn out the crowd  
Where the cold will freeze 'em;  
If you see a Goody round,  
"Sag', ich lass sie grüssen."

## THE ADVOCATE.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of these places. Terms \$1.75 per volume (ten numbers). Single copies, 20 cts.

## JASON.

KING PELIAS ruled Iolchos from his brother Æson wragged,

And gladly would his nephew, little Jason, too, have bagged;

But Æson said (in vulgar phrase) that he was no such fool,

So sent him to Mount Pelion, to Cheiron's boarding-school.

Young Jason was a lively boy; his height was six feet two;

He slung Chem. Phys., the German led, and held the champion cue.

At once to man's estate and to Iolchos town he came,  
And boldly told the trembling king his wants, descent,  
and name.

King Pelias had an onion in his handkerchief, — the scamp!

He wept, and said he'd right him, if it took his bottom stamp;

At tea, about the Golden Fleece, to lure him to his fate,  
He told a story long as any Institute debate.

Young Jason said he'd get that Fleece, and called to see him through

The heroes, of whom fifty came; and built for fifty-two  
The good ship "Argo;" and although their lovers said,

"Ah! stay,

And go not where the men are fierce, and rum is vile,  
they say,"

Yet off they went, and, coasting Lemnos, found that Bloomers then,

And only then, got Women's Rights, — by killing all the men.

As when, five minutes past the hour, some Freshman through the door

Of University whisks in, as ne'er he whisked before;  
So "Argo," having seen a dove pass with but loss of tail,

The pounding rocks Kyaneæ slipped through with oar and sail.

To Kolchis come, for King Æetes went that heavy crew.

"We'll take the Golden Fleece, sir, if it's all the same to you."

Said he, "My fifty sailor-boys, I rather like your cheek:  
Plough with my bulls, and fight the crop, and then take what you seek."

They caved; but Jason and Medea fell in love at sight;  
He tipped a wily wink to her; they met at ten that night.

She: "Take this jug of ointment, it will save from wound or scar."

He: "Wilt be mine, my dear?" and she: "You needn't ask papa."

Next morning to their Jarvisfield the Æans went *en masse*,

And saw our hero come it on the fiery bulls of brass.

They found they couldn't bully him. He caught them with a leap;

He yoked them to a patent plough, and turned a furrow deep;

He sowed the dragon's teeth therein, and up arose straightway,

To feed the festive crows, the Dragon's-teeth Mili-ti-a.

They went direct for Jason, but a foxy stone he threw;

A swate love of a shindy wid shillalies did ensue.

The king had kept them, but that night they boned the Golden Fleece,

And Jason with Medea said, "Boys! hit her up for Greece."

The king pursued. Medea cut his offspring into four.

The king, to save the pieces, stopped, — they made a spurt for shore.

When they got home, King Pelias wa'n't in a stew, perhaps:

They cut him up to make him young, and threw away the scraps.

Ten years passed by. The faithless scamp with Glauke fell in love,

And broke it to Medea. "You must go, my dear, my dove."

Medea got upon her mule, and put her pedal down ;  
 She poisoned pretty Glauke with a swelly Paris gown.  
 She kills her brats of six and nine, and then to Athens  
 wends ;  
 Old "Argo's" prow on Jason drops, and so the story  
 ends.  
 Not for all time, for nothing can of this fair tale deprive  
 us ;  
 And may it be for ever sung by Glee Club *Redivivus* !

### GEROLSTEIN UNIVERSITY.

WE quote the following from one of our exchanges, the "Gerolstein Court Gazette :"—

"The Grand Duchess and Prince Paul were sitting together at breakfast. No one else was in the room except her Highness' pet monkey, which was playing with the window curtain.

"'Paul,' said the Grand Duchess, 'I have an idea in my head.'

"'Tis true, 'tis pity ; pity 'tis 'tis true,' said the Prince Paul, taking a third egg.

"'I mean,' continued the Grand Duchess, 'to found a University.'

"'Go it,' said Prince Paul resignedly.

"'I learn from the Harvard Advocate,' said the lady, 'which the gentlemanly and remarkably good-looking editors send me regularly, that there are three things which every well-regulated University should possess. First, a Faculty and Overseers ; because, when people are dissatisfied with the Faculty, they can then appeal to the Overseers, who will inevitably sustain the Faculty.'

"'I agree with you,' said Prince Paul, whistling '*Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi*.'

"'You always do,' cried her Highness ; 'and it is very monotonous. Then, we must have a President.'

"'Fritz,' suggested the Prince Paul.

"'Why do you mention that odious creature to me, when you know that I detest him, and always did?' said the Grand Duchess.

"The Prince Paul said nothing, but took a fourth egg.

"'We must have a college paper,' said her Highness, gradually becoming mollified, 'and a University Bookstore.'

"'How hard that is !' said the Prince Paul.

"'They have one at Harvard,' rejoined her Highness.

"'I meant the egg, not the bookstore,' said the Prince Paul. 'Why not write to the Harvard Faculty about it?'

"The Grand Duchess accordingly wrote to Cambridge, and received advice to finish the University Bookstore at all events. The building is now complete, through the aid of the State fund ; and a subscription list will be started next week to erect the other University buildings."

### SOME POETICAL MOLECULES.

SOME time ago, the Editors of the "Advocate," finding that the poetical effusions published in this journal were greeted (to use a mild expression) with anathemas, resolved, that, for the encouragement of their poetical corps, they would address the following circular to the leading poets of England and America :—

"GENTLEMEN,—The 'Harvard Advocate' will be perfectly willing to publish, free of charge, any of the poetical efforts of your youthful days. It consents to do this for the sake of encouraging the youthful poets of this University. Very respectfully yours,

"THE EDITORS OF THE 'ADVOCATE.'"

After petitioning the Faculty for permission to send this circular away, copies of it were despatched to the most eminent of living poets. The fame of the "Advocate" made most bards very eager to write for it ; and many answers containing contributions were received. Feeling that some recompense ought to be given to these distinguished men, the Editors determined to award, as a prize for the best poem, a magnificent sewing-machine, to be paid for out of the bills then due the paper. Two things have prevented the execution of this noble intention : first, no contribution was good enough ; and, secondly, those bills have not yet been paid.

We select from the enormous number of articles sent us the following poems :—

#### ON A SPITEFUL DUN.

BY AL-D T-Y-N.

Here it is, my friend, — the long term's end,  
 And with it a spiteful letter,  
 Which says as how there will be a row  
 If I don't pay up better.

You want your pay, — that's what you say, —  
 But you fear that you'll never see it :  
 Well, if you do, 'twill be well for you ;  
 And, if you don't, why, you'll be hit.

O foolish man! get it, if you can,  
And put an end to these rages;  
If you trust me again, you're an evergreen,  
And will be one through future ages.

Every one will recognize the gifted hand of England's greatest poet in the above stanzas. Below we give the contribution received from his most distinguished and successful rival:—

## THE TWO VOICES.

BY M. F. T-PP-R.

Voice of the Future! Voice one and only!

Pray tell me aught of the world's wilderness!  
Answered the voice, then, mysterious and lonely,  
"That which we have not, we do not possess!"

Voice of the Past! Voice dead and long buried!

Pray tell me aught of this vain world below!  
Answered the voice from its grave dark and serried,  
"That which man knows not, no mortal can know."

We are forced reluctantly to leave the other contributions from English poets, that we may turn to the work of our household favorite:—

## THE WRATH OF SKALD THOROLD.

BY H. W. L-GF-LL-W.

"Valkyrie!" howled the Skald,  
High in Valhalla's halls,  
"Bring me the foaming bowl:  
'Tis Thorold calls."

Then rose the Valkyrie,  
Never was she afraid;  
"No, sir," said she, "not I:  
You have not paid."

Wrathful, the Skald began  
To raise a furious riot;  
Odin the Thunderer cried,  
"Peace there,—be quiet!"

In beautiful contrast with the polished sweetness of our most popular American poet is the following ode from the rising light of American literature:—

## TO A SWILL-CART.

BY W-T WH-T-N.

Incomprehensible Swill-cart!  
Are you aware that you fill me with wonder?  
What things have been in you!  
What things may yet be in you!  
Doesn't your owner (probably a Hibernian) often tire  
of you as a means of obtaining for him his daily  
meals, the chief ingredient in which is the whole-  
some potato?

Swill-cart, you are like life, and men are like swill.  
Pah!

Likewise "Ugh!"

You make me sick, O Swill-cart! and I drive you from  
my mind.

We have received from one of Harvard's most distinguished sons several poems to be read at the annual re-unions of his old class, in 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, and so on. He requests us to use but one, as the others are intended for the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly." As no one of these poems is less than thirty stanzas in length, we publish three stanzas of his poem for next year:—

## THE JOLLY OLD BOYS.

BY O. W. H-LM-S, M.D.

1829-1869.

Together we've met for a jolly old row;  
Let the life-blood flow fast through our arteries and  
veins,  
And when comes to-morrow, let no one know how  
This table-cloth met with so many red stains.

Here is Smith, who is fat, and Brown, who's all bones,  
And, as I read on, it excites them to glee;  
While cerebral movements still agitate Jones;  
And my shyness prevents me from speaking of me.

Dear boys, when we die and in Heaven we stand,  
And our hearts are delighted with happier joys,  
The angels will ask, "Who are those, hand in hand?"  
And this will we answer: "Lord, we are 'The Boys.'"

We have reserved, as a crowning glory to our selections from these many contributions, the following poem by Amherst's most distinguished son, sweet Springfield's poet. Should space permit us at some future time, we will give the contributions of Wh-tt-r, L-w-ll, M-tth-w A-n-ld, J-n Ing-l-w, Br-n-g, and very many others who have attempted to achieve immortality by sending their productions to the "Advocate." With the following beautiful and highly moral lay from the bard of the Connecticut Valley, we close our selections:—

## WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY J. G. H-LL-D.

If woman be an instrument,  
Harmonious truly in accord,  
She surely was by Heaven sent.  
If she aright obey the Lord,  
And know precisely what he meant

When he the Holy Bible wrote, —  
Or even if she don't,  
If I've a beam, shall I a mote  
Take from her? No, indeed I won't,  
For Joseph's brethren tore his coat.

As Moses, then, in Exodus,  
The Ten divine Commandments learnt,  
So women truth impart to us;  
For surely, if true women weren't,  
Life would be filled with care and fuss.

#### A CLASS-DAY IN 1968.

THE extreme reluctance which Winter has manifested in yielding to Spring the unreserved enjoyment of that portion of the year usually assigned her, almost compels us acquiesce in the astounding theory which rumor ascribes to Professor Agassiz; said theory being that the frigid zone is gradually widening, and that the winters will continue to increase in length to such a degree, that in another century there will be snow throughout what are now the summer months! "Well, who cares?" growl those who take no interest in posterity. But those who have some regard for that interesting class feel very differently. "What will the poor things do for Class-Day?" cries the gushing "maid of Cambridge;" and, as an answer to her pertinent inquiry, we give our own idea of what an extract from an "Advocate" account of a Class-Day at that time will be:—

"There was a fall of snow during the night; but the weather was clear at sunrise, and the paths were immediately broken out, by means of the snow-ploughs. The Seniors, in new overcoats and shining rubber boots, presented a very neat appearance. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, such as is best appreciated on a snowy morning, they formed in line, and marched to the church. The musicians, declaring that they could not play while wading through the snow, were drawn in a sleigh at the head of the procession. The rush at the church was rather a failure; at the first signs of an outbreak, the police made a vigorous assault on the most well-behaved of the by-standers; a little snow-balling was done, and then all was quiet. After the delivery of the oration and poem, the audience dispersed to enjoy the spreads, which were arranged with great taste and ingenuity. Winter-apples and cranberry-sauce were used as a substitute for strawberries (which we learn were one of the staples of a spread in times gone by), and, instead of ice-cream, many had dishes of hot soup. A temporary building, warmed by stoves, afforded shelter for the musicians, who furnished music for the 'dances on the crust.' It was hoped that this dancing on the crust would prove a great success on account of its novelty; but, unfortunately, the crust would not support the dancers, and the project was abandoned. The yard was dazzling in its snowy

covering, and perhaps in this particular our Class-Day excelled its predecessors; but the effect of the light dresses worn by the promenaders of the olden time was entirely lost,—for the ladies had their furs and dresses sadly disarranged, by riding from the Revere House to Charles Street in crowded sleighs; though many, anticipating storms, wore long water-proof cloaks. The sombre and dismal effect of this costume can be better imagined than described, and the second costume of the heroine of 'Kitty's Class-Day' seemed gorgeous in comparison. A slight accident took place, caused by a heavy snow-slide from the roof of Hollis; but, as no one was injured seriously, there was very little melancholy caused by this, and the occasion will always be remembered with delight by the Class of 1968."

#### THE HARVARD PARQUET.

DEDICATED TO MR. J. H. SELWYN.

Oh! dear is the yard of the College to me,  
And dear is my room in the attic;  
And dear all these scenes of collegiate glee,  
And dear is the chapel rheumatic.  
But there's one haunt of mine that's far dearer than they:

I refer, "my dear boys," to the Harvard Parquet.

There's a Thespian temple, beloved by us all,  
Which we fly to on benefit nights;  
Where all of the parts, both the great and the small,  
Are filled by dramatical lights.  
And looks, glances, smiles, and oft a bouquet,  
Are cast on the stage from the Harvard Parquet.

There is William the dashing, and Dora the fair,  
True artist and beautiful woman;  
And sweet little Susan, with lovely brown hair,  
And Crosstree, whose fun's superhuman.  
Good luck, Mr. S., so all of us say,  
Who gaze at such scenes from the Harvard Parquet.

'69.

WE have received several suggestions concerning reforms in the methods of arranging the College-yard. One individual declares that a path should be cut from Gray's Hall to the Steward's office, going through the fence. Another gives some ideas concerning dormitories which he thinks should be built between the Library and the Chapel, thus making University the centre of the yard. The third suggestion is the best of all. It proposes that the Faculty shall place seats in the yard, for the accommodation of students who desire to enjoy the beautiful moonlight evenings, which ought soon to set in. These suggestions are all valuable, and are submitted hereby to the Faculty.

## MUSICAL.

THE board of the Glee Club, new and resplendent, is again a regular ornament of the windowsills of University; and again the yard hears in the evening the old "Arion" airs. Indeed, with the prospect of the summer concert and of Class-Day evening, the latent talent, found, we understand, in our "infant terrible," is discovered none too soon.

The success is the result of the activity of organizations which ought to exist in every class,—the Class Glee Clubs; and we must praise the energy which resuscitated the '69 Club of twenty members, and the vigor with which a little group of Freshmen struggle through "Lovely Night" and "*Integer Vitæ*," and recommend such clubs as the best assistants and stepping-stones to the College Society.

Our readers will be glad to hear that another collection of songs is being made, by a member of '68, to contain the words of all the popular airs we have had since the publication of Mr. Hayes's book.

The songs will be printed in the form and of the size of the "Advocate," to admit of being bound with the present volume. They will be issued before the May recess; and every one of us will be glad to keep this memento of the songs of to-day, which will be obsolete and unsung in another year, and which will remind us, too, of so many College pleasures.

## "CARMINA COLLEGENSIA."

WE learn that Ditson will publish, about the middle of this term, a book, with the above title; edited by Mr. H. R. Waite, Class of '68, Hamilton College. It will contain the best and most characteristic songs of twenty-one colleges. Harvard, of course, will be duly represented. The aim of this work is to establish another bond of sympathy between the students of these institutions. Base ball and boating, and the ramifications of societies, secret and open, have already made our principal colleges somewhat acquainted with each other; and the acquaintance has been found profitable. It is now proposed to add to these introducing agents, another, no less power-

ful perhaps, and certainly having a wider field for action than either of them,—the joint possession of all the treasures of college song. It is not expected, nor is it to be desired, that the distinctive songs of any college should ever be supplanted by foreign productions, any more than that our distinctive colors should be exchanged or blended upon the ball-field. But, if Mr. Waite's book succeeds in simply making the musical men of the various colleges acquainted with each other's tastes, it will do a good work. From acquaintance will spring sympathy, and sympathy upon one point will beget kind feelings upon all. Even the non-musical men among us, if they believe in the principle laid down by Selden, that "More solid things do not show the complexion of the times as well as do ballads," will perhaps feel no little interest in the forthcoming book as an index of the characters of twenty-one American colleges.

---

At the meeting of the Freshman Class, held April 17, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of their classmate, ANDREW T. H. MUNROE:—

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from us our beloved friend and classmate, Andrew Townsend Hall Munroe,—

*Resolved*, That in him we have lost one who, by his genial kindness and by his warm and affectionate heart, had endeared himself to all. Of him we shall always think with the deepest regret, and with the warmest affection treasure up every remembrance of him who had so won the regard of all.

That, in this peculiarly sad visitation of God's providence, we feel more and more our own weakness, and yet would we be reconciled in the thought that it can only be for his own good purposes that he has removed our dear friend.

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his far-distant parents, trusting that God, in his mercy, may grant them strength to endure this, their severest affliction. To his relatives would we seek to offer our consolation for their great bereavement. We would also strive to solace and comfort our dear classmate whose prospects for his College course have been so early saddened by the death of his beloved brother.

That the customary badge of mourning be worn for thirty days.

That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

That these resolutions be published in the "Boston Advertiser" and "Transcript," and in the "Harvard Advocate."

W. S. BIGELOW, *Chairman*.

H. C. LODGE, *Secretary*.

#### ATOMS.

OUR financial agent calls for the payment of a Freshman's bill. To him the youth *loquitur*: "Yes, sir; I have endeavored to discharge my outstanding debt heretofore, but was informed, on application at the *Steward's office*, that the 'Advocate' bills were not yet received."

A PETITION eighteen feet three inches long, with six additional feet of names from the Law and Scientific Schools, has been forwarded to the Overseers of the College, in favor of Mr. Richardson's claims for equal facilities with the University Bookstore in the sale of our text-books. The Overseers have had an interview with a committee of undergraduates, and we hope for at least a fair competition.

WE would send the good wishes of the College to Professor Goodwin, who, with his wife, leaves for Europe on Saturday. We hear rumors, too, of the temporary loss of Professor Lovering.

THE Harvard Nine propose a summer trip, in a direction not yet decided on; probably to play with the prominent College Nines of the country. To lessen their personal expenses, it has been decided to bring out in Boston some of our College theatricals, which we all think so much of, and our friends want so much to see.

The plays will be presented at Horticultural Hall, before the May recess, and should have our heartiest aid.

WHY do we receive no contributions from the Class of '71? Surely there must be some in that large body who are able and willing to write for the College organ. They need only send their effusions to the "Advocate" through the post-office, or give them personally to some one of the editors.

It is rumored that one of our gravest professors was detected by a student, engaged in reading "Our Young Folks," while pretending to be hearing a recitation.

It is charming to see how eagerly the opportunity of quoting from Professor Cutler's "Stella" is seized by the many admirers of that gentleman. Not only are numerous quotations displayed in the "Advocate" from time to time; but an individual, who had just received a private, was heard to exclaim, as he came down University steps, —

"I have to mourn no broken vow, —  
But that is cheerless comfort now."

Not only has Atom heard a Freshman explain to one of his classmates that a Kensett, which "lets the sunlight through," must be some kind of a window-fastener; but he has a friend who is perpetually singing notes that —

"Sink thrilling, quavering, fainting down,  
Until they die upon the bass."

Atom himself has declared that he was "made fearfully aware" at the Regent's office, when he went there —

"To lay before the elder man

The moment's doubt, the trifling plan;"

and it is very certain that many an unfortunate, who has carried up a superb petition, has felt fearful that more than one member of the Faculty would —

"... point his agile wit,

To make delicious fun of it."

ONE of the favorite slang phrases at Harvard, last term, was, "to sling a filthy" any thing whatever. Upon a recent visit to Yale, Atom discovered a synonymous expression that was equally popular; viz., "to fling a nasty" something or other. Taking these two expressions as typical of the comparative degrees of refinement in the two colleges, which is entitled to precedence on the score of elegance?

WE were very happy this week, to receive a new exchange in the shape of the "Trinity Tablet." Its appearance, as regards typographical elegance, is good, and its contents compare favorably with the most of our college periodicals.

WE would call the attention of *Seniors*, and, in fact, of all students, to the column of Messrs. Lowell & Brett. Besides the American and National Bank-note Companies, there are no other firms in this country capable of producing such elegant and artistic work.

A LAGER-BEER tap is to be opened in the cellar of the reconstructed Kent's! Rally, Westerners!

#### EXCHANGES.

WE have received since last issue: Yale Courant, McKendree Repository, Gleaner, College Courier, Amherst Student, Hamilton Campus, College Echo, Wabash Magazine, Qui Vive, Williams Vidette, Virginia University Magazine, Racine College Register and Mercury, Michigan University Chronicle, Trinity Tablet, Radical, and Round Table.

The "Echo," all the way from California, merits especial praise.

WE welcome to our long list of college exchanges a new monthly, the "Griswold Collegian," of which the first number has come to us all the way from Davenport, Iowa. The editors of the "Advocate" send greetings to their brothers so far away.



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*ELLIOT'S, on Brighton Street.*

aPril 1st

p.S.,

i am xpecktin A lot ov Gambier boles, larj in siz, grotesk in shap, an, to uz the wurdz of the Gud buk, "ferefuli an wunderfuli maid." Kno phulin.

g. h. elliot.

Given this first day of April, 1868, at our store on Brighton Street. *Peace be with you!*

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Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

# THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 8, 1868.

NO. V.

## THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

THERE's a legend told  
In the Talmud old,  
How the flowers came;  
How the cold, brown earth  
Gave them happy birth,  
Sprung from grief and shame.

When from Paradise,  
Paying deadly price  
For the tasted fruit,  
Came our parents forth;  
Driven through the earth,  
Hand in hand and mute, —

From their weeping eyes,  
As dew from the skies,  
Fell their tears adown;  
And where each one fell,  
Lo! the miracle!  
From the earth so brown —

Sprang a beauteous flower,  
Clothed with wondrous power,  
To for ever shed  
Perfume rich and rare,  
Filling all the air,  
From its lowly bed.

Wandering down the earth,  
Lying drear in dearth,  
Went the sad ones on;  
Weeping at their doom  
Tears that turned to bloom,  
Smiling to the sun.

Thus the flowers came,  
Sprung from grief and shame,  
So the legend said;  
Things of beauty born,  
When, on that sad morn,  
Earth and tears were wed.

## PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

At length, we trust, the season is fairly opened; by this we mean that part of the college year, which, to the greater part of our students, is pre-eminently *the* season of the year. Dame Nature seemed this year almost to have lost her calendar, as one snow-storm and east wind succeeded another in rapid succession. But she has, at last, allowed her young daughter Spring to "come out," and smile upon her numerous and eager devotees. Once more, the sparkling river, the green turf, and the hard roads, invite the oarsman, the ball-player, and the pedestrian, to their favorite sports; while bright evenings, growing ever warmer, offer encouragement to the gentler charms of song. The external life of the College is thoroughly roused from the apparent torpor of the winter, and health and vigor pervade the very atmosphere. The pent-up vitality of the last eight months seems now to burst forth in a stream, and distribute itself in the various channels which lie open to it.

The season promises to be a very active and interesting one. The large number of undergraduates, — the largest, perhaps, we have ever had at one time, — and the ever-growing interest in athletic sports, have given things a great impetus, and one which, we hope, will not soon be lost or discouraged. Already, the crews are rowing twice a day; and the accustomed crowd of spectators assembles every evening on the platform and float. The Harvard is diligently trying men for its one vacant place, while the other crews are breathlessly and impatiently awaiting its decision, as affecting their own chances. Besides these, numerous wherries appear, in which the more leisurely take their daily exercise. Pairs and threes and fours of men are seen at all hours of

the day on the Delta, passing ball or striking up, while occasionally a regular game is going on. We believe, too, the cricketers are going to try to revive the game here, on their new ground on Jarvis, and bid fair to get up a good eleven.

There is no prospect this year of any thing quite so exciting and all-engrossing as last year's three games with the Lowells; but, to make up for this, we shall probably have games with the Yale and Williams University Nines; and we prophesy that the interest taken in these games will be of a healthier sort than could be felt in any games with the Lowells, after their conduct last summer. For the same reason, we do not fully sympathize with the project, which is being matured, of sending the Harvard Nine off on an excursion tour to play with a number of the professional nines of the country. We think that there are enough good college nines to give the Harvard Nine all the work it can want.

The class-races will come off, as usual, in June; and there will probably be four boats entered for the shell-race,—the three lower-class boats, and the Scientific Boat. We hope there will also be a race for Caps, though there is no immediate prospect of one.

Yale has, as we think, very unreasonably, refused to play our Juniors, and to row our Sophomores, so we shall be deprived of two interesting matches. We think the refusal to row entirely unreasonable, because Yale has just adopted the system of class-rowing, so that they could surely send up any class-crews to Worcester, more easily than they could have last year.

The prospect for a Glee and Pierian concert are very promising this term, both clubs being large in numbers, and in good practice, and bidding fair to excel any thing they have done for the past two or three years.

We think, on the whole, that Harvard's chances, for a successful season in outside contests, and for a pleasant one at home, are very promising; and that all her undergraduates will have reason to feel proud of their representatives at the end of the year.

HARVARD BLOCK is to be enlarged, and excellent new rooms added in that very desirable position.

## COLLEGE BORROWING AND LENDING.

WHEREVER human beings exist, the practice of borrowing is in vogue, and, therefore necessarily, that of lending; but nowhere is the willingness to lend so great, or the desire to borrow so universal, as it is in college. Moreover, a college man, when he lends a thing, does not "lay the flattering unction to his soul" that the borrower will return it.

How often we hear some such colloquy as this. *Smith (loquitur)*: "Say, Jones! where's my Chem. Phys.?" *Jones*: "Lent it to Brown. He wanted it a little while." Perhaps Smith finds his book in Brown's room; but it is equally probable that from Brown it has passed to Robinson, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

As with books, so with every thing else. When you lend an article to a fellow-student, you do not confer a benefit on him alone; but that article passes through a long chain of hands, from which you have to rescue it by your own exertions. Not only are borrowed things re-lent in college, but they are mislaid in all conceivable ways; left in the billiard-room or recitation-rooms, or in some out of the way place, where they remain until some lucky turn of fortune reveals to the owner their whereabouts.

In the Freshman year, when the brain is tender, and impressions are easily made, it is a time-honored custom among the students, to appropriate any thing in the way of signs and door-knobs that they can lay their hands on. Some do not confine themselves to signs and door-knobs, and do not overcome their weakness for other people's property while they are in college. May it not be that this pernicious habit of *stealing*, to which some few are given, is modified with the most of us into that of *protracted borrowing*, and that the Freshman year is answerable for both of these habits alike? If this view of the case is correct, how true it is that "the child is father to the man."

As for the small number of professional borrowers, very correctly termed "sponges," that we have among us, the less said of them the better. Such are those that do all their rowing

in other men's boats; all their party-dressing, in other men's dress-suits; and their practising, on another man's piano.

Under a *régime* different from the present one, lending might become a pleasure. As things are now, it is more or less of a bore. By returning things as soon as possible, and in as good condition as possible, the borrowers will lose nothing, and the lenders gain every thing. I beseech all who belong to the former class, which, as well as the latter, includes all the members of the College, to desist from their evil ways; that they may save the time and patience of their benefactors, and themselves from confusion regarding the doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*.

## FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS VISITORS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY LOUISA MEALBAG.

### I. — THE MAIDEN OF BERLIN.

IN a beautiful boudoir in Berlin sat a young lady of superb figure and raven hair. Suddenly, hearing a step, she started toward the door. A splendid-looking individual in uniform entered the room.

"Von Schwellenberg, my love!" exclaimed she.

"I have come, Amelia Elizabeth, to inform you that we must part for ever," said Von Schwellenberg, in a voice choked with emotion.

"And wherefore?" inquired Amelia, convulsively tearing her blonde locks.

"The king has declared that love interferes with my public duty," replied Von Schwellenberg, gloomily.

With a cry of anguish, Amelia Elizabeth fell fainting to the floor.

Later in the day, while Voltaire was passing through the corridor of the palace, he met Von Schwellenberg, who was evidently much overcome.

Voltaire bowed. Rushing toward him, Von Schwellenberg cried hoarsely, —

"Come, and take a drink!"

\* "Sir," said Voltaire, "I thank you but I have no money."

"I will pay for it," said Von Schwellenberg. Thus urged, Voltaire finally acquiesced.

### II. — THE KING HAS A DISCUSSION.

It was evening. Frederic the Great sat alone in his cabinet, dressed in a velvet gown and slippers, which his sisters† had embroidered for him. He was reading. Suddenly he started to his feet, and paced up and down the room.

"Yes," muttered he: "it must be so."

The door of the apartment was knocked upon, and the chamberlain, Baron Potztausend, entered.

"Your Majesty," said he, "a lady desires to see you." Frederic immediately darted a piercing glance at him.

"Her name?" he cried in a muffled voice.

"I did not ask it," faltered the trembling nobleman.

"Potztausend," said the king, "you are an ass. Show her in. Stay! Was it the Barberini?"

"Oh, no, Your Majesty!" cried the baron.

The king laughed to himself. "This fat-headed baron knows nothing," thought he; then aloud, "Well, show her in. But wait. What do you think of these lines?" he inquired, reading from the book before him: —

"Vos soldats ont fait des merveilles  
Et le soir, c'est flatteur pour eux  
Le soir, sur le champ des bouteilles,  
Ils ont couché victorieux."

The baron was for a moment confused, but soon recovering himself, —

"Your Majesty," answered he, firmly, "I have ever been your true and faithful subject, but my conscience compels me to say that there can be but one answer."

"What is that?" asked the king, smiling.

With some hesitation, the baron replied, —

"Sind wir nun zusammen bleiben  
Bleibt denn auch das treue lieben?"

\* "*Monsieur, je vous remercie, mais je n'ai pas d'argent.*" — Letter No. 8,217 of the Fraulein Von Schneifelhollenrollem to her sister.

† All his sisters except Amelia.

"You are right," said Frederic. "Show her in."

### III. — THE MAN AND THE MONARCH.

A veiled female figure appeared on the threshold.

"Leave us," said the king, harshly, to Potz-tausend. "Now, madam, who are you?"

"One whom you have wronged," said the lady, unveiling.

"These words are bold, Countess Amelia Elizabeth," said Frederic, sternly. "Be brief, and say what would you of your sovereign?"

"My lover," said Amelia, imploringly.

"Listen," said Frederic. "I am a king, and kings must have authority over their subjects. I have taken the idea of separating you from your lover into my head. When my ideas are not carried out, I behave so that I make the public suffer. Out of consideration for the public safety then, my duty requires me to separate you and your lover. You see the necessity?"

The countess seemed for a moment to be stupefied.

"Poor girl," said Frederic to himself; "I pity her."

Suddenly Amelia Elizabeth advanced toward him, with a look of fury in her eye. Raising her right hand toward heaven, she placed the ends of her thumb and middle finger together, and, as she snapped them fiercely, exclaimed, —

"Bah!"

Astonished at her behavior, Frederic could only say, "Go to the —"

Before the words had left his lips, she had vanished.

Half an hour afterwards, expressions of agony could be discerned upon the corrugated visages of the attendants in the palace.

Strains of sadness were heard in the cabinet.

The king was playing on the flute.

\* Frederic's actual words.

How all the necks were twisted, when that volume of sound burst from the *new choir*, to see the energetic men who have redeemed our morning service from its utter drowsiness! "*Macte virtute.*"

### AN EVENING IN BOYLSTON HALL.

THURSDAY evening of last week will not soon be forgotten by the members of the Sophomore Class. At the invitation of Professor Cooke, we met at half-past seven o'clock, in the usual lecture-room, and had exhibited to us a series of over sixty photographic views of the famous Yosemite Valley, accompanied by a lecture by Professor Brewer, of Yale (recently returned from an engineering survey of California), who explained to us, in a brief and distinct manner, the general geological formation of the region, and the points of peculiar interest in this wonderful valley, of which we have heard so much of late years. By means of a powerful electric light, the images of these photographs were cast upon the wall; and by their enlarged size (about ten by fifteen feet), enabled one to form a far more correct estimate of the distance and dimensions of remote objects than is often possible in common sized photographs, while the details of the picture were brought out with remarkable distinctness. Then followed several views of the "Big Trees of California," one of which, we were told, if placed by the side of Bunker-Hill Monument, would nearly equal that structure in circumference, and would tower to the height of one hundred and fifty feet above its summit. The exhibition closed with a set (the only one in existence) of superb photographs of icebergs, taken off the coast of Labrador, which, although perhaps a little disappointing to one who had formed his ideas of icebergs solely from Church's celebrated picture, were, nevertheless, exceedingly grand and impressive.

If any doubt had existed in any one's mind, as to the success of the evening's entertainment, it would have been dispelled at the enthusiastic applause which greeted Professor Cooke as he announced that we had seen all the views which he had that evening to show us. No! such efforts on the part of our instructors to give us more than they are actually paid to give us, more than is absolutely laid down in the text-books, to stimulate our interest in matters which are not strictly included in our college course, to enlarge our field of general knowledge, are *sure* to be

successful. Would that there were more of this *unofficial* intercourse between teachers and taught! Would that we saw more of our professors and tutors out of the lecture and recitation room! We have heard glowing accounts of pleasant evenings passed last winter at the house of a certain professor: reading *with* him, not *to* him, some of the finest of the Greek authors; and we know how many good wishes accompanied him when he left us for Europe. It has always been asserted that one of the main points of difference between the Universities of England and our own, is to be found in the fact that, in the former, the dons and undergraduates, when out of the lecture-room, meet on the most easy and familiar footing; whereas, in Cambridge here, were it not for an occasional and usually unsatisfactory conversation in a horse-car, we might almost be led to doubt whether our professors have any real existence outside of University, or to believe that they put on the fabled ring of Gyges the instant they issue from its dread portal. We hope that we may see an improvement in this respect, and any step towards it we hail as a good omen for the future.

'70.

### THE CLAM-MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

#### I.

THE water rushed, the water rolled,  
A clam-man sitting near,  
Complained that it was deuced cold,  
And briskly rubbed his ear.  
And while he sat there, cold and wet,  
Most wretched to be seen,  
Forth from the briny ocean's depths  
There came a lobster green.

#### II.

The lobster, in a sing-song strain,  
Began her plaintive ballad:  
Said she, "Men don't regard our pain,  
But chop us up for salad.  
You'd come right down, my foxy boy,  
If I should only tell  
How all the youthful crabs enjoy  
Their oysters on the shell.

#### III.

"You know the sun delights to wet  
His visage in the briny;  
He takes a dip, and you just bet,  
He always comes out shiny.  
About the fair moon's silvery path  
I will not say a word;  
Because about a female's bath  
There's nothing ever heard."

#### IV.

The water rushed, the water stirred,  
And wet his naked feet;  
He only thought of what he'd heard,  
And of the oysters sweet.  
The lobster gave a fishy sigh;  
The clam-man said, "I cave;  
Give us your claw, old gal, and I  
Will seek a wat'ry grave."

WE cheerfully print the following communication, in accordance with the good old maxim of *Audite alteram partem*. We have taken the liberty to insert punctuation marks and capitals where we thought they were needed, leaving the other peculiarities of our correspondent to speak for themselves:—

MISTUR EDITUR,—Mr. X, whose rooms I take care of, and a nice gentleman he is and I took care of his father's rooms before him when he was in College, and it's twenty year ago, said that you gentlemen of the Advocate would always like to hear the other side to any think that was writ in your paper, and as you may remember last year, when Mrs Douglass \* died, some one complained about us, I thought after talking with Mrs Joy † that I would say something about the Goodies, seein' that we are, as I have heard several Professors and Tutors say, "A time honored institution."

The Lord Knows young gentlemen there is few folks in the world, your own mothers bein' left out God bless 'em which takes more interest in ye than us. And few people except the Faculty has more patience with ye than we—

\* The former *Regina Bonarum*.

† The present incumbent.



My own soul was tried with that Mr. Q. when he was a Freshman —

He thought I waited on the other students before I did him, Freshmen are always suspicious you know Sir, and he used to talk mighty cross sometimes.

You don't know the bother, I used to have with his room — Why often of a mornin' I would find two or three of his winders broke and the glass all scattered helter skelter over the floor, and he a swearin' like mad at them — Soph'mores — I tried to console him, knowin' he was young by tellin' of him that all great men had their winders broke, or were hazed or suspended when they was Freshmen, and how the condition of Freshmen had improved, from them times when they used to bring water for Soph's and run errands for Seniors — Lord! They wouldn't a thought of wearin' tall hats then, and carryin' canes and sich like — All this only made him worse, and he would say it were a shame he wouldn't treat, and it were mean to haze, and the very next year bless your soul, Mr. Q. this very Mr. Q. was sent to the country for shavin' the head of poor little Mr. R. that weakest Freshman as ever I see, and who looked as if he'd a blown away in strong wind — But the dirt I used to find on his floor! Cigar ashes, stumps of cigars, that nice dressing gown his Ma sent him with a Testament in the pocket, both on 'em in the coal bin — Lemon peel all over that nice new carpet (cost seventy five dollars Sir if a cent) and stuff in a bowl with lemons floatin' around in it, which Mrs Muldoon (she works in my entry) tasted, I never drinks, and said was good Whiskey Punch.

The other day as I was gettin' some water to take over to Stoughton, I saw Mr. Reid, John Reid you know, what takes care of the paths and sich, all the students like him, and I said to him how I happened to hear some of you all, complainin' about the paths, when says he to me says he Mrs. A. says he, "and I have heard some on 'em talkin' about their *rooms*, in a way that 'id make yer open yer eyes — Some says, yer never sweep under the bed nor the bureau, nor dust the Hats over the mantle — that yer always hides their slippers — never dust the books nor

the chandelier, and I heerd one say he put a peice of paper in the middle of the floor to try yer, and you didn't notice it fer three weeks, and thin yer swept 'round it." "'Tisn't my bizness" Mrs A. says he, "but I thinks I ought to tell ye."

"I knows it, Mr. Reid," says I to him, "and its a shame to hear them slanders but there is reason for 'em so there is. How can I git into my young gentlemen's rooms until they goes to prayers, and then I wan't to know how I'm going to clean up every part of nine or ten rooms before nine o'clock when the students wan't to study and write Mr. G. and Mr. P. and Mr. S. all want me to do up their rooms first? Says I, to him, "I don't blame the young gentlemen, I don't see how they has as much patience as they does but they must remember, as how we have other work to do besides tendin' to their rooms, and the Faculty don't give us too much pay neither, I don't like to say it, and wouldn't have 'em hear it for nothin' in the world, but they don't give us enough pay Mr. Reid and you knows it. Do they expect us old women to move around smart and brisk like, as some young women? of course they don't. If they did why don't they have young women to take our places, the Lord knows they're welcome to?"

Mr. Reid couldn't answer that Sir, and he went off sayin' something about attendin' to the paths.

Only last Saturday when Mrs. O'Toole and me was cleanin' the alcoves in the Library, I asked her if she didn't think we did our duty, and she said "Yes." When I hear 'em talkin about us as I do and swearin as I do, I wan't 'em just to remember, there ain't enough of us, and how small wages we gets for doin' what we does.

Then think sir of them young men as is always cross as they can be to us, and they thinks we don't notice it but we does. We know a real gentleman by the way he asks us to do any think. There ain't no trouble I wouldn't a done for Mr. M. who used to speak so kindly every mornin' to me. I would have swept his room, yes *twice* a week if he wanted me to. But there was Mr. N, as roomed opposite, he *was* a tartar, he was, and he would swear sometimes because his bed

wasn't made up to suit him which I know I always tried to do.

I couldn't a stayed here these twenty year, if I hadn't taken a motherly interest in you young gentlemen, thinking as I does of my own boys that are away from home and so are you, and naturally, you thinks nobody can do any think like your own folks.

Please Sir to excuse this long letter, and its mistakes and grammar, as I writ it myself which I wouldn't a done if my son John was to home. I hope you'll do all you can for us Goodies, and we'll try and do our best for you.

Your very Respectful and very Humble Servant, young gentlemen, MRS. A. (GOODY).

#### A LEAF FROM AN (UNPUBLISHED) GUIDE-BOOK.

AFTER the traveller has inspected to satiety the grand avenues and noble edifices of Chelsea, he will, by taking a south-west direction, come upon the town of Boston. [N.B. While this edition of the guide-book is in press, we hear that it has been created a city.] The stranger may be pardoned, if he mistake the chimney of the East-Cambridge Glass Manufactory for Bunker-Hill Monument; but a moment's inspection will show him that Warren never could have climbed the smoke-stack to fall off, hence it cannot be the structure he supposed. John Ruskin said of the Monument, that it was, in at least one or two particulars, different from a shot-tower. Three things have given it its celebrity: the first is, that Daniel Webster once made some remarks about it; the second is, that Poucalt's pendulum experiment was tried within it; while the third is the fact, that there are over two hundred steps inside of it. The principal thing, which will live for ever in the mind of the visitor, is the admission-fee. Do not forget to inspect the jail, which is very large, and always well filled by a deputation from the most cultivated people in America. The police force, richly adorned with a badge, which is a cross between a nutmeg-grater and a sardine-box, also merits attention. Benjamin Franklin may be seen standing in front of the City Hall, waving people into the Parker House with a

majestic gesture. It is well to notice what a brazen-faced fellow the soldier is who keeps Mr. Franklin company.

Hurrying by the young ladies who stand in such an unladylike manner on top of the Horticultural Hall, let the traveller be prepared to gasp, as the glories of the Common steal over his enraptured senses. This concern has no New-York branches, and persons are cautioned against that ridiculous imitation, — the New-York Central Park. The Common is an immense tract of ground, diversified by hill and dale, lake and river. It furnishes a very fine base-ball ground, the only fault of which is, that it is not hard enough. Next year, it is to be flagged. Beyond the Common, we reach the Public Garden, which is notable for its exquisitely graceful bridge. It was built for the use of all the public at once. Its arch and its size remind one of the "Bridge of Sighs." Alas! why did Byron sacrifice himself for a Cretan fair, before he had made this bridge, too, famous in song? In the city, the visitor will notice the peculiarity, that every one lives on one street, called Beacon. At least, nearly all, — say, 2,000; the impalpable remainder of 228,000 live elsewhere. The former class have of the latter about the same opinion which a Christ-Church man expressed of the small colleges at Oxford. He said, "They are still God's creatures." Above all things, go and see the great organ and the Cunard Wharf. The great organ is ground twice a week. A further grind is fifty cents for a ticket. The best part of the organ is the bronze statue of an illustrious composer, who, with rare good taste, has turned his back on the instrument. Still Bostonians, generally, think the harmony emitted fully equal to the music of the spheres. The Cunard Wharf, a scene of intense activity, is to be found in East Boston. The view down the wharf, in perspective, is beautiful. Nothing obstructs the view, unless it be the figure of some New-Yorker playing the rôle of Marius among the ruins of Carthage. Stone ballast is very cheap here, and the Cunard Line use a large quantity thereof. If you are going West from Boston, get tickets *via* Hoosac Tunnel. Vive la Mayflower! †

## THE ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the term, at Cambridge, by the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of these places. Terms \$1.75 per volume (ten numbers). Single copies, 20 cts.

THE "Advocate" will henceforth pass into the hands of a board of Junior and Sophomore editors at the beginning of the second term of each academic year. It now passes into the hands of editors from the classes of '69 and '70, and the Senior ex-editors become honorary members of the board.

## THE NEW TARIFF OF DEDUCTIONS.

THE moral sense of the student young man is frequently outraged, and his ideas of propriety shocked, by the injustice of the present system of deductions, which, when by vigorous equestrian exercise, and faithful and dexterous communication with his friendly joker, he has accumulated a hopeful fund of marks, oftentimes at one fell swoop robs him of a large part of his hard-earned gains for some little indiscretion, such as accidentally dropping water on a Freshman friend, or inadvertently removing a grave professor's hat with a snowball.

To all those groaning under this injustice, the system lately inaugurated at the new University of Muskrat Bluff, Dakota, will be of interest. The noble-minded youth at that model University, after enduring oppression for three years, finally arose in their might, and presented a monster petition, built on the model of "Worcester's Unabridged," hinting gently at a change, which the Faculty dared not refuse. The funda-

mental idea of this change is that of letting the present system of marks for recitations remain, but of exchanging that of deductions for one of fines. The principle is as follows: Assuming six thousand marks as a high scholar's maximum, and three hundred dollars as the size of his scholarship, we obtain five cents as the money value of a mark. This sum of five cents is the unit of fines; and, at five cents per mark, the system of fines is built up directly from the system of deductions. An accurate account of each man's indebtedness is kept, and the sum total is charged on his term-bill.

We give a few items of the new tariff:—

For cutting a prayer, ten cents.

For cutting a recitation, forty cents.

For throwing snowballs, one dollar and sixty cents a snowball.

Sleeping in church, five cents a minute.

Dropping water on Freshmen, sixty cents a quart.

Bonfires, one dollar per tar-barrel implicated.

Smoking a cigar in the yard, one dollar.

Smoking a pipe in the yard, fifty cents.

Playing on a musical instrument in study hours, five cents to three dollars, in inverse ratio to the excellence of the performance.

Keeping a dog, five cents to three dollars.\*

Grouping on the steps, one dollar and sixty cents per man.

N.B.—A discount made to parties of six or more.

Publics, however, are not charged on term-bills, but are sent home immediately. The following is the form:—

## UNIVERSITY OF MUSKRAT BLUFF.

MR. SMITH,—It is my painful duty to inform you that, at the last meeting of the Faculty, a public admonition was voted to your son, for having put his elbow through a friend's window, and the regular fine of three dollars and twenty cents was imposed; a bill of which please find inclosed. Any delay in payment will cause your son's immediate suspension.

Yours truly.

P.S.—A post-office money-order is preferable.

A second petition presented by the students, that a man having made a squirt might be allowed to receive a zero and take forty cents instead, was peremptorily refused.

\* Varying with size, breed, and demeanor of dog.

### A READING-ROOM.

WE are all of us, I hope, proud of our College, and ever ready to reason down any sceptical friend we may meet during a vacation; to boast of its advantages, and compare it successfully with any in the land. But in a few respects we are compelled to acknowledge our backwardness, and the greatest of these is the want of a reading-room.

Imagine, my good reader, the whole lower floor of Hollis made into one room, and well filled with papers from your Southern or Western home, England, France, and Canada; with the weeklies, fortnightlies, monthly magazines, and the pictorials, to which you had as free an access as to your own sanctum. Moreover, imagine it free of *all* expense to the students, a sort of "chair," endowed by some benevolent millionaire, instead of—well, say the School of Ethnology,—and you have stretched your imagination too far for Harvard realities.

But it is just what we most need. Do we not, we who are so soon to be busily mixed up with the affairs of the world, care enough about what is going on outside to demand some such provision from the College? Suppose we *do* take one Boston daily (and few enough are so provided), that contains a great many advertisements and a few telegrams: does that inform us of all going on in the West and South? Perchance, we may desire some local news from California, and no means of procuring it is at hand without a visit to the Athenæum. A reading-room obviates all these difficulties, and would give us a chance to see a few ideas, beside the stereotyped ones of the Boston press.

The library is good enough in its way, but its forte is not to furnish news of the day; and twenty students who do not even look towards the library now would daily visit a good reading-room. One friend of mine, perfectly able to take a daily, innocently inquired what D'Arcy McGee had done, two weeks after his assassination; and, if ignorant of such a stirring item, what does he know of the impeachment arguments?

Nearly every college in the country enjoys this

luxury but ours; and why are we so behind the times? This should be taken in hand by the College, remember. If the students attempted to start one, the Faculty might grant some small room, but with no assistance; and, the cold shoulder from that body, the enterprise would fall through. A Yale friend told me that their reading-room contained all the papers of any worth from everywhere, that it was entirely free of expense to them, and paid for by the *College*.

We earnestly advocate this addition to our present college means of education. Who of the Faculty can be found so much in unison with the spirit of the students as to speak a good word for it? Some of the younger members? Finally, what kind-hearted, wealthy gentleman will step forward, furnish all money necessary, and have his picture hung up in the Reading Room to be admired and beloved by us all?

WE are indebted to Count Schwabe for an invitation to his Gallery of Fallen Heroes of the War, which we have visited. The collection is already large and constantly increasing. There are several portraits of Harvard graduates already on exhibition there, and as many more are in course of preparation. Other colleges are also represented, and no pains or money is spared in searching out worthy names to be honored with a portrait in the collection. The portraits seem quite good, as far as our knowledge of the originals goes. The collection is in the upper story of Mason and Hamlin's new building on Tremont Street. We recommend to our readers to visit it.

### SPECIAL NOTICE TO SENIORS.

THE Senior Class is hereby notified that Pleyel's Hymn has been chosen as the music for the Baccalaureate Hymn. All members who intend to write are requested to do so immediately, and to send their compositions anonymously by mail to the Class Committee.

May 6, 1868.

DEAR EDITOR, — The following fragment has been sent to me from abroad, by a friend who happened upon it in an alcove of a celebrated classical library in Berlin. It unquestionably convicts of plagiarism the reputed author of the well-known song to be found in Mr. Hayes's Song Book, and casts some doubt upon the popular tradition relating to the boyhood of the Pater Patriæ.

The text is quite corrupt in many places, and two verses are missing; but enough remains to show the authenticity of the poem.

Ἐξή τὸ πρὶν γεώργος  
Σὺν παιδὶ μονῶ φίλῳ,  
Ἦι ἡμέρᾳ γενεθλίῳ  
Πέλεκυν νεδὸν ἔδω.

Ἄ παῖς πέλεκυν δέχ'ται,  
Τὰ πάντα εὐδαίμων,  
Καὶ ἦλθε πρὸς μηλῶς  
Χαμῶζε τὺς κόπτων.

Πατὴρ, τοὺς οἰκέτας καλῶν,  
Ἔταξε ἐν τάξει.  
"Τίς τὺς μηλῶς ἔκοψε  
Ἀναρῶν τῷ παντί;"

"Οὐκ ἂν, πῦτερ, ψευδοίμην,"  
Ἔφη νεανίας,  
"Ἐγὼ, ὁ σοῦ νεδὸς παῖς,  
Ἐκοψα τὺς μηλῶς."

Τίς ἦν οὗτος γεώργος,  
Καὶ τίς τούτου νιδὸς;  
Ἦν μὲν γέρων Φίλιππος  
Νεδὸς δ' Ἀλέξανδρος.

### BASE BALL.

THE season has fairly commenced, and we may expect matches every week now. It was opened on Exhibition Day, by a match between the First and Second Harvard Nines.

Game called at 2:30.

The game was interesting not only in itself, but also in showing how the Nines have weathered the winter, and what promise they give for the coming season. The striking on both sides

was very good. The fielding, with one or two exceptions, was also good. Ames, in the third innings, made a splendid strike to left field and a home-run. Soule, Sprague, and Wells also made home-runs.

Hunnewell's pitching was swift as usual, but at times rather unsteady, as might have been expected from his want of practice. Soule's pitching was likewise very good. Austin's catching and throwing were both very fine, and give great promise for the future. The playing, on the whole, was better than might have been expected for the first match of the season, and gives reason to expect a successful summer.

We give the score.

	First Harvard.		O.	R.
Shaw . . . . .	1.	1	7	
Smith . . . . .	3.	3	7	
Hunnewell . . . . .	P.	5	4	
Ames . . . . .	2.	6	3	
Bush . . . . .	C.	1	8	
Willard . . . . .	S.	1	7	
Sprague . . . . .	M.	4	3	
Rawle . . . . .	R.	5	4	
Bowditch . . . . .	L.	1	8	
Total . . . . .		27	51	

	Second Harvard.		O.	R.
Peabody . . . . .	1.	5	0	
Severance . . . . .	2.	4	2	
Wells . . . . .	S.	2	3	
Austin . . . . .	C.	2	2	
Minot . . . . .	M.	4	1	
Drew . . . . .	L.	3	2	
Soule . . . . .	P.	2	2	
Bartlett . . . . .	3.	2	2	
Eustis . . . . .	R.	3	1	
Total . . . . .		27	15	

### Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
1st Harvard	1	5	18	3	2	4	4	13	1—51
2d Harvard	1	1	6	3	0	1	3	0	0—15

Scorer, H. Eustis. Umpire, F. I. Eustis.

Time of game: 2 hours, 30 minutes.

From present appearances, we fear that the Sophomores will form no Nine, as they have not commenced practice.

The Freshmen are hard at work, and will put in the field a Nine nearly the same as last fall.

## CRICKET.

WE are sadly in need of more out-door sports, as ball and boating are hardly sufficient to keep five hundred students busy. If there were more, those of us who now lounge about Jarvis and the boat-houses, would not be so disposed to grumble, since it would give us a chance to distinguish ourselves. Our system of out-door exercises does not compare very favorably with that of English students, and a greater variety would be beneficial.

We are glad to see that, through the energy of Mr. Farley, so much has been done for Cricket, and hope that the interest in this game will increase throughout the College. The club is in a flourishing condition, but anxious for more members and money. No expense has been spared in fitting up their ground, and we expect to see great improvement this season in the College Eleven.

A match is to be played next Saturday, May 5th, with the Nonantum Club, of Newton Corner, on Jarvis, and a plucky game may be expected. Game to begin at 12:30.

THE Junior Exhibition took place on Tuesday, May 5, in Dr. Gray's Lecture-room, in Harvard Hall. The number of parts was smaller than usual, the Faculty having granted all petitions to be excused from parts. There were nine printed on the programme, eight of which were delivered,—six by Seniors, two by Juniors. The exercises were the best we have heard for several terms, partly because they were short, but principally because we were not bored by piece after piece in Latin or Greek as on former occasions; the only Latin piece we had being very well delivered. The pieces were nearly all interesting, well written, and well delivered, and they received close attention and generous applause. If this is to be the last of the Junior Exhibitions, as they say it is, that institution will pass out of existence with decided *éclat*. We almost wish that it might live on.

The attendance was large, all the seats being occupied, and there were many persons standing. Excellent music, by seven or eight pieces, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

## GRADUATE'S COLUMN.

IN order to give the "Advocate" an interest to graduates, it is proposed in future to publish a Graduate's Column in every number of our paper. We believe it will be a convenient medium for informing graduates of each other's whereabouts, without going into detail as much as the Class Secretaries' Triennial Reports. We ask graduates and class secretaries to co-operate with us by sending any small items which may happen to come in their way.

T. S. PERRY, '66, is studying in Berlin, to become Prof. Cutler's assistant in teaching the modern languages.

R. S. PEABODY, '66, is studying architecture abroad, and has just entered the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris.

C. E. STRATTON, '66, has left the country for a pleasure-tour in Europe.

F. A. HARRIS, '66, is an usher at the Boston Latin School.

G. L. OSGOOD, '66, is just married, and is shortly to leave for Europe to study music.

C. L. JACKSON, '67, has just been appointed proctor, in place of Fiske, of '65, resigned.

GEO. LEVERETT, '67, has been appointed proctor, and occupies Mr. Seaver's old room.

E. W. MEALEY, '67, is at the Harvard Law School.

F. E. C. BRYANT, '67, is studying law in the office of Chandler, Shattuck, & Sprague, Boston.

W. G. PECKHAM, '67, is studying at Munich, in Germany.

J. E. LEONARD, '67, is also at Munich.

T. S. EDMANDS, '67, is at the Harvard Law School.

A. P. BAKER, '67, is at 65, Allen Street, Boston, studying in the Medical School.

C. CLEVELAND, '67, is teaching at Newport, R.I.

To judge from the snow-storm on the 25th April and the cold weather which immediately followed it, we should say that the Gulf Stream had migrated another hundred miles eastward.

## BOOK NOTICES.

## FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr. Cambridge: Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

We hail with delight this charming little volume, and can confidently assure our readers that it is worthy of perusal. Not as imposing in appearance as the "Chem. Phys.," it is nevertheless a worthy pendant to that renowned volume. Its success is unquestioned, more than one hundred and twenty-five copies having sold in one day.

Where there are so many passages of striking interest and beauty, it is difficult to quote any one extract as significant of the spirit of the work; but the following, we think, shows, as well as any, the style, which is at once Homeric and Ciceronian:—

"A classification of the elements based on their atomicity alone would contravene their most striking analogies, while one based on the prevailing quantivalence very nearly satisfies all natural affinities. Moreover, it should be added, that, while the prevailing quantivalence of the elements is generally well established, their atomicity is frequently still in doubt; for the first can generally be discovered by studying the simple compounds of the elements with chlorine or hydrogen, while the last is often only manifested in those more complex combinations, in regard to which a difference of opinion is possible."

In the extremely brilliant criticism of Professor Cutler's "Stella," which appeared last term in the "Advocate," was a very strongly drawn distinction between "artistic unity" and "human interest." Whether Professor Cooke, like the ancients, has exalted artistic unity, we leave more experienced writers to determine. Certain it is, however, that he has thoroughly and completely sacrificed human interest.

In this eulogium upon the new work, we have endeavored, for the nonce, to forget the relations which exist between Professor Cooke and ourselves, and so have attempted to avoid assuming a patronizing tone. With what success, we leave our readers to decide.

DON.

THE Hamilton "Campus" has improved its typographical appearance very much. Its literary merit seems to be great as ever.

## LOST!

A VALUABLE starboard oar has been missed from the boat-house. It was marked on the blade with a large "6," and "Bow oar Harvard." The blade was yellow, and had formerly been varnished. The leather was black, and quite thick. On the handle there was a small knot-hole, coming just between the hands.

This oar was the one used by McBurney, in the Worcester race of '66, and has also been used in several other races. Any person, who will return it to the boat-house, or leave any information about it at S. 10, will greatly oblige

Bow.

## ATOMS.

THE "Michigan University Magazine" for May contains a short article which is disposed to be severe on the credit system in vogue here, and to be playfully sarcastic about the custom of giving bonds on entering. In bright contrast with our backwardness in this respect, they point to their own beloved University, where they pay as they go, and where, without giving bonds, they are freely trusted when they wish, and can even borrow money of the principal bookseller when "short." They conjecture that perhaps the reason for some of our regulations as to these matters may be found in the comparative youthfulness of the students in Eastern colleges.

Perhaps it has not occurred to them, far away in the depths of Michigan, that to students of all ages it is a great temptation to have a large amount of money on hand; and very charming to us is the almost Arcadian simplicity of that delightful abode, where, as in a small country village, it would seem as if everybody knew everybody else; and we can imagine the studious Michiganders, old in years but young in the ways of the world and inexperienced in business habits, borrowing money freely on occasion, from the accommodating bookseller! Picture to yourself one of us borrowing money from Sever & Francis, to go to the theatre or to give a punch!

WE have received among our exchanges a hopeful young sheet, a great part of which is filled up by its immense name, "The Ionia County Student." As it is apparently about beginning its career, we would like to suggest for its improvement the idea, that, among respectable and well-conducted papers, it is the custom to give credit for extracts from exchanges, which it has, probably through inexperience, neglected to do with reference to an article, "Comic Miseries of a Match Game," quoted from us.

As one visits the boat-houses, one is struck with the rapid progress and numerous changes in shell-building of the past three or four years. A boat which two years ago was thought a remarkably light and fast boat, is now sneered at as a lumbering tub. Is it possible, that, in a few seasons, the beautiful Eliot shell of last summer's Harvard will be regarded as a barge fit only for second crews? The only "wrinkle" noticeable thus far this year, is the "buttons" on the oars, just inside the row-lock, to keep the oar always at the right leverage. The Harvard are trying them on their oars, and, we believe, like them.

At Yale, they have a reading-room on the lower floor of one of their dormitories. Several common rooms are thrown into one, and here are offered periodicals and papers of the day. It makes a pleasant place to meet your friends and chat. There is a post-office in the same room, and text-books are also sold there. There is so brisk a competition, that the Yale students buy their books at almost the cost price, and sometimes below that. However, they can't buy their fishing-rods and balls at the bookstore, so that we're about as well off on the whole as they.

THERE is not another place within a thousand miles where you can find such an excellent stock of grotesque-shaped Gambier bowls as at Elliot's, on Brighton Street. There also can be found, in endless variety, the very best of cigars, the "Partagas," "Hub," etc.; and every brand of tobacco. Smokers, thither take your steps!

A BOATING MAN and his friend were walking by a cemetery the other day. "Why is that graveyard like a boat-house?" quoth the friend. "Give it up," says the boating man. "Because it is full of *single sculls*," says the friend. "But where are the oars?" "Oh, it's all *o'er* with them."

ALTHOUGH this paper is not generally devoted to theatricals, still an allusion to the benefit of Miss Louisa Meyers cannot be out of place. Not only is she a young lady of great merit, but a very promising actress. Her claims alone should fill the house; but with the splendid bill which she has prepared, including, beside much volunteer aid, Mr. Warren in his great performance of Triplet, she should receive one of the finest audiences of the season.

WARNING TO SUBSCRIBERS!—As a proof of the energy and efficiency of our new financial agent, and of the moral obligation we all are under to discharge promptly our "Advocate" bills, it is asserted that not one who has neglected this manifest duty has been free from the harrowing visitations of the God-of-Re-morse.

It is to be wished that the rights of property, and the distinction of "mine and thine," were better understood at the boat-houses, in the matter of straps and oars.

WHY cannot ladies walk into the College yard without being yelled at from the windows by the intelligent and gentlemanly students of Harvard. Even if they are not strictly ladies according to the definitions of our Professor of Rhetoric, they are women, and entitled to common courtesy from us.

SOME time during the coming spring, after the College theatricals are over, it is rumored that the third division of the Sophomore Class will give a dramatic reading in the Boston Music Hall, the programme being largely made up of selections from Terence; the proceeds being devoted to building the Memorial Hall.

WE see, by our exchanges, that an unfortunate engaged couple have been expelled from Oxford Seminary, Ohio, for deliberately kissing each other on the eve of departing for vacation. Query: "Much Ado about Nothing," or "Love's Labor Lost"?

PAPER-BOATS are just now the pet hobby of our boating-men. They have never been tried on these waters, and we believe have not appeared anywhere except in form of single-sculls. The Harvard Crew has ordered one for trial, and it is to appear at the boat-houses in a few weeks, where it will undoubtedly be the object of much curious examination. If the experiment is successful, we may expect some pretty tall time at Worcester.

PROF. CUTLER has moved from Massachusetts to Holyworthy, taking Mr. Jennison's old room in the eastern entry, Mr. J. having left the buildings. Mr. Seaver has moved into Prof. Cutler's old room; and Mr. Leverett, of '67, has taken Mr. Seaver's old room in the north entry of Stoughton, as proctor of the entry.

LAST Saturday morning Atom discovered, while walking toward the South End, some sixteen Sophomores, ardent admirers of the beautiful and accomplished leading lady at Selwyn's Theatre, who, having discovered that the lady in question was a regular visitor at the Turkish baths, had collected near in order to see her come out.

It is very strange that we cannot have a path cut from Gray's Hall to the Steward's office. It is so easy to give us this convenience, instead of making us walk around by the long and muddy sidewalk in front of the Law School, that we are forced to impute it entirely to the inherent depravity of the Faculty. P.S.—The Faculty are supposed to have obtained surreptitious possession of the proof. The path has been begun.

#### EXCHANGES.

WE have received the following since our last issue:—"The Round Table," "The Hamilton Campus," "University Chronicle," "The Iowa County Student," "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The Dartmouth," "Western Collegian," "The Philadelphia City Item," "Eureka College Vidette," "Michigan University Magazine."



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p.S.,

i am xpecktin A lot ov Gambier boles, larj in siz, grotesk in shap, an, to uz the wurdz of the Gud buk, "ferefuli an wunderfuli maid." Kno phulin.

g. h. elliot.

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# THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JULY 3, 1868.

No. IX.

## A RETROSPECT.

ALAS! in vain, when youth and health are fled,  
And hope's bright visions once so fairy-hued  
Seem but as clouds in sober twilight viewed,  
Their borrowed colors lost, now cold and dead, —  
In vain we mourn those brighter, happier years;  
In wistful gazing strain our heavy eyes  
Back to that shore which swift receding flies,  
Now far astern, whence time relentless steers,  
Ambition's spur no longer pricks us on;  
But memory, bitter-sweet, unveils the past,  
Points out our blessings recognized at last,  
When every mocking echo answers "gone!"  
Not till too late is each rare jewel known,  
Which, by possession dimmed, seemed but a stone.

S.

## COMMENCEMENT PARTS, 1868.

*Orations summa cum laude.* — Simmons, Dole.

*Dissertations.* — M. Reed, *oration*; P. Wentworth, Brooks, Williams, Ames, Ammidown.

*Disquisitions.* — Talmadge, Davenport.

*Essays.* — Nash, Sweetser, Seward, Elliott, Wood, Hillis, Becker, Busiel, M. J. Wentworth, Todhunter, Swift, Durham.

## CLASS DAY,

19 JUNE, 1868.

AT last the day of many hopes had arrived. The morning, on whose opening so many prophecies had been hazarded, and on which so much pleasure hung doubtful, began with an overcast and ominous sky, prolific of predictions from the *soi-disant* weather-wise and the "Man at the Observatory," — alas for the departed strap of Haddow, in whose timely dryness the agitated minds of Class Day committees found abundant relief in days gone by!

Whether the "airy" spirit of Haddow still hovered over his familiar post, conjuring the prayed-for sunshine for his *quondam* patrons, or that three-legged "animal without feathers," Planchette, that latter-day wonder, had trumped up the cloud of the early morning merely to vindicate its reputation in having prophesied "so so," for the weather of Class Day, at four several places in Cambridge; \* certain it is, that the clouds slowly broke up at about 9:30 A.M., and gave place to the most scorching heat, which increased steadily until noon, when it became almost intolerable. Even a white heat, however, were better than rain; and, from the experience of this year's Class Day, one could almost imagine that the "fiery ordeal" of English history would prove but a summer's bath for the expectant revellers of the day.

But we are anticipating the afternoon's programme by these reflections.

At 10½, before the heat had become really intense, while in fact the clouds were breaking, and the first sunbeams — happy omens! — struggled through to the green, the Seniors assembled in front of Holworthy, and marched, under escort of their marshals and headed by Gilmore's Band, to the Chapel, where the customary prayer was offered by their chaplain, Charles Fletcher Dole. Re-forming, they marched by University and between Massachusetts and Harvard Hall, receiving the cheers of the underclassmen on the way; past the Delta and the Gymnasium, to the house of Professor Cooke, on Quincy Street, where they partook of breakfast, and met the President and Faculty. Thence they marched to the church, where a heated throng had kept a multitude of fans in agitation

\* A fact. — Messrs. Editors.

for a couple of hours, more or less, waiting for their arrival.

After prayer by Dr. Peabody, and a fine rendering of Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" by the band (which reflected credit on itself and the Class Day Committee by its successful efforts during the day),—

#### THE ORATION

was delivered by James Barr Ames, of Boston. It was a finished and scholarly production, and, without the brilliance or the depth of some orations of late years, was filled with such a manly tone throughout, and delivered with such energy and force, that it met with a ready appreciation, shown by frequent applause. The orator confined himself more closely than usual, perhaps, to college itself and its influences. Not entering at any length into a discussion of the duties which come after college, he devoted a part of his oration to a statement of the value of a liberal education, as opposed to the encroaching and engrossing influence of the practical spirit of the age, quoting aptly Goldwin Smith on the aim of a liberal education; another portion to the somewhat trite comparison of a college to a family, alluding to the strength and amity which comes of association, and to the kindly feeling which should exist between the governed and the governing, and testifying to the fact, that, in their moments of reflection, all right-minded students must and did confess that the Faculty aimed invariably to benefit the students, and that differences and disputes had their origin in misunderstandings and mere local disturbances, that there was no deep-seated antagonism between the students and their government. The very regret which many felt at opportunities neglected, serves to bring into bolder relief the fact that there *are* valuable opportunities, priceless advantages, extended by the University.

Much of the oration was necessarily devoted to a cursory review of the college life of the Class, and to matters interesting only or peculiarly to the Class; all of which were treated in so manly a spirit and vigorous a style, that one would be inclined to note, as the striking characteristic of the oration, manliness.

The oration was followed, after music by the band, by

#### THE POEM,

delivered by Dexter Tiffany, of Worcester; of which it is sufficient to say that it was a graceful production, filled with happy similes and pleasing pictures, and presenting an agreeable picture of the bright side of college life. The poet, as well as the orator, avoided the graver, more metaphysical moods with which orations and poems are frequently filled, and, by giving himself to the reproduction of the varied pleasures of college life, at once held up the mirror to much that is attractive and bright in student life, and succeeded in gaining the interest of his audience more effectually.

The varied pleasures of the seasons, boating, ball, the glee, the never-dying attractions of college firesides and trophy-hung rooms, with the warm glow which sympathy and good fellowship shed over all, found expression in the poem, and followed each other in pleasing guise and ever-shifting scenery, like the pictures of the stereoscope, to which they were likened.

A touching and appreciative tribute was paid, in passing, to the memory of the members of the Class whom they had lost by death.

The metre of the poem was easy and flowing, the style graceful, and the effort, as a whole, eminently successful.

The singing of the ode, by Robert Apthorp Boit, of Boston, followed by the benediction by Dr. Peabody, closed the exercise in the church. The crowd gradually *melted* away; and at one o'clock began the reign of

#### THE SPREADS.

The visions of ice-cream, and other cooling viands which had been floating through the minds of the audience in the church for the last half-hour, now began to be realized in Lyceum Hall, Holworthy, and the other buildings. Soon stairways and entries were crowded, and window-seats were filled with fair forms, some intently engaged in investigating the properties of the various delicious compounds in vogue at these entertainments, some waiting for their devoted cavaliers, now hovering over the loaded

tables, greeting old acquaintances with the rather hackneyed phrase, "Why, h'war'you?" or dexterously steering through the mazes of dresses, doorways, black coats, and other obstacles which make it such a heroic feat to convey a given amount of nutriment to a given destination, all employed in getting cool, and enjoying to the utmost this most delightful feature of a delightful day. Mammās and papas converse together; forlorn and bashful youth stand in corners, or keep carefully near the tables. Everywhere, in the window-seats, in the yard under the spreading branches of the venerable elms, or in the heated mazes of Lyceum Hall, bright eyes sparkle, pretty faces glow, merry laughs are heard, and incipient flirtations abound. Everybody feels happy and good-natured, and strawberry and ice-cream stains on new dresses are disregarded.

Owing to the small size of the Class, there were not quite so many spreads as usual; but those that were given were fully as elegant and enjoyable as usual, and not so fearfully crowded. The two largest were in Lyceum Hall, and the first two entries of Holworthy, where a doorway was ingeniously broken in the partition in the third story, making it convenient to go up one entry and down the other.

After a couple of hours spent in satisfying the inner man (and woman), and for getting cooled off, begins

#### THE DANCING.

The facilities for dancing on the green were not much taken advantage of this year, from two to four sets being the usual number. As reasons, can be given the smallness of the class; the great heat, even in the shade of the elms; and, most of all, the total depravity of human nature, which caused people to prefer round-dancing in the oven-like heat of Lyceum, and torrid warmth of Harvard, to dancing in the comparatively balmy atmosphere of the yard for the entertainment of the many spectators.

It is a pity that this good old custom should fall into disuse; and let us hope that in future years it can be made, by efficient management, to be at least as much in favor as the dancing in the

halls. This was enjoyed by many, notwithstanding the great heat; and another attraction to many who did not dance was the exquisite waltz-music discoursed by the bands.

In the yard there was somewhat less than the usual crowd promenading; here and there in the windows were lookers-on enjoying the music; and at the door of Harvard Hall was a constant ebb and flow, — the in-comers cool and guileless, going unsuspectingly into that suffocating den, the out-comers in an exceedingly hot and flushed condition, frantic for fresh air and coolness; while heated faces, with a great display of fan and handkerchief, filled the windows. Towards half-past five, the crowd gradually left the halls and green, and strolled in the direction of

#### THE TREE.

From half-past five the window-seats in Hollis, Harvard, and Holden gradually filled up with those fortunate ladies who possessed friends having facilities for procuring these earnestly coveted seats. A new and most convenient institution was the row of seats against the side of Harvard Hall, which, together with the reserved standing room, afforded a great deal of much needed accommodation.

At a quarter of six the Seniors form in front of Holworthy, and make the circuit of the yard, cheering the buildings, and planting the ivy beside the Library, where a neat and brief oration is delivered by Jesse Franklin Wheeler, of Watertown. Meanwhile, inside of the ring, around the tree, the usual calling for absent members by the three lower classes is going on, together with mutual abuse and reviling by '70 and '71, while '69 makes a playful appeal to a well-known tutor, supposed to be seen in the belfry of Harvard Hall, to "cut the rope."

But now the Seniors are heard approaching. The lower classes form rings around the tree, through a gap of which marches the band, followed by the Seniors, dressed in barbarous and extravagant costumes, for which pocos' shops and preadamite garrets have apparently been ransacked to the depths. Especially conspicuous were Mr. Dole's elegant *negligée*, and Mr. Phelps's magnificent court costume, which, for

originality of conception, and boldness and splendor of execution, surpassed the wildest dreams of the imagination.

The band having discreetly retired, the Class Song is sung, and cheers are given for "'68," "'69," "'70," the "President," "Dr. Peabody," the "Professors," the "Tutors," the "Proctors and the Cambridge Police" (received with enthusiasm by the lower classes), the "Nine," the "Crew," "Waitt, Jones, John Reed, the Goodies, Sever & Francis, and the other supernumeraries," and three times three for "Old '68." The cheers over, the marshal gives directions as to the course the classes are to run in, and the well-known strains of "Auld Lang Syne" resound through the air.

The classes run around, the usual scuffle between Sophomores and Freshmen takes place, and then all attention is concentrated on the Seniors, who make a frantic rush for the tree, and finally hoist one or two small men up, who throw down the flowers. Then ensue the embracings and partings which seem so extravagant, but underneath which there is so much real feeling, and '68 disbands, never again to meet entire. Then the throng slowly dispersed to those sociable little gatherings at

#### TEA,

where every one knows every one else, and all are glad of the timely rest and coffee. It is a comparatively new institution, this informal tea-drinking with only one's intimate friends, and fills very satisfactorily the short gap before

#### THE EVENING.

Ah! Class Day evening! The theory of its pleasures is so easy to comprehend, the cold description so hard to undertake.

The mind of man is devoted to no such generalities as the gay crowd, the thrilling music, and the appearance of Holworthy, — which, if a generality, was surely a glittering one; and the pen of man struggles to speak of one rather than many.

It is mastered, however, and can but fall back into the loudest praises of the music, throughout the evening. The band (Gilmore's) outdid itself,

not to mention all others; and the Glee Club, strong in the acquisition of three leading tenors, now graduates, and with twenty-four voices in all, were as successful as the crowd was enthusiastic.

All the evening the front of Holworthy blazed with a great "68" in gas-jets, which lighted up the green below, showing the throng of promenaders, who, with diligence unwearied by all the hard work before, "did" the paths in every direction, and the

#### PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

Here was another point of temporary rest and refreshment, where the couples emerge from the shadows of the yard for an instant, bow, eat berries, and assiduously start again.

So the evening wore away, till at eleven the band were seen packing up, the Freshmen were seen "ragging" every stray stool and chair, and the visitors were not to be seen at all, and the Class Day of the Class of '68 was over.

Each year it seems as if one or two alterations would make the arrangements perfect, and there are a few little changes which it cannot be a bad plan to suggest for another year. 1st. That the large space comprising the Green proper be roped in at night, and that tickets, which should be very generally distributed, be issued for admittance. It is the only way of keeping the yard for the students and their friends, and of excluding the mob of local "muckers" who are drawn by the lights and the music like big June-bugs, and are almost as noisy and dirty. 2d. That the poor Glee Club, almost smothered by the crowd of admirers as they were, be allowed a small platform, both for their convenience and for the better effect of their songs.

But such changes as these will not affect the character of the day, and can increase but little the great success of the Class Day which has passed, — a success which both the visitors and the hosts will long remember.

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THE editors of the "Advocate" gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the Class-Day Committee in furnishing them with tickets, and of Mr. C. H. Phelps for an invitation to his spread.

## FAR AWAY.

THE waves in the moonlight flash over the sea;  
What are the words of the song they sing?  
What do they carry of joy for me?  
Whence is the burden of grief they bring?  
The night, from its beauty alone, can impart  
Heavier loneliness, thus, to my heart.

Here when the sun blazed high over the shore,  
What were the words I strove to say?  
Why, when I longed but could see her no more,  
And the ship moved steadily down the bay,  
Did a hundred forgotten thoughts rush back,  
As I watched the steamer's remorseless track?

They say the romantic days are fled;  
That the practical teaches, reality rules.  
Truly, we mourn for some fancies dead;  
But something, far above scorning and schools,  
Makes parting as sad, when our dear ones go,  
As it was a thousand years ago.

The mountain paths that her feet have trod,  
Sweet is the happiness they shall recall;  
Last Autumn, she plucked the golden rod,  
In the fields where flowers and trees and all,  
This Summer, shall ever bring back her face,  
And seem to sanctify all the place.

But still I shall mourn her as far away;  
From the mountains blue in the twilight dim,  
And the glories of the dying day,  
I shall turn towards the sea's empurpled rim;  
And shall worship the stars as they rise into sight.  
Perhaps they have looked on my darling to-night!

FLORIO.

## PIERIAN CONCERT.

THE semi-annual Pierian and Glee Club Concert took place at Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, 16th June. The Pierian has strengthened itself by the addition of several new Freshman players, and seems never to have been in a more flourishing condition. That item in which they have at times been markedly weak, perfect time, they seem to have corrected, thanks to the

patient drilling of their leader; and there was a certain unity and compactness in the various instruments, which went far in calling forth the hearty encomiums on the society's performance.

The Society has much to be thankful for in having enjoyed for the past two years so capable and energetic a leader, and not only the members of the Society, but all interested in the concerts of the combined Societies will miss his graceful conducting, and esteem it a piece of good fortune to see his place at all adequately filled.

To him, also, if we mistake not, are we indebted for the novelty of the Serenade Band, which we hope will not be abandoned. Why may not the Tutors be treated occasionally to the dulcet charms of a serenade? Perhaps there might be a reciprocal dulcet treat on their part: who knows?

The Glee Club, too, despite the despondency under which the members have labored of late, came out in strong force, augmented by four new Freshman voices, and showed no cause why it should ever have doubted its ability to do its part in the Concert.

A good point was made in having so many new College songs, at the close of the concert, and we hope the custom may be continued: they are always appreciated, and are, in fact, a better representative of the generality of College singing than many of the glees. But while there was nothing that we remember in this concert which could be objected to, we should wish that the managers of the Glee Club would always be especially careful that nothing broad should creep into their selection of songs nor of that negro minstrelsy which we remember to have seen once or twice within the past few years. Any thing of that, they may be assured, detracts immeasurably from the repute of the concerts, and mars their symmetry.

We could also wish that the Glee Club practised more of that energy in rehearsal reported of an ex-President of the Pierian, who, it is said, would repair to the Pierian rooms at the hour appointed for a meeting, and, even if not a soul besides himself appeared, would faithfully



blow his horn, and carry on an active solo rehearsal for the allotted two hours.

They might, by following this ex-President's example, bring out a more varied set of songs, and reserve for encores those that have become as familiar, almost, as Mother Goose to Cambridge audiences.

The concert was a complete success, to judge from the reception of the programme, and was attended by a large and brilliant audience, including many strangers brought to Cambridge by the engagements of Class Day. The concert, as one of the "side-shows" or overtures to Class Day, is a feature which could ill be spared, and which we trust may long remain as one of the many attractions of Class Day week.

#### LETTER FROM YALE.

YALE COLLEGE, June 28, 1868.

MY DEAR ADVOCATE. — The present fortnight of the present term is the crown of our Academic year here at Yale. The elections and initiations of the secret societies are over, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week the Junior Promenade Concert, Wooden-Spoon Exhibition, and the exercises of Presentation Day follow each other in bright succession. Meanwhile the weather is divine; the elms umbrageous and not wormy, and the warm nights tempt to late hours with the singers on the fence *imminente luna*. The 'landscape gardener to the University' has made his small hay on the lawns, which are waiting trimly until Presentation shall make them blossom like the rose with far-fetched "snab"; for at this season Tom brings his sweetheart, and Jack imports mother and the girls, and Dick's governor comes up in his old "Bones" pin to see his heir get off the Oration or plant the Ivy.

I regret that the requirements of your devil will not let me keep this by me until after Wednesday, for a report of the exercises; a not uninteresting feature in which will be the in-college regatta on Tuesday. The three upper classes enter each a gig, and the Seniors and Juniors put on shells. A comparison of the times with those made in your late class races, will give, perhaps, an approximate estimate of what would have been the result if our class crews had accepted any of the numerous challenges from Harvard. It is matter of shame to Yale men who take pride in their Alma Mater's reputation for strength and pluck, to read in almost every number of the "Advocate" a challenge and a refusal. If I am not mistaken, the only class contest this year at Worcester, will be between the Freshman Nines. The excuse made in the case of the crews, is that the class

system, having been just introduced, is not yet in good working order. If the time made in the races next Tuesday is encouraging, I think that class challenges next year will be accepted.

The Yales have just begun severe training. They go out twice a day, pulling an hour at a time. Leary, who trained our '70 crew last year, has them in hand. Their average weight is much larger than last year. The pulling is better, on the whole. The stroke is good, but I believe a little slow. It will probably work up to the racing rate, however, after a fortnight of training. The public mind is hopeful, but not confident. I subjoin the names and places of the crew.

R. Terry . . . . .	'70.	Bow.
G. W. Drew . . . . .	'70.	2.
W. H. Lee . . . . .	'70.	3.
S. F. Bucklin . . . . .	'69.	4.
W. A. Copp . . . . .	'69.	5.
S. Parry . . . . .	'68.	Stroke.

Our Nine will make work for you at Worcester. It has gained considerable prowess of late from fine scores made in numerous matches, — notably in the games with the Unions and the Lowells. It played the Princeton Club last Thursday at Hamilton Park, and beat it by seven runs, the score standing Yale, 30; Princeton, 23. The figures would indicate bad fielding, but the batting, especially on the side of the Yales, was unusually good. The game, however, was but an indifferent one. The Lowells declare that their playing in the match with our Nine was the best that they have done this season. Red must look out for its laurels. But I won't brag prematurely. The Nine is made up as follows: —

T. Hooker . . . . .	'69	P.
L. E. Condict . . . . .	'69	C.
W. Buck . . . . .	'70	1.
E. G. Seiden . . . . .	'70	2.
H. A. Cleveland . . . . .	'70	3.
S. McCutchen . . . . .	'70	S.
G. Deming . . . . .	'71	L.
T. McClintock . . . . .	'70	M.
(Unfilled) . . . . .		R.

I think that betting at Worcester will be against our crew, probably even on the Freshman Nines; and I would not wonder if our men should offer odds on the Yale Nine.

I am heartily glad to see the disgust expressed by Harvard men anent the "disgraceful rowdyism, &c., &c.," at Worcester. The subject was brought up here at a meeting of the boating interest last autumn. I think that a joint committee for the suppression of such conduct in future, empowered to publish names &c., would be an effectual way of putting stop to a nuisance which seems beyond the control of the Police. Why could not such an arrangement be made?

I see that the friends of progress at Cambridge are agitating for a reading-room. I presume that you have seen accounts of the flourishing condition of our own in the columns of the "Courant," if that journal ever penetrates to your Hyperborean realms. It surely is a comfort. One finds there all the best American reviews, magazines, weeklies, and the more prominent dailies, besides the regular reprints, and the English quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, the semi-weekly "Times," &c. Sunday periodicals in abundance, of good quality, and of doctrines orthodox. Connected with the reading-room is the College Post Office, — a branch of the U. S. P. O. D, with a postmaster officially appointed, and just old Red Tape!

Farewell! "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

CÆRULEUS.

### THE GREAT PRIZES.

MR. EDITOR, — There is a rumor current in college to the effect that large prizes were once offered here for proficiency in mathematics; but as little seems to be known about it, I propose to give an authentic account of the matter, as gleaned from the journals of the day, and the narration of one of the competitors.

On Commencement Day, 1856, Uriah A. Boyden, Esq., placed in the hands of the corporation of Harvard College, \$500, to be awarded in two prizes, one of \$300, and the other of \$200, to the two students in the University who should be found at the end of the year to have acquired the greatest skill in mathematics. Afterwards he added to his original gift the means of awarding a third prize of \$100. Due notice was given of the provision, and, at the proper time, a committee was appointed, consisting of Professors Peirce, Lovering, and Eustis, to examine the candidates. The following is their report: —

"The committee, to whom the examination of the candidates for the Boyden Prizes in mathematics has been submitted, respectfully report, that they have performed this duty in the manner which seemed to them best adapted to acquiring a satisfactory knowledge of the respective claims of the candidates. The examination has been conducted in writing, and the evidence of skill has consisted, partly of original dissertations presented to the President at the time of entering the names for competition: and partly of solutions of questions proposed by the committee, and which have covered the

ground of analytic mechanics so far as this science is presented in the most complete authorities, and have occupied the time of the candidates for the whole of two successive days.

"While the committee have recognized that they were under no obligation to report for a prize one who was not worthy of such a distinction, they are happy to state that their actual embarrassment has arisen, on the contrary, from the superior excellence of the candidates, which has surpassed the anticipations of the committee; and they would unhesitatingly have recommended either of them, upon their own merits, as fully deserving of a prize. But under the necessity of discrimination, they unanimously report William Watson, of the Lawrence Scientific School, as worthy of the first prize; George Searle, of the Senior Class, as worthy of the second prize; and Alexander E. R. Agassiz, of the Lawrence Scientific School, as worthy of a third prize, if such prize had been established. The difference between the merits of the two latter candidates appears indeed to be so slight and uncertain, that the committee were averse to deciding between them; and they hope that the action of the corporation upon the case will be such, that neither candidate may feel that his superiority has not been recognized, or that he has suffered from his honorable and praiseworthy competition.

"The documents upon which the report of the committee is based are returned to the President, with the request that they may be carefully preserved.

"In closing their report, the committee venture to draw the attention of the President and the corporation to the excellent influence which this large form of prize has exerted upon the scholarship in the department of mathematics.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE,

*Perkins Prof. of Astron. and Math.;*

JOSEPH LOVERING,

*Hollis Prof. of Math., and Nat. Phil.;*

HENRY L. EUSTIS,

*Professor of Engineering, L. S. S."*

In accordance with this report, the prizes were awarded as follows: —

To William Watson, of the Lawrence Scientific School, the prize of \$300.

To George Searle, an undergraduate of the Senior Class, the prize of \$200.

To Alexander E. R. Agassiz, of the Lawrence Scientific School, the prize of \$100.

This examination was held in July, 1857, and the candidates were actually writing for about nineteen hours.

Yours integrally,

√∞

## THE ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the term, at Cambridge, by the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of these places. Terms \$1.75 per volume (ten numbers), *in advance*. Single copies, 20 cts.

All communications should be addressed to "The Advocate," Cambridge, Mass.

## TO GRADUATES OF HARVARD.

THE Editors of this paper have determined to make a statement of their past progress and future plans to the Graduates of the College, especially to those of the later classes, with the hope of bringing the undertaking more to the knowledge of those who are interested in College matters and of gaining their approbation and support.

A general faith in the usefulness of a College paper seems evident, not only from the many though futile attempts which have been made to support various kinds of periodicals here, but from the present existence of some sort of publication issued by the students of every College, great or small, throughout the land.

The "Advocate" has been printed bi-weekly for three years, and is now, it is believed, fairly established as a College institution. It has been devoted, in part to discussions of subjects interesting to undergraduates, and in part to the current news and items of College life. Almost its entire support has been from undergraduates, and it has been intended solely as their organ.

In the future, however, it is hoped that the paper may be very generally subscribed for by

Graduates of the College, to whose interests much space will be devoted, and to whose assistance the Editors must look for any further success.

The following plans have been determined on for the next Academic year:—

1. Each issue will contain a "Graduate's Column," to be filled with news of all the more interesting movements of Graduates which can be collected by the kind assistance of the Class Secretaries and by the individual exertions of the Editors.

2. There will be published, gratis, all notices of Class Meetings, &c., &c., issued by Class Secretaries, and by Harvard Clubs, and now scattered through various papers of different cities, often seen but by a small proportion of the Class addressed.

An arrangement of this kind has been already made with several Class Secretaries, and it will soon, it is hoped, be an universal custom.

3. It has been decided that all surplus funds, which, with the present success, will increase almost in proportion with the subscription list, shall be given, without restriction or reservation, for the purchase of books for the College library.

The Editors, with this explanation, ask the support of Graduates everywhere for the coming year, and promise their best efforts to give them something in return besides the consciousness of one more martyrdom on a College subscription list.

## CLASS OF '68.

## NOTICE.

THE Class of '67, through their Secretary, Mr. Mann, have kindly extended an invitation to the graduating class to be present at their room, Holworthy 5, on Commencement Day.

July 1, 1868.

C. H. PHELPS,  
Class Secretary.

## BASE BALL.

## HARVARD vs. NASSAU.

THE first great match game of the season was played on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 24, with the Nassau Club, of Princeton College, N. J. It was quite an interesting game, especially so from the fact that the Nassaus were soon to play both Williams and Yale. At a little after two, the Princetons arrived on the ground, and were critically scanned by the numerous spectators. They seemed younger and lighter than the Harvards as a general thing, but looked decidedly active and spry. The game was called at 2.20 P.M., the Harvards going first to the bat.

For the first seven innings the Nassaus led steadily by discouraging odds, the score at the end of the seventh standing 13 to 7 in favor of the Nassaus. In the eighth inning the Harvards picked up and scored eight runs to the Nassaus' three, making the score 16 to 15 for the Nassaus. The excitement now became intense, and in the next innings the Harvards scored two to their opponents' zero, winning, amidst tremendous applause, by one run. The play of the Harvards was not up to their usual standard, while that of the Nassaus was very good throughout. The following is the score:—

	Harvard.	O.	R.
Shaw . . . . .	1.	2	3
Smith . . . . .	3.	3	2
Hunnewell . . . . .	P.	3	2
Ames . . . . .	2.	4	1
Bush . . . . .	C.	1	4
Willard . . . . .	S.	2	2
Sprague . . . . .	M.	4	1
Rawle . . . . .	R.	4	1
Bowditch . . . . .	L.	4	1
Total . . . . .		27	17

	Nassau.	O.	R.
Rankin . . . . .	C.	5	0
McKibben . . . . .	P.	4	1
Fox . . . . .	1.	3	3
G. Ward . . . . .	2.	0	4
Ely . . . . .	3.	3	2
Nissley . . . . .	S.	3	2
Buck . . . . .	L.	4	1
F. Ward . . . . .	M.	3	2
Mellier . . . . .	R.	2	1
Total . . . . .		27	16

## Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Harvard . . . . .	2	0	0	1	1	3	0	8	2—17
Nassau . . . . .	1	2	4	2	0	0	4	3	0—16

Flies caught: Harvard, — Smith, 1; Ames, 1; Bush, 2; Willard, 1; Sprague, 2; Bowditch, 3,—10. Nassau, — Rankin, 5; McKibben, 1; G. Ward, 2; Ely, 1; Buck, 3; F. Ward, 1; Mellier, 1,—14.

Flies missed: Harvard, — Shaw, 1. Nassau, — Rankin, 1; Buck, 1,—2.

Left on bases: Harvard, — Shaw, 1; Smith, 1; Hunnewell, 1; Bush, 1; Willard, 1,—5. Nassau, — Rankin, 1; G. Ward, 1; Mellier, 1,—3.

Struck out: Harvard, — Smith, 1. Nassau, — Fox, 1.

Time of game, 2 hours, 20 minutes.

Umpire, John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club.

Scorers: Harvard, — F. G. Ireland; Nassau, — W. A. Holbrook.

We can spare no room to discuss individual play; but must at least mention that of Bush, who, at the bat and in his position, was almost faultless, and deserves the highest praise.

Bob Shaw was, of course, very strong in his play, and the Captain decided the game by a beautiful catch.

## VISIT OF THE FRESHMAN NINE TO SOUTH-BORO'.

CLASS DAY was a pleasant day for all of us; a day of pride and anxious enjoyment for the Seniors, a day of pleasure without anxiety for all the rest; an indication of the coming dignity for the Juniors, of coming ease for Sophomores, of the *summum bonum* of Sophomore for the Freshmen. But pleasant as the day was, the following day was even pleasanter for some of us.

The Nine of St. Mark's School had invited our Freshman Nine to spend the day with them, and to play a friendly game. Accordingly a small party of about fifteen of us left the Boston & Albany station on Saturday morning, and reached South Framingham in about half an hour. There we found our classmate Burnett waiting for us with a capacious carriage and four strong bays. A brisk drive of eight miles over the pleasant road to Southboro', brought us to St. Mark's School.

The school is so well known among us that I need not speak of the neat and comfortable building, its beautiful situation and surroundings, the gentlemanly and scholarly principal and his pleasant family, and his excellent assistant professors. Our friends were ready for us. The house was thrown open and we were agreeably entertained.

After a substantial dinner, excellent in itself, and doubly so for those of us who had been obliged to leave Cambridge breakfastless, we adjourned to the ball-field, situated some little distance from the school. Although the day was exceedingly warm, the game was quite spirited, especially during the first part. The St. Mark's Nine have not had the advantage of the constant practice which our Freshmen have had, and there-

fore did not show the same endurance. Their playing, however, was excellent; superior in some respects to that of the Freshmen.

A handsome prize-bat, offered by a member of the school to the player of the St. Marks' Nine who should show the best general play, was awarded to Mr. Eames the firstbaseman, though warmly contended for by Mr. G. Morrison the catcher. The "round o" for the Freshmen in the sixth inning, was ascribed to a new uniform which the St. Mark's Nine received and donned at that point of the game. The score is given below.

After the game we returned to the house, refreshed ourselves, and, after a short time, bidding good-by to the school with hearty cheers, we drove to the palatial residence of Joseph Burnett, Esq., accompanied by the St. Mark's Nine. Here, too, we were expected and warmly welcomed. The parlor, library, and gallery were thrown open to us, and although our ball-suits were not the most fitting dress for the place and company, we were freed from all embarrassment by the politeness and agreeableness of the ladies.

Toward evening we were invited to partake of a most elegant entertainment,—a "spread" surpassing even those of the day before. We testified fully to our appreciation of the excellence of the feast, and the thoughtfulness of our friends.

But our time was limited. Soon we were obliged reluctantly to bid good-by to our friends, and with cheers for our host and the ladies, we drove to the station, and reached home late in the evening, with pleasant thoughts of Southboro' indelibly fixed in our memories.

<i>St. Mark's.</i>		O.	R.
Eames . . . . .	I.	3	2
Johnson . . . . .	L.	3	1
Badger . . . . .	S.	3	1
Abercrombie . . . . .	M.	4	1
Bingham . . . . .	P.	3	1
Hodges . . . . .	2.	4	0
D. Morrison . . . . .	R.	3	1
Buttrick . . . . .	3.	2	2
G. Morrison . . . . .	C.	2	2
		—	—
		27	11

<i>Freshmen.</i>		O.	R.
Amory . . . . .	3.	2	6
Minot . . . . .	L.	4	3
Wells . . . . .	P.	4	3
Dabney . . . . .	S.	5	4
Bush . . . . .	2.	3	5
Wing . . . . .	I.	0	7
Austin . . . . .	C.	3	5
Reynolds . . . . .	M.	4	3
Eustis . . . . .	R.	2	6
		—	—
		27	42

### Summary.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Freshmen	1	5	4	1	7	0	8	11	5—42
St. Marks	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	6	0—11

Scorers: For '71, N. Thayer, Jr.; St. Marks,  
Umpire, J. C. Bartlett, '69 B.B.C.

### BOATING.

A FEW days before Class Day, the Harvard Crew received their paper-boat, and the boat-houses have since been constantly visited by crowds of curious observers, inspecting the novelty.

She is 52 feet long, 19 inches broad, 7½ inch seats, very much the same dimensions as the Eliot boat of last year, and of somewhat the same model, being well rocked up fore and aft. Her weight is 130 pounds,—40 pounds less than the Eliot.

She has had a fair trial of a fortnight by the Harvard, and has been pronounced inferior to their wooden boat. She is very light, and very stiff, and her bottom admits of a very fine polish; but her model is poor. She is too full in the bows, and too fine aft, her greatest breadth being too far forward, apparently at about number four's place. This causes a marked rocking motion and an excessive "dipping" of the stern which retards the boat. She has been found by repeated quarter and half-mile spurts to be invariably several seconds slower than the wooden boat.

She is to be sent back to the builders, by virtue of the agreement that this should be done if the boat did not prove satisfactory; so that the first season's experience with paper boats shows that a gain in lightness by no means compensates for a loss in model, but that in every thing except model the paper-boats are superior to wooden ones.

The Ward brothers are in Cambridge, training for the Fourth of July race. They have borrowed one of the shells at our boat-houses for the race. The Biglin brothers, St. Johns' men, and other fine crews will enter the race, which promises to be the best ever pulled on the Charles River course. The Harvard will enter.

Two crews are going from here to row in the Lowell regatta on July 4th,—the Freshmen and the Scientifics; the latter, however, will substitute Silsbee and Richards of the Junior Crew for two of their men.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ADVOCATE.—Will you allow me to correct a slight inaccuracy which appeared in the report of the June regatta in your last issue. In giving a summary of the races at the several College regattas since their institution in 1864, the time of the winning boat in '64 (the '66 class crew) is set down as being "19.55 on the short course," which is a mistake. The time was in reality 19.50 on the long course, which is the best time ever made in any race on the Charles River up to the date of writing, June 25, 1868. The new course was surveyed by the Boston city engineer in 1862 or 63, and is about 800 feet longer than the old course. The best time on the old course was 18.53 $\frac{1}{2}$  made by the Harvard of '60, which being reduced to the standard of the new course, makes very nearly 19.54, or some four seconds slower time than that of the '66 Sophomores.

'66.

THE prizes for essays on legal topics by students of the Law School were awarded on Thursday last. The commissioners were Hon. Charles P. Kirkland, of New York, Chief Justice Bradley, of Rhode Island, and General G. F. Shepley, of Maine. The subject assigned to students three terms in the school was, "The uses and advantages of the principles and rules of special pleading in those States where it has been abolished by statute." The first prize of \$60 was awarded to Robert Pinkney Harlow, formerly of Warrenton, Ga., now of Middleborough, Mass.; and the second prize of \$50 to William Blaikie, of Boston, Mass.

The subject assigned to students two terms in the school was, "The limits of the exclusive jurisdiction of admiralty in the United States." The first prize of \$50 was awarded to George Philip Dutton, of Ellsworth, Me.; the second prize of \$40 was awarded to George Handy Bates, of Dover, Del.

### A MUSICAL CONTEST.

MR. EDITOR,— "I and my Muse" were having a little talk together the other day, and both of us recognized the claims of "The Advocate" upon our efforts. The only trouble that lay in our way, preventing us from producing what I believe would have been very creditable to us, was a slight disagreement as to the style

of our communication. Hitherto she had always given me lines of a melancholy character, and I had really become quite tired of looking them over and trying to alter them for the better. So now I begged her for something of a lighter, merrier cast; but no! she would only give me what she had ready, and as a consequence I became angry, and vowed I would not give you the stanzas. However, that you may know I had reason to wish for something better, and that you may see what I have had to endure, from submitting without a murmur to the foibles of my Muse, I have concluded to send them after all. They are these:—

#### THE ECHO.

FROM the little brown cottage up on the hill  
I walked one morning down to the mill,  
Along by the streamlet's laughing flow,  
One morning, in spring-time, a year ago;  
And my heart was glad, and I merrily sang,  
And through the lone valley the clear notes rang  
In the praise of my brown-eyed Maud, my Maud;  
And the echo came back from the hills abroad, "My  
Maud."

From the little brown cottage up on the hill  
I walked yester morning down to the mill.  
The streamlet still laughed as a year ago;  
But my heart was sad with a weight of woe,  
And—'twas all that my lips could utter—a wail  
Crept through the lone valley upon the gale,  
As I sighed, "My Maud is dead, is dead,"—  
And the echo came back from the hills and said,  
"Is dead."

Now, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that this kind of poetry is not the thing to have continually sung into one's ears, no matter how kind may be the intentions of the singer.

For this once I begged so hard, not even stopping when Mistress Muse began to get angry, that at last I prevailed, and almost furious with impatience at the demand she considered so foolish, she yielded an ungracious assent to my prayers. I confess I was disappointed, after she had given me the verses written below, for they are not exactly of the kind or quality that I wanted; but as she was good enough to make the attempt, and more than all, as she had taken herself off in a pet the instant they were finished,

I could not grumble, but had to take them for what they were worth. If you do not like them better than I did, Mr. Editor, don't give them house-room.

#### A TRUE KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

NOT RECORDED IN SIR W. SCOTT OR ANY OTHER MAN.

SIR Tristram walked out in the woods one day,  
When the weather was sultry, the sun was hot;  
And he threw himself down to dream away  
The afternoon in a shady spot.  
He slept, as he thought, an hour or more,  
Fighting his battles all over again,  
Steeping his sword in the foeman's gore,  
And then going home to love and champagne.

He awoke in that pleasantly stupid state  
That knights must give way to, like other men,  
And visions of gold and of Lady Kate,  
Of robbers' strongholds and of pagan's den,  
Floated mistily up before his eyes;  
And he vowed that he wished another chance,  
Like the rescue of Kate from her cousin, would rise  
Again for the use of his sword and lance.

On the instant, there came such a terrible cry  
That he sprang to his feet ere the sound had ceased;  
And he snatched the blade that hung at his thigh,  
And made ready to slay, whether man or beast.  
He rushed toward the cry as it came again; —  
A lady sat at a rude hut's side  
On the turf. Sir Tristram vowed there and then:  
He loved and would save her, if he died.

He knelt at her feet as he vowed his vow;  
She smiled a mischievous smile at the sight,  
And cried, as she sprang to her feet, — "How so!  
Get up from your knees, I command you, Sir Knight!"  
"I heard you cry and I had no choice" —  
He faltered. The lady said, — "Sir, my fatigue  
Compelled me to rest. But you flatter my voice!  
I thank you. The swineherd was killing a pig!"

Sir Tristram started and rubbed his eyes;  
Hitherto he had hardly looked up from the ground,  
So devoted to beauty he was; but surprise  
Now brought to his throat his heart with a bound.  
He turned him about and his way homeward wended,  
To drown his shame in the wine he should quaff;  
But the story leaked out and the joke was not ended  
Till each knight in the kingdom had had his laugh.

Do not be alarmed, Mr. Editor. You shall never again be troubled with an article like the last. I am disgusted! I shall never try it again, but I shall hereafter only too gladly submit to the superior wisdom of my dear good Muse, and be guided entirely by her inspiration.

A CREATURE OF A DAY.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**LIFE AND SERVICES OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.** By HENRY COPPÉE. New York: Richardson & Co., 4, Bond Street.

We have received from this firm a copy of this book. It is unusually well got up for a campaign work, and we think ought to command a large sale. It seems interesting beyond the majority of works of its kind, and affords a good opportunity for individuals who desire to take up a book agency to do so. Copies can be obtained from the publishers whose address will be found in another column.

**FOUL PLAY.** By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCAULT. Boston: published by Ticknor and Fields.

We confess to a prejudice in favor of any thing which bears Mr. Reade's name as author on its title-page. But our partiality for his works was never caused by any thing save the works themselves. Alone and unaided they charmed, moved, and conquered us in years past: they still do so. Able to analyze to a certain extent the fascination which he exerts over us, we know now what we vaguely felt formerly, that his is a true genius, unequalled in dramatic power, brilliancy, and keen wit by any writer of the present day.

Few writers have had so much difficulty in securing the general acknowledgment of their ability as Mr. Reade. Beginning to be known quite late in life, through his exquisite stories of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," he has increased his first successes by a series of brilliant works, all of which rise far above mediocrity; some of which evince genius of a high order. But he has always been assailed with the cry of sensationalism or immorality whenever he has published a new work. People were troubled by his disagreeable affectations, and did not know what term to apply to them. They were intensely interested and absorbed by his writings, and felt ashamed of their excitement.

The term "sensational," is the word most frequently and easily employed in the various manifestations of literary cant. Unfortunately for Mr. Reade, it was not known in the time of oldest English writers; so that, although it applies with equal justice to Scott, and even to Shakespeare, it is considered as the reverse of complimentary when applied to Mr. Reade.

This book is certainly a great work. It abounds in passages of striking beauty and great power. Its incidents are certainly not ordinary, but neither are they impossible nor even improbable. The book does not bristle with Mr. Reade's intense egotism; but then it has less of his keen wit than others of his works, and in some places is grossly inartistic both in design and execution.

On the whole, its great fault is its unevenness. In some places it is too prolonged; in others, too condensed. Too little care is given to the portraiture of character, and the hero is certainly unnaturally omniscient. While it ranks above his last, it certainly does not compare with some of his earlier works.

In fact, it seems as though the great novelist—the greatest romancist, certainly, of the present day—is growing careless in his style. It is painful. It is really painful to see so many errors and blemishes in a work of such beauty.

Still, with all its faults, its immense success and the interest with which one still hears it discussed everywhere and by every one, show clearly that it is the novel of the season; and we sincerely advise every one who can to read it, and to buy it when some enterprising publisher shall issue the much-desired library edition of Mr. Reade's works.

In view of the approaching election of Overseers of the University, two excellent lists of nominations have been made. The following seem to be the favorite candidates, inasmuch as their names appear on both lists:—

WALDO HIGGINSON.  
E. R. HOAR.  
J. E. CABOT.  
W. G. RUSSELL.  
THEODORE LYMAN.  
J. C. ROPES.

A writer in the "Daily Advertiser" makes the following sensible remarks, which will doubtless meet the hearty approbation of all students here:—

"Too much weight should not be allowed, in making up this list, to merely personal excellencies. Something more than this is needed to make a man fit, eminently fit, I mean, for a seat at the Board. The Overseers are charged with a task of peculiar difficulty, and they should possess special qualifications for it. It demands more than common good sense, sound judgment, and openness of mind, more than common learning and culture, more time and patience than most men would care to give, to discuss as they need to be discussed the questions upon which the Overseers have to pronounce. They have to consider how best the unsolved problem of a truly liberal education may find a practical solution suited to the new wants of a young and free country. They have to consider how best our most ancient and honored seat of learning may be kept in the front rank

of American colleges, and continue to count among the best schools of the world; and that not by copying foreign examples, but by a natural growth and development of the institution as it stands, losing nothing of the fruits of its rich experience, losing nothing of its personal character and local atmosphere. . . . As the members of the Corporation and of the Faculty cannot sit as Overseers, and the Board is thus somewhat at a disadvantage in its relations with these bodies in respect to personal acquaintance with college problems and the practical difficulties in the way of their solution, it seems well to give a place in this list to past members of the corporation, and to gentlemen who at one time or another have been officers of instruction and government. There is probably no class of persons so familiar with the state of things at Cambridge, so keenly alive to the advantages and to the disadvantages of the present methods, and so fertile in suggestion in regard to improvements at the University, as the gentlemen who have thus taken part in its administration."

#### EXCHANGES.

WE have received the following since our last issue: "The Round Table," "The American Educational Monthly," "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The Philadelphia City Item," "The Williams Quarterly," "The Transcript," "Cap and Gown," "Eureka College Vidette," "The Hamilton Literary Monthly," "Amherst Student," "University Chronicle," "The Beloit College Monthly," "College Mercury," "The Herkimer County Citizen," "The Hamilton Campus," "College Courant," "The College Echo," "The Griswold Collegian," "The Vidette."

"The Eureka College Vidette" is indebted to the "Advocate" for two columns on "The Muscleman," which it neglects to credit.

"The editors of Vol. XVI. of the 'Williams Quarterly,' will exchange with College *magazines* only." Despite this overwhelming announcement, we understand that other college papers will still be issued as heretofore.

"The Cap and Gown" is the title of a very handsome and interesting paper, published monthly at Columbia College.

"The Transcript," from Vassar College, has been received. We have awaited it eagerly, and regret that a year must elapse before we can peruse their next number.

"The Nassau Literary Magazine" (Quarterly) comes to us elegantly got up, and with a very good selection of college literature.

Dr. CHARLES N. MILLER, a young colored man, who graduated in March from the Harvard Medical School, has established himself at Baltimore, where he proposes to practice.



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p.S.,

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g. h. elliot.

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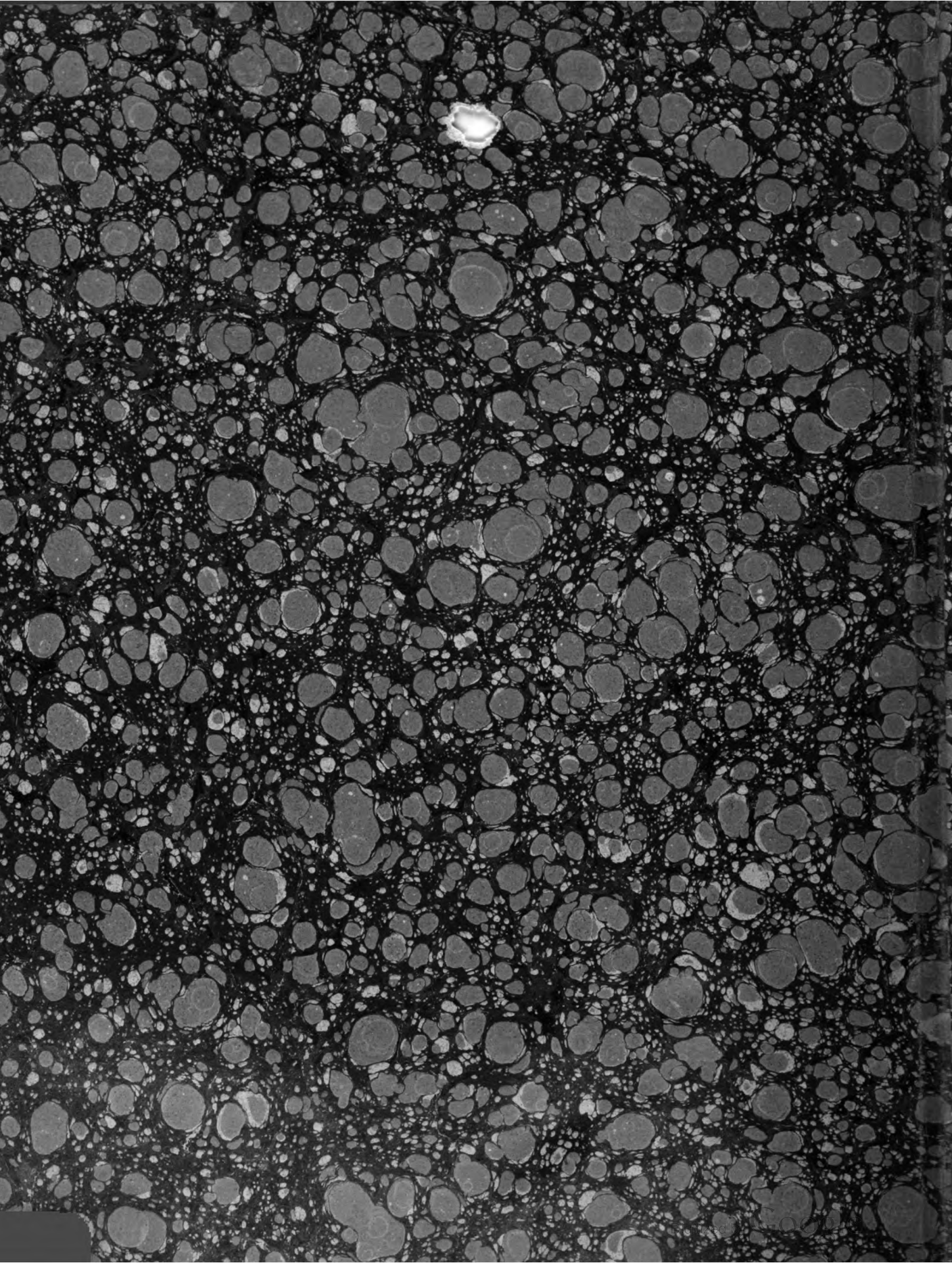


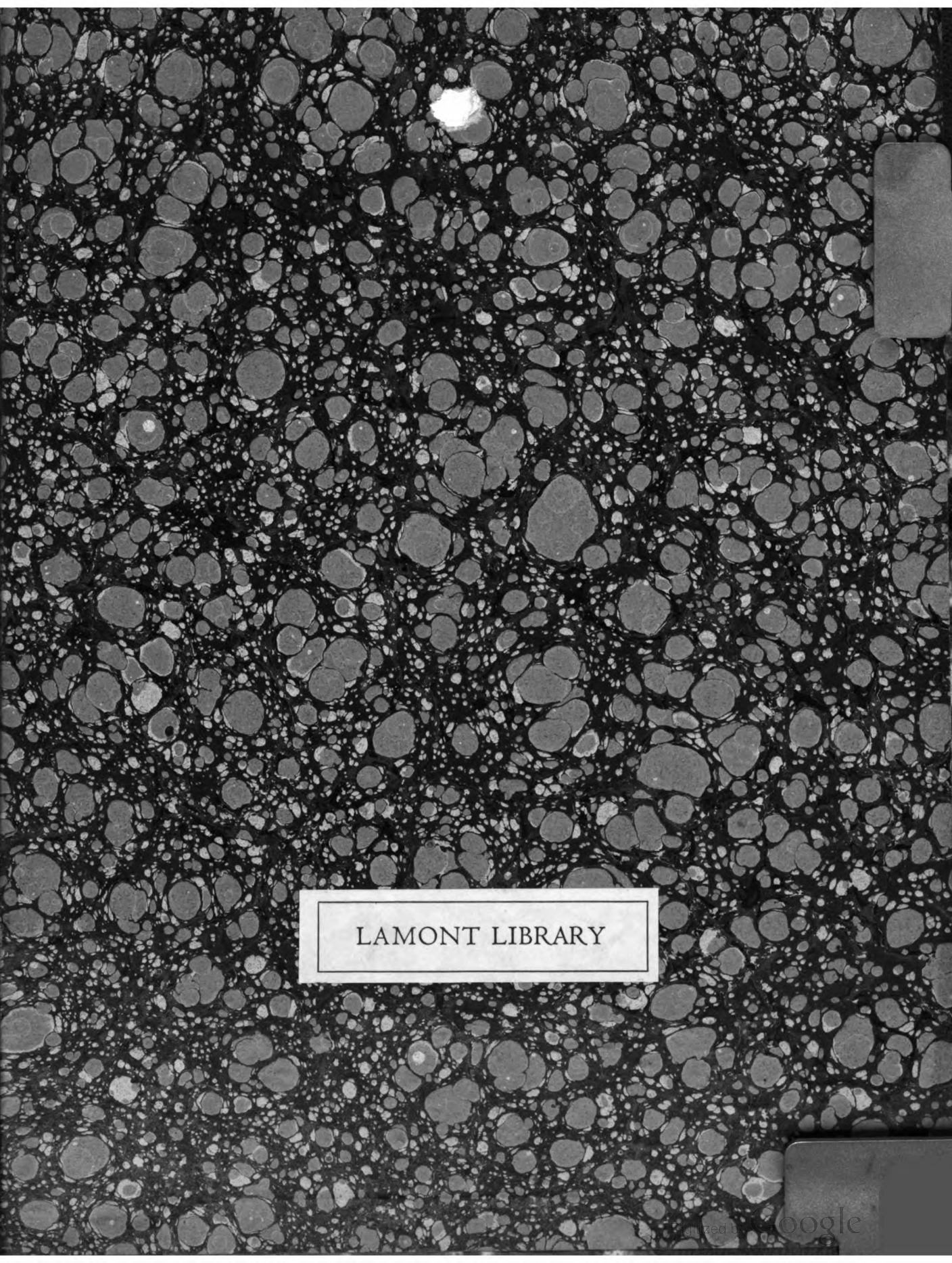






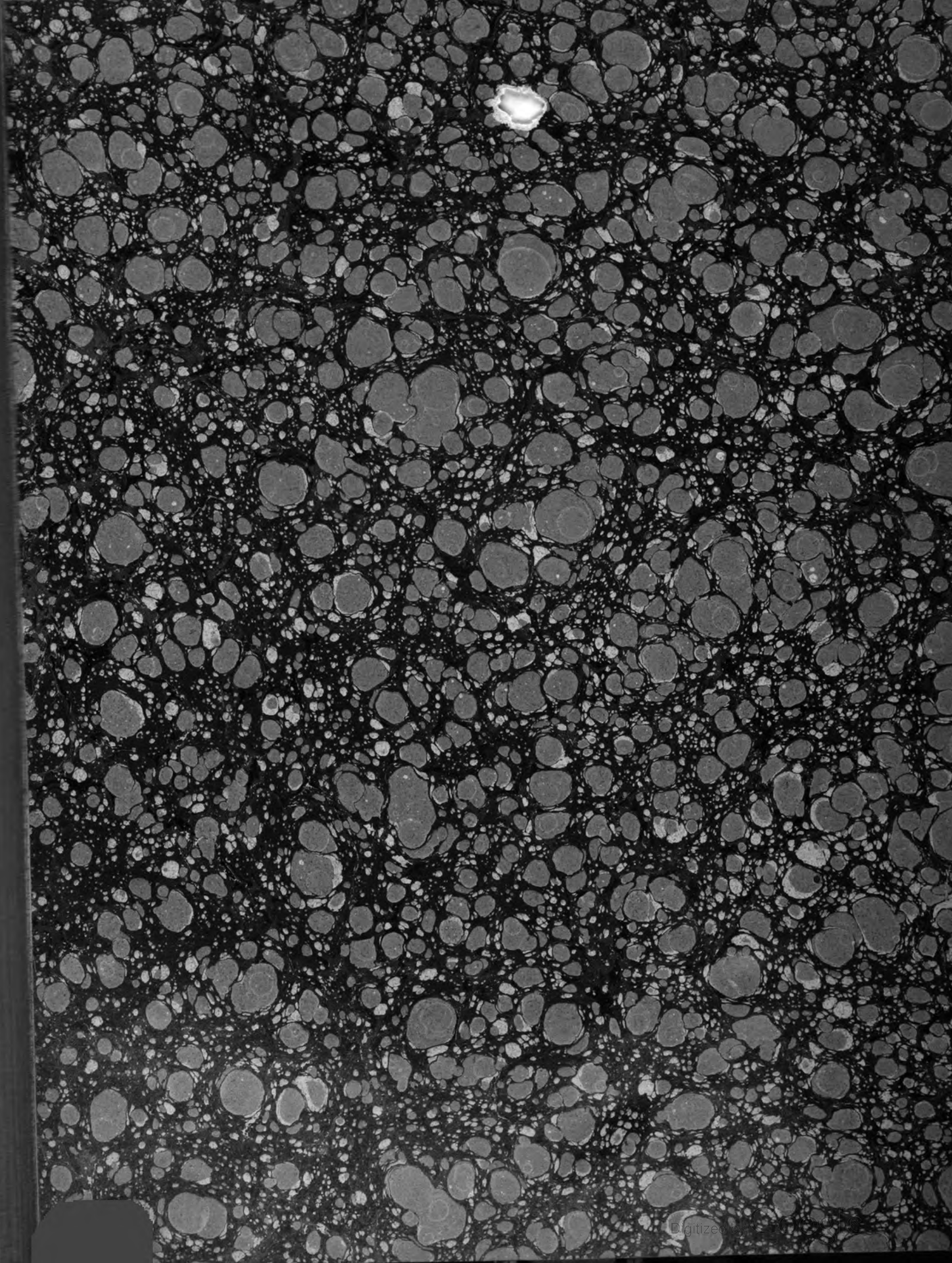


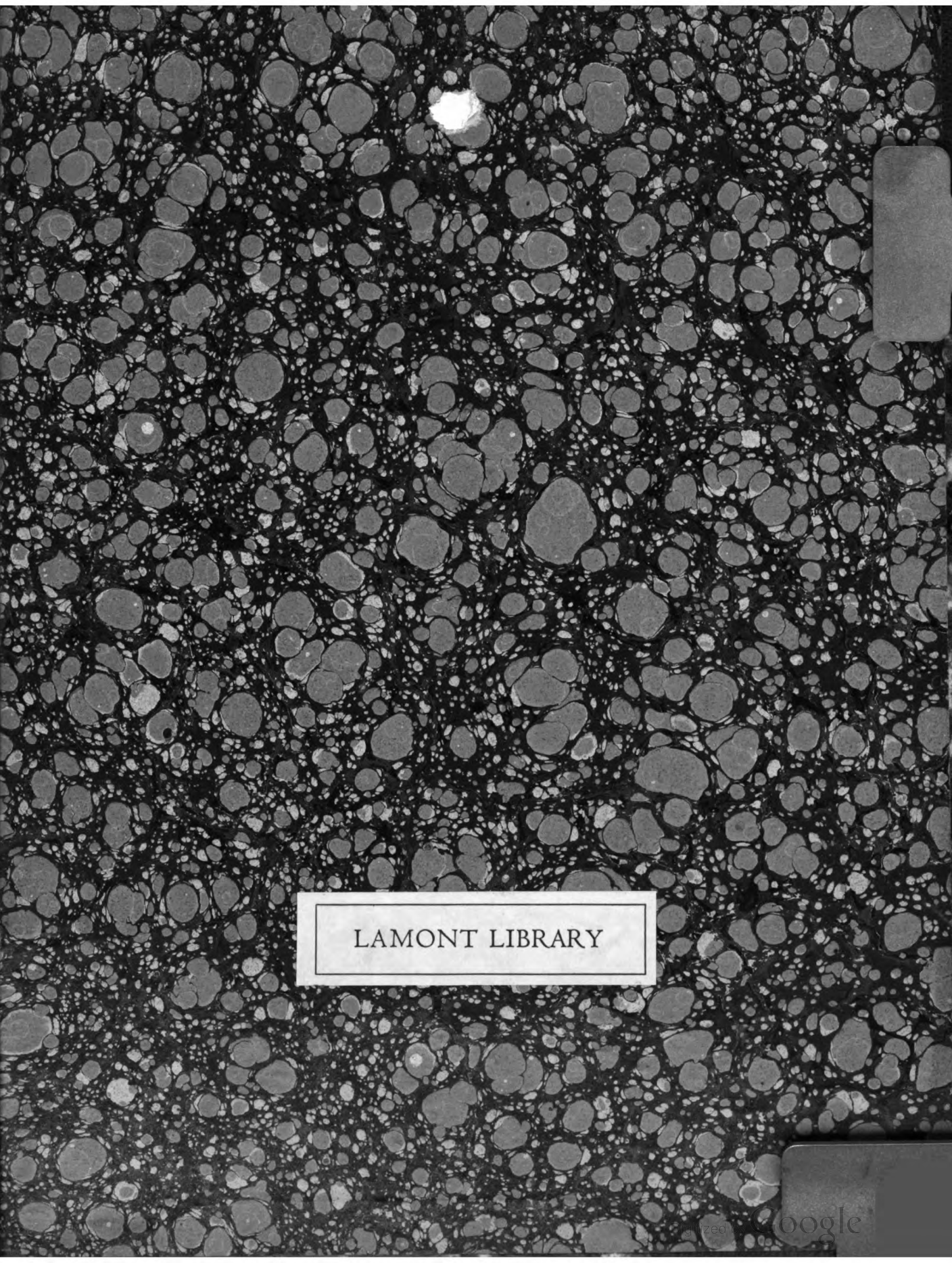




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